HERE AND THERE

IN

THE FAMILY TREE

ALBERT BOYDEN

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Albert Boyden
March 2, 1950

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This collection is affectionately dedicated to the fair memory of my sister Mary who, true to tradition, regarded the family-tie in whatever degree, as a sacred inheritance.

PREFACE

Though indulging in little that could be called "research", I have long been inclined to pick up and lay away any and all items of family lore that came to my attention, and in course of time have accumulated quite a bit of miscellaneous material, so when it was suggested that I draw up a table of family genealogy the idea appealed to me. I soon saw, however, that if this table were to be exact and up to date it would require more time and work than I could give it, and, after all, a bare table of names and dates would so far lack any element of light and life that perhaps another plan might better serve to bring before the eye of today something of the ancestral past. I decided, therefore, to attempt the writing of personal sketches which—within the limits of my material—would picture my great-grandparents, their children and their grandchildren, their characters and their mode of life, these sketches to be followed by sundry miscellaneous and individual items of record, variously revealing.

My material consisted of scatterings of written and printed matter, talk and tales of my elders, and, in certain instances, my own recollections. I was fortunate in the fact that some of my relatives seem to have preserved every letter they ever received; then, too, when letter-writing was reckoned by many to be a formal art, some have even preserved copies, or drafts, of letters written by themselves. Further, there seems to have been a tendency among them to stow away thriftily anything and everything, written or otherwise, that might by any possibility be interesting or useful in the indefinite future. There was usually plenty of storage-room in the old homes. Reviewing and sorting this material has taken a good many hours, but it has been always interesting and has at times given me the feeling of almost living in a bygone day.

It will be apparent that regarding certain persons and affairs I have considerable information, regarding sundry others I have little, and regarding the remainder none at all. It will be equally apparent that the personal sketches were written *currente calamo* as the fancy of the moment suggested, without much thought of rule or system. Even the "individual items" may seem to have been chosen rather at random. It will be remarked also that while my primary objective has been the great-grandparents, their chil-

dren and grandchildren, I have here and there felt free to circulate among boughs of the Family Tree far above their domain, and that I have on occasion descended to mingle with the groundlings of my own generation, notably in the case of my brother Roland and my cousin John Finley who became so prominent and achieved such success in the public life of our day that I have gone out of my way to lay the story of their careers at the foot of the Tree. Finally, however, I will say that I am content to leave the book in this formless state, for it is entirely amateur in spirit, intended primarily for present and future family perusal. I simply could not abide the thought that my collected material—part payment of the debt owed to our predecessors—should merely linger a few years in the dust and silence of an upper shelf as a meaningless miscellany of odds and ends, and then one fine day be swept away into oblivion by an unknowing or regardless hand.

May I hope that the informal character of the book will serve to excuse the "I", "me", "mine" etc. which greet the reader, in the old phrase, "at every hand's turn".

Whilst picking up and connecting these threads of the past, I have been impressed with the extent to which pure chance seems to have influenced many of the interweaving friendships and intimacies among the scattered representatives of the Tree. The widespread flowering of schoolmasters and schoolma'ams among them all seems also to call for mention. Further, I confess that I am tempted to pause here—to muse and moralize upon the life and times of our elders as compared with the ways of today, but I withhold my pen as the privilege of a preface is granted only for the author's *apologia*. The reader would prefer to do his own musing and moralizing, to which I now leave him.

ALBERT BOYDEN

December 1, 1948.

PART I

INTRODUCTION

The Outline found below may help to clear the reader's mind regarding relationships among my great-grandparents, their children and grandchildren.

In the nature of things I had eight great-grandparents, constituting four Lines of Descent—Boyden, Lincoln, Hoag and Fry—but since my grandfather Boyden married, first a Woodbury wife and second a Lincoln, and had children by each, I have added the brief Woodbury Line, making five in all.

In the Outline, great-grandparents are indicated by number "I", their children by number "II", their grandchildren by number "III". I have italicized such of the names as are mentioned in the personal sketches to be found further on. As to the individuals not so mentioned, some died young leaving no footprints in the sands; of the others, all I can say is that their stories have not reached me. Similarly, in the Outline, I have given the names of husbands and wives in so far as they are known to me.

OUTLINE

LINES OF DESCENT

Boyden Line

I. *Dr. Joseph Boyden*
(*m. Mary Heywood*)

- II. *Mary Boyden*
(m. Josiah S. McGaffey)
  - III. Sally McGaffey
(m. Elwell Pratt)
  - III. Wyatt McGaffey
  - III. *Joseph McGaffey*
  - III. Mary McGaffey
  - III. John McGaffey
  - III. *Mary McGaffey*
(*m. Aaron Beede*)
  - III. *John McGaffey*
(m. Louisa A. Pratt)
- II. *Dr. Wyatt C. Boyden*
(*m. 1st Elizabeth Woodbury*)
  - III. *James W. Boyden*
(*m. 1st Eliza O. T. Dickinson*)
(*m. 2d Frances S. Kingsbury*)

III. *Joseph A. Boyden*
(*m. Lucy S. Baker*)
III. *Charles F. Boyden*
III. *George H. Boyden*
III. *Albert W. Boyden*
(*m. Ellen R. Webb*)

II. *Dr. Wyatt C. Boyden*
(*m. 2d Lydia L. Lincoln*)
III. *William C. Boyden*
(*m. Amy L. Hoag*)
III. *Mary E. Boyden*
III. *Martha S. Boyden*
(*m. Stephen W. Webb*)

II. *Lucy Boyden*
(*m. Benjamin Gilman*)
III. Mary Gilman
III. Albion Gilman
III. *Albion Gilman*
(m. Mary A. Brown)
III. Charles Gilman
III. *Elizabeth H. Gilman*
(m. John W. Garvin)
III. Lincoln Gilman

II. *Frederick Boyden*
(*m. Vesta Remick*)
III. *Mary H. Boyden*
III. *Charles H. Boyden*
III. *Joseph C. Boyden*
III. *George F. Boyden*
III. Vesta A. Boyden
(m. Benjamin Stevens)
III. Martha S. Boyden
(m. Zebulon Ferrin)
III. Benjamin F. Boyden
III. Abby G. Boyden

II. *Eben Boyden*
(m. 1st Hannah M. Ames)
III. Joseph Ames Boyden
III. Sophie T. Boyden
(m. 1st Aaron Bayless)
(m. 2d J. S. Crosby)
(m. 3d William D. Rusk)
III. Maria E. Boyden
(m. 1st Theodore Poole)
(m. 2d ? Robbins)
III. Israel A. Boyden
III. Hannah E. Boyden
(m. J. L. Morgan)

II. *Eben Boyden*
(*m. 2d Maria J. Boyden*)
(m. 3d Mary D. Wilder)

II. *Martha Boyden*
(*m. John M. Stevenson*)
III. Elizabeth W. Stevenson
(m. David F. Miller)
III. *Julia M. H. Stevenson*
(m. B. F. Colby)
III. *Augusta A. Stevenson*
II. *Nancy T. D. Boyden*
(*m. Samuel S. Beede*)
III. *Harriet Beede*
(*m. Levi Remick*)
III. *William H. Beede*
III. Sarah E. Beede
III. Samuel S. Beede
III. Albert Beede
III. Albert H. Beede
III. Daniel Beede
II. *Joseph Boyden*
(*m. Angelina Wilson*)
III. *Mary A. Boyden*
(*m. Dr. William B. Hidden*)

WOODBURY LINE

I. *James Woodbury*
(*m. Elizabeth Morgan*)
II. *Elizabeth Woodbury*
(*m. Dr. Wyatt C. Boyden*)
(See Boyden Line)

LINCOLN LINE

I. *Hawkes Lincoln Sr.*
(*m. Mary Howe*)
II. *Jairus Lincoln*
(m. Mary C. Ware)
III. Mary W. Lincoln
(m. George Barnes)
III. Henry W. Lincoln
(m. Sarah B. Lincoln)
III. Elizabeth W. Lincoln
III. *Anne Lincoln*
(m. Rev. Calvin S. Locke)
III. Catherine Lincoln
III. Jairus Lincoln Jr.
(m. Jane T. Fisher)
III. John W. Lincoln
(m. Lucy A. Lane)
II. *Hawkes Lincoln Jr.*
(m. Sarah Webb)
III. Sarah L. Lincoln
(m. Henry A. Edes)

III. Nathan W. Lincoln
III. Lydia F. Lincoln
III. George E. Lincoln
(m. Charlotte M. Dimock)
III. Caroline A. Lincoln
III. Frederick H. Lincoln
III. Frederick Lincoln

II. *Mary Lincoln*
(*m. Philip Curtis*)
III. *Mary Curtis*
(*m. Thomas Pierce*)

II. *Nancy H. Lincoln*
(*m. Capt. Jacob Woodbury*)

II. *Christiana Lincoln*
(*m. Josiah Lovett Jr.*)
III. *George L. Lovett*
(*m. Caroline A. Pierce*)
III. *Francis S. Lovett*
(m. Maria B. Thompson)
III. Edward B. Lovett

II. *Lydia L. Lincoln*
(*m. Dr. Wyatt C. Boyden*)
(See Boyden Line)

II. *Elizabeth Lincoln*
(*m. Luke Bemis Jr.*)

II. *Harriet Lincoln*
(*m. Edward Burley*)

HOAG LINE

I. *Joshua Hoag*
(*m. Hannah Scribner*)

II. *Moses Hoag*
(*m. Sara Fry*)
III. *Anna Fry Hoag*
(*m. J. Hacker Hall*)
III. *Amy L. Hoag*
(*m. William C. Boyden*)
III. *Gilbert C. Hoag*
(*m. Louisa P. Oliver*)

II. *Aaron Hoag*
(m. Annie Wiggin)
III. Hannah C. Hoag
III. Charles Hoag
III. Althea Hoag
III. Fred Hoag

II. *Charles Hoag*
(m. Ann Emmons)
III. Adelaide Hoag
(m. Charles Clarke)

III. Fred Hoag
(m. Lillian D. Clarke)
III. Antoinette Hoag
(m. S. J. Nicholson)
III. William Hoag
III. Gertrude Hoag
(m. Dr. Howard Clarke)
III. Joseph Hoag

II. *Alvin Hoag*
(m. 1st Lydia G. ?)
(m. 2d Hannah D. Varney)
III. Alfred Hoag
III. William M. Hoag
(m. Lydia A. Breed)

II. *Huldah S. Hoag*
(*m. Albert C. Buffum*)

II. *Mercia Hoag*
(m. Arnold Gifford)

II. *Levi W. Hoag*
(m. Mary Folsom)
III. George Hoag
III. Clarence Hoag
III. Arthur Hoag
III. Albert B. Hoag
III. Mahlon Hoag
III. Frank D. Hoag

FRY LINE

I. *Benjamin Fry*
(*m. Lydia Bean*)

II. Daniel Fry

II. *Sara Fry*
(*m. Moses Hoag*)
(See Hoag Line)

II. *Daniel Fry*
(m. Judith Page)
III. *John Fry*
(m. Abigail M. Johnson)
III. *Pliny Fry*

II. *Abigail C. Fry*
(*m. 1st Gideon Cornell*)
(*m. 2d Stephen Beede*)
III. *Abigail Beede* (step)
III. *Caroline Beede* (step)

II. *Mary Fry*
(m. Dr. Daniel R. Bailey)

II. John Fry

II. Ann Fry

BOYDEN LINE

DR. JOSEPH BOYDEN, 1769 – 1833
(With sundry preliminary "Boyden" references.)

Though my great-grandfather, Doctor Joseph, died more than a hundred years ago he still has reality for me, but his predecessor Boydens are mostly an impersonal catalogue of names with only here and there one who differentiates sufficiently to take on a degree of personality. We are asked, "What's in a name?" For some people there is little or nothing, though for most of us there is a sentiment which can hardly be described or defined but gives to family genealogists a warmth for their pursuit that goes beyond merely putting together the pieces of an endless jig-saw puzzle. Hence a few words regarding Boyden origins. Searchers into the dim past have differed as to the beginnings of the name in the Old Country. One describes it as a variant of "Bodin," meaning "little messenger or little herald"; others reckon it a variant of "Baldwin" through the French form "Baudin", meaning "friend or protector"; the French "Boisden" is also mentioned, and it is thought possible that the name is a variant of the English place-name "Boyton" meaning "the beech-tree farm". In the year 1273 there is English record of Boyedin de Gaunt, Thomas Boydin, Nicholas Boydyn, and Ralph Boydin. In that century, too, William Boyden was architect of the Chapel of the Virgin of St. Alban's Abbey. A Ralph Boydon was at Oxford University in 1565. I myself have the quaint original (loaned to the Beverly Historical Society) of an English lease executed in 1577 on which the name of Thomas Boyden appears as a witness. The leased property was situated in "Laynton", the domicile of the lessors, and the lessee's domicile was stated to be "Hornechurch", both towns in the County of Essex. Now the progenitor of substantially all of us American Boydens was one Thomas Boyden who, in 1634, at the age of twenty-one, sailed hither in the ship "Francis" from England, port of Ipswich. Presumably the 1577 Thomas was utilized as a witness because he was a neighbor to one of the Laynton or Hornechurch parties, and was therefore conveniently at hand; Essex is a small county and Ipswich is right on its border in adjoining Suffolk. Is it too far

a cry for me to surmise that it was Thomas, the son or grandson of Thomas the witness, who in 1634 decided upon America and joined the "Francis" party at nearby Ipswich?

Aside from far-flung ancestral conjectures, the lease itself is a fascinating curiosity, elegantly written by a professional scrivener in the ancient black-letter script with all the quirks and tails which ornamented that style but make it hard for us to decipher today. I had its character authenticated and its text "translated", so to speak, by a Harvard Law School authority who specializes in documents and laws of the primeval era. A bit of quotation from the lease may be of interest:

> "THIS INDENTURE made the fouere and twentyth daye of Marche in the twnetenth yeare of the Raigne of ouer Soveraigne Ladye Elizabeth by the grace of god of Englond Ffraunce and Irelond Quene defender of the faythe etc. Betwene John Jackeman of Hornechurch in the Countie of Essex Esquiere of the one partie And Jefferye Rickard of Layndon and Thomas Clerke of Layndon aforesayd in the sayde Countie of Essex yeomen of the other partie WITNESSETH that whereas one John Walton late of Ramsford in the sayde Countie of Essex yeoman now deceased by his indenture of Lease beringe date the fourerth daye of Januarye in the first yeare of the Raigne of ouer late Soveraigne Ladye Quene Marye did demise graunte and to forme lett vnto William Waller of Welot in the Countie aforesayde yeoman all those his Landes called hurth with their Appurtenaunces within the parishe of Lanoeringe at bouer in the Countie Aforesayde for the Terme of Thyrtie yeares beginninge at the ffeast of S^{t} Mychell 'the Archeangell' next ensuinge after the date of the sayde Indenture of Lease for the yearlye Rent of Syxe poundes of Laufull money of Englond . . . ."

All this speculation regarding Thomas the witness and my curiosity about the lease only go to show how far even a modest impulse of antiquarianism will carry its victim.

The Boyden name is sufficiently unusual to make it of interest to me wherever I run across it. I note the village of "Boyden", in England, also the "Boyden" Township in Iowa, the "Boyden Lake" in Maine, the "Boyden Shoe", the "Boyden" shore-dinner establishment in Rhode Island. When I read that Jonathan Boyden and John Plimpton in 1676 "out of a desire to serve ye coun-

try upon our own charge and adventure wee last weeks went out in search for a pty of ye enemy (doubtless Indians . . . . . A.B.) whose tracks was found and in our search discovered five psns of ye enemy four of whom were armed two of wch enemys wee took prison[rs]", I rejoice in the Boyden exploit—but am indifferent as to Master Plimpton's participation. Two Boydens in the Revolutionary War take my eye, one, Justus, aged 16, enlisted in Captain John Boyden's Company, and afterward fought in the war of 1812; his brother, Amos, at the age of 17, was one of the guards set over the unhappy Major André and witnessed his execution. Again, I note Simeon Boyden who began as a wool-carder, then kept a tavern in Market Square, Boston, next was landlord of the Indian Queen tavern in Bromfield Lane, then becoming proprietor of the City Hotel in Brattle Street, and finally graduating thence to become the first landlord of the Astor House in New York City, known as "The Prince of Landlords". His worthy son, Dwight, was the first landlord of the Tremont House in Boston "which in elegance of appointments surpassed any hotel in the country". Its opening banquet was graced by an Edward Everett address, and among those present were Justice Story, Daniel Webster, Peter C. Brooks and Mayor Josiah Quincy. Dwight was reckoned a "rich man", worth $150,000, "mostly accumulated in the Tremont House", and it is a pleasure to consider how much good food, drink, and comfortable lodging Simeon and Dwight must have provided for their fellow men. The distinguished Boyden inventors, Seth, with his three sons, Seth, Alexander and Uriah, fill my unscientific mind with uncomprehending admiration. Their special gift seems like a flash from a clear sky among the Boydens, since—except for a chance encounter with the name of Pardon Boyden who in 1859 took out a patent on a removable top for vehicles—I find nothing else of that sort among Boyden records. My own profession makes me better able to appreciate the high station of Nathaniel Boyden, Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. Frank L. Boyden, the famous Deerfield schoolmaster, is a credit to the name everywhere, and, naturally, Albert Boyden, successful as Principal of the State Normal School at Bridgewater, Mass., makes special appeal to me.

I mentioned above the "impersonal catalogue" of Dr. Joseph "Boyden" predecessors, and it may be of interest here to note the variety of names, almost all "impersonal", that I have met in my own modest researches, apparently without exception plain Anglo-

saxon, observing by the way that the catalogue places the Boydens, in the psalmists phrase, "little lower than the Angels":

Angel	Evans	Heywood	Roby
Batt	Everett	Hill	Rysse
Bean	Fearing	Hoag	Scribner
Boyden	Folsom	Howe	Smith
Boynton	Fowler	Lane	Starbuck
Clark	Fry	Lincoln	Stoughton
Cousins	Gibbs	Lord	Strong
Coxe	Gilman	Mead	Tappan
Dolloff	Goodwin	Norris	Taylor
Dow	Greaves	Otis	Temple
Eames	Hanson	Page	Varney
Eaton	Hawke	Pitman	Wheeler
Emery	Hersey	Reynolds	White
			Wilder

What a miscellany of family bloods is that, and of course it could be carried out indefinitely further.

Beyond the fact of his arrival I have only information that our own Thomas Boyden lived variously in Scituate, Watertown, Boston, Groton and Medfield—and that in 1678, he contributed "one bushel of wheat to the new brick college", the college being Harvard.

Dr. Joseph Boyden my great-grandfather, was born in Medfield, Mass., and was the son of a Lieut. Joseph Boyden whose predecessors were mostly Josephs. The Doctor had both a son and a grandson Joseph and has today a great grandson who is at least Augustus Joseph. More than any other, "Joseph" has been the name honored in the long line of our Boyden descent. The young doctor married Mary, daughter of Seth Heywood of Gardner, Mass., and began his practice of medicine there. Seth and his successors—Heywoods, Greenwoods etc.—were an able and industrious lot. In 1826 that family started making chairs in a shed beside the Heywood home, and developed a business which is today widely known in the business world as "The Heywood-Wakefield Company". Levi Heywood, son of Seth, and my grandfather Wyatt Boyden, nephew of Seth, were great friends, and I recall the visits which Levi made at our home in Beverly. The tale of Doctor Joseph's shift from Gardner to Tamworth, N. H., came to me from Levi Heywood Greenwood, a third or fourth cousin, with whom my brother Roland and I had pleasant acquaintance. A charming fellow, he was Lieut. Governor of our Commonwealth, and failed of being

Governor only by reason of his outspoken opposition to the oncoming woman-suffrage. He had courage, it seems. His amusing account of Joseph's experience in Gardner is as follows:

> "For sometime he practiced medicine in Gardner. It is related, however, that the local Minister, in addition to his pastoral occupation, undertook to practice medicine, and apparently entered upon this enterprise with no little zest. As he had his ministerial stipend and perquisites as a stout back-log, he was able to offer his aesculapian by-product at a cut-rate which rendered the professional life of good Dr. Boyden arduous and unprofitable. The simon-pure doctor, therefore, sought greener and more succulent pastures, moving his family to Tamworth, New Hampshire, in 1796 where Parson Hidden confined his attention to the spiritual welfare of his flock, leaving the medical field free for the new arrival. Dr. Boyden ranged a wide countryside in the practice of his profession, and is said to have achieved 'eminence' in so doing. In 1833, however, he suddenly died as the result of a fall from his horse."

The "fall" mentioned, occurred while the physician was between West Ossipee and South Tamworth, crossing the Bear Camp River by way of the little bridge that leads northward to a home on the other side—not the main crossing at "Butler's Bridge" so-called—and tradition says his uncertainty in the saddle that day originated in an extra glass or two of hard cider. Even if so, who can blame him for seeking a bit of cheer while making a meager living and raising a large family by riding professionally through the remote countryside and doing home farming among the rocks. Except in this instance, I find no suggestion that he partook of other than judicious refreshment. He was Tamworth's first doctor. When his dwelling-house was built, I cannot say, but it was located on what was known in my young years as "Boyden Hill", now "Henderson Hill", about half-way up the slope on the North side. Though I have not looked for the old cellar-hole recently, I presume it is still there. At any rate, the inevitable clump of ancient lilacs at the roadside serves to identify the site of the Boyden's first Tamworth homestead. We have two documents signed by Joseph, both relating to real estate transactions, neither of any significance except as bearing the great-grandfather's autograph. Such impressions as I get regarding his character and practice are altogether in his favor. We chance to have his son Wyatt's statement that he "was

MARY HEYWOOD BOYDEN
wife of Dr. Joseph Boyden
1771-1848
Photo from a daguerreotype

encouraged and patronized by the leading men of the Town"; also the above-quoted statement that he achieved "eminence" in his profession. His scientific curiosity and enterprise—with perhaps his wish for a skeleton as part of his professional equipment—led him, accompanied by Dr. Norton of Sandwich, to visit the famous Indian Mound down in Ossipee, where they made excavation and investigation, estimating that as many as eight or ten thousand Indians had been interred there in systematic and orderly fashion over a period of perhaps thousands of years. Interesting details regarding this Mound are found in the History of Carroll County.

As to the Doctor's wife Mary, my record is slight. The first daughter in their family was named for her and there were five Mary's among her grandchildren. It appears that over a period of years she responded with generous and kindly care, both at Beverly and Tamworth, of her infant grandson Albert, bereft of his mother. It is a matter for regret that family connection with the Heywood-Greenwood folks was not cultivated to better advantage, but chance and convenience willed otherwise.

Joseph and Mary's first two children, Mary and Wyatt, were born in Gardner, the other six (Lucy, Frederick, Eben, Martha, Nancy and Joseph) in Tamworth, the migration taking place when Mary was about four and Wyatt about two years of age. There was evidently strong family feeling among them all, much personal regard and much feeling of mutual responsibility. Indeed, such feeling was, in general, far more marked in those times than at present, due perhaps to the comparative isolation of country and village life, and consequent dependence of each family upon its own members for companionship and support. I know that among my grandparents and parents the remotest element of kinship represented a bond never to be denied, and, indeed, I am happy to say that this sentiment holds its own very well among today's members of our own family.

Dr. Joseph and Mary are buried in the Tamworth Village cemetery, his quaint epitaph reading:

> "As a physician he was highly est
> eemed, and by his humane attention
> to the sick and indigent his de
> ath is lamented by all."

BOYDEN LINE

MARY BOYDEN McGAFFEY, b. 1830 (Dr. Joseph)

She was born in Gardner, Mass., but in infancy went with her parents and brother Wyatt to Tamworth, N. H. where in due time she married Josiah S. McGaffey of North Sandwich and lived sixty-three years at the deep end of the exquisite Intervale under the benign shadow of "Whiteface" Mountain, with the "McGaffey Brook" rushing and falling down the rocky heights to make music at her door. I don't know whether her seven children partook of "beauty born of murmuring sound" but the opportunity was there.

As to this McGaffey tribe, I think it may be said that they were a bit different from most of their hard-driving, dawn-till-dark-working relatives and neighbors. They were not so almost oppressively in earnest about getting on, and, having talents on the lighter side, they proposed adding some grass-hopper joys to the labors of the ant. They were musical, literary, dramatic and social, and, even in their secluded Intervale, they made merry! My father, spending a winter in Tamworth for his health, was much drawn to life at Whiteface, and my Uncle Charles under similar conditions was often to be found there.

There seems, in general, to have been quite an exchange of sociability between the McGaffeys and their Stevenson relatives at Tamworth. The McGaffeys were most genial and companionable, but carefree and off-hand in their ways. My Uncle Charles was scandalized at the McGaffey hours. In his diary at Uncle John Stevenson's he had just written, "I rose at a little after five o'clock, my usual time", but at Whiteface he wrote, "Aunt Mary's household affairs are conducted sui generis. Living almost out of society, she is not bound by rules or customs. She generally arises after seven o'clock, a considerable after sunrise. The hour of breakfasting varies from 8½ to 9 o'clock, consequently I am apt to lay abed late." Such hours must have been incomprehensible to their neighbors. That the relations between Dr. Wyatt and his sister Mary McGaffey were affectionate is attested by the fact that he named his first daughter "Mary" and she named her first son "Wyatt", but grandfather's feeling that life is real, life is earnest, and that the McGaffey household was too regardless of that thought,

caused him to write his son William "I will not attempt, however, to soften or disguise my utter aversion to their school proceedings. Mary (the daughter) has got as much learning as she can turn to any profitable account, enough to fill any station where she will be called upon to teach, enough to understand and enjoy the literature of the age. Nearly the same may be said of John (a son). I consider the school and its exhibitions as little better than any other mode of dissipation. By displaying themselves here they pamper a morbid appetite, already too keen, for temporary and evanescent distinctions. They spend their time and money for that which will neither feed, clothe or shelter them". Grandfather's fluent pen was apt to run away with him, and his remarks are doubtless more emphatic than his cool judgment would have dictated, but they serve to confirm my suggestion that the McGaffey tribe was "different".

My information about the descendants of Mary and Josiah is incomplete, but I can write a word or two about their Joseph, their second Mary and second John.

Joseph McGaffey graduated from Dartmouth College, taught school in Sandwich, and in the historic Academy at Fryeburg, Me., confessing that he considered teaching rather a bore. Later, probably through his Uncle Wyatt's agency, he taught in the Beverly schools, and was evidently a prime favorite among Beverly relatives and friends. The above reference to his ideas about the school-teacher's life makes it easy to understand why the "gold rush" took him to California in '49—at the same time as his cousins, my Uncles Charles and George—but he met there only disappointment and early death.

Mary McGaffey, the daughter, was evidently of strong scholarly inclination. I hear of her at the Fryeburg Academy, but whether she was teacher there or pupil I know not. Afterward she taught in the Beverly schools, and I read of her recommending Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World" to my father. She also taught in her New Hampshire neighborhood until her marriage to Aaron Beede whom I recall as a tall, gaunt, sunburned farmer. They lived in Sandwich at what has of late been known as "Ford's Corner" near the iron bridge. The family used to carry on the McGaffey tradition, it is said, by pausing after supper for a gay all around song-fest, tackling the dishes only when they had had their fill of music. Not a bad idea, that! The "merry heart" will work wonders. Aaron was something of an original and a free-thinker if we may judge from the story of his declaration that God took no pride or

pleasure in our puny praises of his greatness, adding "What would I care if a grasshopper stood on the top rail of a fence and cried at the top of his voice, 'O Great Is Aaron Beede?' " Likewise, I have only a single incident in Mrs. Aaron's career, this coming from a letter of my mother's, saying that Mary "did not take anything, but sat down and had 24 teeth out without getting up"—which certainly points to something Spartan in her makeup. Of the twelve Beede children I can say little. Three of the daughters, Sally, Amy and a Mrs. Tansom furnished domestic assistance at one time and another in my Aunt Martha Webb's household and our own. My mother's letters mention Aaron Junior, giving public "lectures" in Sandwich and Tamworth. Neal used occasionally to look in upon us at Beverly, but it is now long since I have heard from any of them.

John McGaffey became a man of some mark. I read of him clerking in a Boston store, later teaching school in Texas, but "returning to Ohio". Ultimately he settled down to practice law in Chicago, achieving distinction in his profession. It has been said that he was the ablest trial lawyer in the city. It is suggestive of his quality that when William Dean Howells came to Boston seeking his literary fortune, he bore a letter of introduction from John McGaffey to my father. Of John's children I know only of Ernest and Wyatt, both of whom were occasionally in Beverly years ago. *Ernest* was, I think, ultimately a writer by profession. He published two books of verse, and not so very long ago I learned that he was editing a trade-journal on the Pacific Coast. In his young days, however, he evidently intended to follow his father's footsteps in the law, for in 1882 my father wrote his brother Albert—

> "John McGaffey wants me to take his second son Ernest to board & find him a good school for his education. He is 21 or 22 & has been admitted to the Chicago Bar—but they find his education deficient. Funny kind of Bar they must have, in Chicago. If it wasn't for being severe I should say that this was the Western notion of an education".

It lies in my memory that *Wyatt* was at one time a Clerk of Courts in Chicago, doubtless signifying that he too was a lawyer, but his presence in Beverly was due to the fact that he sang the second-bass part in a male-quartet that toured the country, and he made their Boston appearances the occasion for a Beverly visit.

He was a delight in every way, and was always made to sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" for us. He had a beautiful great voice, and when he ended the song on the last, solemn, hushed, sub-basement "deep" we got the thrill of our young lives. He was a skilled pianist, but he had on the side an enormous harmonica which entertained us even more. Instead of the frequent two mouth-pieces, it had four, all in different keys, and he shifted among them lightly as he played. The effect was, to us, really orchestral. We thought there was nobody so fine as hearty, jolly, musical Wyatt McGaffey.

BOYDEN LINE

WYATT CLARK BOYDEN, 1794 – 1879 (Dr. Joseph)

My grandfather Doctor Wyatt was named for an uncle Wyatt Boyden and for a great-uncle Lieut. Wyatt Clark who was killed in the French and Indian Wars. His young life was that of a sturdy, willing youth, the oldest boy in a large family where the father's professional income from impecunious and widely scattered patients needed all the supplement that the mother and youngsters could provide. In 1878 Wyatt wrote a few autobiographical lines to Larkin D. Mason of Tamworth, evidently in response to inquiry, saying:

> "Two of your uncles Jeremiah and John Mason were at different times my teachers in our common schools. When out of school I had stable and farm work as much or more than I was willing to do. There is one childish performance which I remember with some pride even at this late day, especially when I consider how difficult it is for our boys to go to the stall and bring home a peck of potatoes. When I was eleven years old I exchanged work with the Dodges by driving for them, they in turn plowing a piece of ground for me to plant potatoes. On this piece of ground I planted, hoed, and dug a hundred bushels of potatoes, carrying them into the cellar on my shoulder in a half-bushel.
>
> From this time till I entered college at twenty, I either went to school or kept school or worked on my father's place. In 1808 I was at Fryeburg Academy six months, paying my board by personal services as hostler and chore-boy. In 1815 I spent a few weeks more at Fryeburg Academy, but fitted for college mainly under the private tuition of Parson Hidden".

Entering Dartmouth College in 1815, his A.B. degree came in 1819 and his M.D. in 1826, he being the first from Tamworth to take a Dartmouth A.B. He states that he attended one course of medical lectures, and studied one year with his father, before entering the Medical School. Between 1815 and 1826 he was inter-

DR. WYATT CLARKE BOYDEN

mittently teaching school, studying at the College and Medical School, working on the home place, and engaged in actual "practice" of medicine, the lack of an M.D. degree being apparently no deterrent. In 1821, he had married Elizabeth Woodbury of Beverly Farms where he taught school, Elizabeth being a descendant of John Woodbury, one of the "Five Planters", Beverly's first settlers. Wyatt states further:

> "In 1822 I commenced practice in Tamworth with my father, expecting I might settle there. But it was not agreeable to my wife or her parents to be separated, she being an only child. I therefore in 1825 accepted an invitation to form a partnership with the late Dr. Howe and immediately moved to Beverly where I have remained to this day . . . . . During the healthy and active part of my life I have had a leading and somewhat lucrative business. And I have been able so to manage my affairs that I hope to escape the doom of the slothful servant. As to wealth, we have no standard measure. I have had for some years a competence. My yearly income has from the beginning more than supported me. If it is important you should know more definitely, I refer you to your neighbor John Stevenson".

Turning back from Wyatt's fragmentary notes, we may pick up some of the intervening details. We have items from his Dartmouth career that picturesquely illustrate his times. To begin with, he was accustomed, going to college and returning, to traverse afoot the roads between Tamworth and Hanover, seventy-five miles for a guess, with his scanty outfit slung on a stick over his shoulder. Such a jaunt was probably not taken too seriously by him. I remember reading of a father who rebuked his son for taking seat in the stage for a similiar journey, saying, "The stage is for women and invalids, not for stout fellows like you." Items of Wyatt's expense on the College books are interesting: "Tuition and Incidentals for four years, $84. Room rent for a year and a third in college dormitory, and for remainder his share of rent of unoccupied rooms, $11.69, Assessment for Commons $1.40. Commencement expense for alumni dinner, $4.00". He used to say that his bed was made twice each term, once when he arrived and once when he departed—probably in neither instance by himself. At an initiation fee of $4. he became a member of the "Social Friends", a secret society for literature and debate, with a library of 1800 volumes, and was elected its Vice President and

Auditor. At that time came the great legal controversy between the College and the University. Wyatt, Rufus Choate and other students representing the College having repelled, in hand to hand combat, a raid on this library by sundry Professors representing the University, were all arrested and bound over to the Grand Jury on charge of riot. The charges were subsequently dismissed, and the United States Supreme Court, after Daniel Webster's moving plea for his alma mater in the famous "Dartmouth College Case", decided in favor of the College. Wyatt and Rufus Choate, by the way, were classmates and life-long friends. My Uncle Albert used to tell that the great Rufus was frequently at the Beverly home, and was usually in a rather impecunious state so that on parting Wyatt would often slip him a five or ten dollar bill. Wyatt's scholarly abilities are sufficiently attested by his membership in the Phi Beta Kappa Society, and seemingly confirmed by his "part" in the Commencement Exercises when in 1819 he received his A.B. degree, the part consisting of a dialogue between himself and one William Shed on *"The Theology of Plato Compared with the Principles of Oriental Philosophy"* which, with a score of other parts of similar profundity must have been truly thrilling to the audience of a hot August day.

As above mentioned, during the eight or nine years of his Dartmouth connection he divided his time as best he could between his duty to the home, his school-teaching, his studies and his professional practice. He taught in Worcester, Haverhill and Beverly Farms—more than likely in Tamworth too. It was doubtless through his influence that his niece Julia Stevenson of Tamworth taught, and that her sister Augusta took part of her schooling, at the Beverly Academy; also that his cousin Joe McGaffey and Charles A. Peabody from Tamworth chanced to teach there—the latter coming from the large square house nearest the foot of the Henderson Hill. Incidentally, it may be noted that the Peabody youth was afterward a Justice of New York's Supreme Court, later Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana and United States Delegate to International Congresses on Commercial Law.

Wyatt lived at the Farms for a short time, probably in the home of his father-in-law James Woodbury, the picturesque house still standing, with the date of its construction, 1673, carved on its boards under the eaves, but his professional connection with Dr. Howe brought him up town in 1825, and he disposed his family at the Southwest corner of Cabot and Bow Streets—adjoining the Caleb Wallis store, a retreat much resembling that of Hawthorne's

Hepziba Pyncheon's, dim and dusty, the proprietor being summoned from the rear or from above by the tinkling of a bell when a customer opened the door. This establishment eked out an existence into my own earliest days, and I recall the glamour of the confectionary department, consisting of several glass jars of "Salem Gibraltars" and stick-candy, my special favorite among the latter being, believe it or not, the red "paregoric candy". The backyard of the Boyden ménage adjoined the yard of Lucy Larcom's home, and in her "New England Girlhood" the poetess tells of creeping through the fence to play with the Boyden boys. In 1833 Wyatt bought from the heirs of Capt. Issachar Ober the house (now 6 Washington St.) which had been built between 1803 and 1805. I run across a statement that in 1803 there were only two houses on Washington St., these being Squire Rantoul's house and the dwelling opposite it. The Ober-Boyden house was probably the next in point of time. Ever since my grandfather's purchase in '33 it has been occupied by him and his family, my father and his family, and as my father was born in it, I, its present occupant, consider myself an old settler there. In 1836 Wyatt bought the land between the Howe house and his own, and up to my own day had a vegetable garden there, but his efforts to interest his grandchildren in it got only a grudging response. The story is that once, to encourage Roland toward garden labor, the grandfather said to him, "When I was about your age I planted, hoed and dug a hundred bushels of potatoes. Wouldn't you like some day to tell your grandchildren that you had done work equal to that?" Roland's reply, youthfully irreverent, was merely "Huh! they wouldn't believe it if I did". At that time the Robert Endicott store and dwelling-house stood between the Boyden home and Cabot Street, both Endicott and Boyden premises being bounded Southwesterly by Washington St. and Northeasterly by a "Howard Court" running down some fifty or more yards from Cabot Street to two houses at its end, and as time went on Wyatt bought these two houses. On Cabot Street Northeasterly beyond Howard Court was an ill-favored grocery store, and next came the ancient and uninhabited Thorndike dwelling house at the corner of Thorndike Street. In the rear of the grocery store Augustus N. Clark had a rather unkempt vegetable garden behind a high board fence along the Court, and in the rear of the Thorndike house was a very much run-down, old-fashioned Thorndike flower garden, its gravel walks bordered with fine old box. In the winters of those times, such was the innocence of Beverly's traffic, the young coasters were

accustomed to gather at the top of Milton Street hill with sleds and double-runners and shoot down directly across Cabot Street to the lower end of Howard Court, sometimes stationing a watchman at Cabot Street, but more often not. A family classic is the tale of a tenant in one of the Court houses who got so hopelessly behind in his rent that grandfather told Roland he could have the money if he could get it. Imagine the zeal of a small boy who, as he thought, saw riches within his grasp. He pursued the man until the unhappy tenant announced that if he found Roland at his door again he would shoot him. I believe that ended the quest. Later Robert Endicott bought the grocery store land on Cabot Street adjoining his own, and set a barn upon it. The National and Savings Banks put up their jointly occupied building on the site of the Thorndike house, while James A. Marsters built his home behind it, my father bought the Clark garden and the Thorndike garden, he too building his barn (now our garage), and Howard Court was abolished. Robert Endicott later substituted a brick block for his dwelling house and barn. My father had to fill the land of his purchase by two or three feet to make it level with the adjoining land, laid out his driveway, and there you are today. I remember predictions that the oak tree would speedily die because of the earth piled around its trunk, but there it stands, the noblest Roman of them all. When my father married in 1859 a one room, three-story addition was made on the Howe side of the old home and the front-door was moved to face Washington St. instead of the Howe house; later, a one room, three-story slice was sawed off the Northeasterly tip-end—strange permutations!

In 1833 the Doctor's wife Elizabeth died, and in 1834 he married Lydia L. Lincoln of Charlestown, a descendant of the well known "Hingham Lincolns". Elizabeth had borne him five children—James, George, Charles, Joseph and Albert—and Lydia was afterward to contribute three—William, Mary and Martha—to the family circle. As to Elizabeth herself I seem to have no information. There are chance suggestions, however, that her parents were real old-timers. Her father, known as "Uncle Jimmy", is said to have been asked in his old age whether he had seen the new railroad, and to have replied tartly, "No, I have not, and what is more I would a little rather not hear it talked about". Elizabeth's mother, it is said, long smoked a pipe to soothe "a cold pain in her stomach", a pain which apparently was incurable. Both of Elizabeth's parents came of exceptionally long-lived stock, one of her grandmothers passing lightly by the hundred-year mark. Eli-

LYDIA, WIFE OF WYATT C. BOYDEN

zabeth herself was evidently a good and kindly old soul, and my father (of the Lincoln stock) was especially happy when telling of boyhood walks to the Farms for cookies or cakes at the hands of Grandmother Woodbury. At the same time Albert (of the Woodbury stock) always said that his step-mother Lydia knew not the slightest distinction among the children, lavishing care and affection equally among them all. Lydia is a more familiar figure to me from general remark and mention in correspondence. It is evident that she was a quiet, modest, warm-hearted wife and mother, anxious for her flock, the admirable head of her household. I note incidentally, that she was President of the "Female Charitable Society". We have the sampler which came from her youthful hands, neatly executed, showing the alphabet in two varieties of script and one in print, followed by a highly moral verse and a signature "Lydia L. Lincoln, aged 8 years, 1813", the whole enclosed in a worked border accompanied by flowered ornamentation. The verse reads as follows:—

"While rosy cheeks thy bloom confess
And youth thy bosom warms,
Let virtue and let knowledge dress
Thy mind in brighter charms.
Daily on some fine page to look
Lay meaner sports aside,
And let the needle, pen and book
Thy useful hours divide."

As a physician, I was told by my mother that Doctor Wyatt was much more moderate than most in dosing his patients, in many instances sending patients to Tamworth for change of scene and air, rather than filling them with the mighty boluses of the day. I have to admit, however, that, chancing to explore the Thorndike house while it was in process of demolition I ran across a bottle of dark and repulsive liquid bearing a printed label, "Dr. Boyden's Family Medicine", though I venture a guess that the stuff was really an innocent concoction but looked and tasted bad enough to give its victim the feeling that something powerful was being done about it. He had the reputation of being a last-ditch fighter for his patient, never relaxing his cares and efforts while there was still a breath of life. A North Beverly woman told me recently that she remembered a hurry call sent down town for Dr. Boyden, and, herself a little girl, waiting at the window until he speeded up to the door on horseback, doubtless with supplies for every contingency in his saddle-bags. By my time, however, he had re-

tired from active practice because of his age. I do not even know where he used to keep his horse or horses. For quite a good many years after my father built the barn above mentioned, he always kept a horse for pleasure driving, and I recall a great deal of cleaning, currying, harnessing and unharnessing for which I had very little liking. The story goes that once when I was a babe, I experienced some spasm or other and grandfather was hastily summoned. Heavy and aged, he was heard panting up the stairs, muttering excitedly, "Do you s'pose that child is going to be spiled with fits?" One variety of this tale, is to the effect that I had already had seventeen such spasms; if so, it would seem that the old gentleman's apprehensions were amply justified. Doctor Wyatt's rugged and aggressive character, his professional ability, his interest in and aptitude for public affairs, his fine and well balanced mental powers, soon made him prominent in Beverly's modest community life. His superior education gave him a natural interest in the schools, and he was for twenty-four years a member of the School Committee, he more than any other being given credit for the improvement when graded schools took the place of heterogeneous, unclassified assemblages of pupils. His love for the classics never failed, and when he found that his grandson Roland was a promising scholar it took all my mother's determination—and she had plenty—to prevent the old schoolmaster from taking Roland out of the public school for private tuition at his own hands. It might be well to mention here that Dr. Wyatt was born with a managing and interfering disposition, which, with his strength of character, frequently made trouble for himself and others. Being able and strong, he often felt he could conduct the affairs of others better than they could themselves but, whether this was true or not, the others usually failed to appreciate his interference. I have been told that he was pretty regularly embroiled with John I. Baker, the town "boss" of his day who hardly brooked contradiction, for the worthy Doctor, besides his School Committee activities, played a lively and aggressive part in Town Meeting discussions on questions of the day generally, and having very distinctly a mind of his own, was not disposed to take orders from John I. Baker or anyone else. He was often Moderator of the Town Meetings. I have run across various and sundry records of his activities in State and National politics, being chosen delegate, presiding officer etc. at caucuses, conventions etc. To me the most interesting of these was the time in 1854 when he was one of twelve to organize the Beverly Republican Association "in opposi-

tion to any further extension of slavery or encroachment of the slave power". He was an active Trustee of the Fisher Charitable Society for fifty-one years, and was always an earnest supporter of the First Parish Unitarian Church, many times on its Prudential and other Committees, Moderator of its meetings etc. I note that when the First Parish celebrated its Two Hundreth Anniversary in 1867 a prodigious dinner under a tent on the Common was provided for three hundred guests, Dr. Boyden presiding. He was among the lecturers at the Beverly Lyceum—the "Lyceum" being then the popular medium of entertainment, information and education—taking the Beverly platform beside such men as Horace Greeley, Elihu Burritt ("The learned blacksmith"), George Bancroft, Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker and John Quincy Adams. When he had a pen in hand it is evident that he enjoyed letting it run on freely and easily in almost Johnsonian, but vigorous and telling, style.

He had excellent understanding and judgment in business affairs, public and private, and having from early youth not only made his own way but also helped out the family at his side, the habit and desirability of industry and thrift, for himself and others, were ingrained in him; indeed, he occasionally carried the thrift idea to petty extremes. Against this statement, however, I should note the fact that when his little grandchildren felt urgent need of a penny for a stick of candy, we knew that "grandpa" was our most promising resort in the whole household, and he seldom failed us —surely the testimony of little children may not be disregarded. This vulnerability of his in favor of us grandchildren, leads to a word regarding the tenderness of his heart where his two late-born daughters were concerned. Though his ideas as to discipline and supervision of his boys were doubtless strict according to today's standards, his daughter, my Aunt Martha, always said that his affections made him an easy prey for her sister Mary and herself. I read in correspondence about their New Year's baskets containing various presents, among them three "Rollo" books from their father. Aunt Martha had a pretty story about the time when a great dancing party was to take place in the Town Hall. Mary was just old enough to be invited, but Martha was reckoned just too young for such an occasion. The father moved to the depths by Martha's grief, roused and bestirred himself to such effect that Martha not only received an invitation and went to the party but, with her partner, *led the grand march!* The thrill of a lifetime. At the same time, however soft his heart in their direction, it was

not his intention that even his beloved daughters should learn to be idle. In 1852 their mother wrote to her son William, "Your father says he shall want the girls to do the work as soon as the weather is a little warmer, for their own benefit"—Mary then just ten years old and Martha almost seven.

Wyatt's autobiographical fragment, it will be remembered, stated that his yearly income had from the beginning more than supported him. Perhaps he might better have said that his yearly expenses were always less than his income. He saw to it that they were, and this, with the wife and eight children on his hands, was no mean feat, remembering that an indignant town-meeting voted a formal protest when the Beverly physicians undertook to change to a higher figure the *forty-two cent* charge for a common call. In all probability this attempt to check the high cost of doctoring met the same fate as King Canute's attempt to stay the rising tides. Dr. Wyatt early came to the belief that Lynn with its growing shoe-manufactures was a promising field, and made investments there which, developed by my father and later by Roland, have proved of substantial benefit to the family. When he found that his son Albert was a shrewd and safe man in the exuberant mid-western growth of those days, he entrusted moneys to him for investment in Illinois farm-mortgages at rates of interest which, though normal for their times, seem fancifully high in our days of cheap money. Needless to say, he kept a sharp eye upon son Albert and his doings. Though the Doctor was undoubtedly a "safety-first" man, I came by chance upon an instance where in 1833 he took a modest "flyer" in coffee, placing $200 in the hands of Capt. E. Woodberry of the ship "James Maury" bound presumably, for Brazil, the net result, at the Maury's return to Boston being a profit of $1.48—a figure not much in line with the tales we read of many such ventures in that era. It is of some interest to note that at his death in 1879 his estate was valued at $75,000, this sum being almost entirely the result of his own earnings, savings and investments. He had nothing from the estate of his father-in-law James Woodbury, as the modest total went to the Woodbury grandchildren, and the records suggest that his Lincoln wife's share of her father's estate was in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars. Her father, Hawkes Lincoln Senior, was reputed to be rich, and there has been a general impression that Lydia's share of his estate was very substantial, but I have studied the records with some care, and the figure named is the best I can make out of it.

My personal recollection of the aged grandsire—aside from the "penny" episodes mentioned which left an indelible impression upon my infant mind—is chiefly the picture of his stout frame, accompanied by the veteran Stephens Baker and the patriarch William Endicott, all gathered for the afternoon in the rear office of Robert Endicott's drug-store, each seated in a great East India rattan arm-chair with cane at his side, weighing the news of the day and recalling the past, doubtless, in accordance with their years, deploring the decay of the times and voicing dire predictions for the future of the country.

BOYDEN LINE

JAMES W. BOYDEN, 1822 – 1892 (Dr. Joseph, Wyatt)

The story of my Uncle James seems to be a rather baffling study of early promise and later non-fulfilment. I do not recall that I ever saw him, but here and there I have come across quite a bit of record.

The first item is taken from Lucy Larcom's "New England Girlhood" where she says she thought "James the nicest boy in the lane". The next dates him in January 1838 teaching school, while still fifteen years of age, in Smithfield, Virginia, (now West Virginia), and writing home that he had three of his "old scholars", and nine in all. He taught in the Beverly Academy at some date which I do not identify, so I am left uncertain as to the location of his first experience as an instructor of youth. His presence in so remote a station as Smithfield was doubtless due to the fact that his friendly and helpful Uncle Joseph was then conducting a school in Charlestown only seven miles distant. While thus engaged, James wrote home,

> "Uncle has had my head examined by a phrenologist .....He gave me a very true description of my character.....The two most prominent traits were, one very good and the other perhaps to the contrary. He described me as possessing a strong Intellect and great reasoning powers, and *Self-Esteem* almost to a fault. This self-esteem, combined with a great deal of firmness will, he says, make me a very strong character and will render me distinguished in whatever I undertake."

I quote this because of its ingenuous revelation. He had—he must have had—excellent intellectual quality, but he was overconscious of that fact, and the self-esteem was ever apparent. There seems almost always to have been in his air a suggestion of superiority, almost condecension, and I believe that even in the unhappy vicissitudes of his latter days his carriage was the same.

In August of 1838 he was admitted to Harvard College, having been prepared by Mr. Thomas West at the Beverly Academy, situated on the Northwesterly corner of Washington and Brown Streets, and all his life he held this Mr. West in respect

and warm regard. James was scholarly, able, ambitious and confident. In '39 he came down to Beverly and delivered a Lyceum lecture on "The Lives of Homer and Socrates", and a tribute to his father's education comes when he writes that the lecture "was revised and corrected by father". He adds facetiously that "many had the good judgment to rank it among the best of the season". He refers to "the agreeable monotony of college life"; writes, "I am extremely fond of debating, lecturing etc. and have joined the Institute of 1770 where we have very interesting displays of eloquence".

An item showing the difference in local travel between then and now comes in a letter from James to his mother urging her to visit him in Cambridge. Explaining how readily it could be done he says, "There is an hourly to take you from your own door, set you down at the door of the Railroad Car (the station was then at the Beverly end of the Salem bridge. A.B.) which will carry you to East Boston in half an hour, where there is a steam boat to transport you to the City of Boston and an omnibus to drive you to the Cambridge hourly-office, and there is an omnibus to take you thence to the door of Divinity Hall, and a good fire shall be ready for you in No. 10 in that Hall".

In February of '41 I find him teaching again, breaking into his college course to earn a dollar as was common custom in those days, this time presiding over "Matchapunge Academy" in Bell Haven, Virginia, the building, newly erected, being described as the "finest built and most complete Academy on the Eastern Shore". The pupils numbered thirty-three with four more expected and a dozen others who would come but for a limitation upon numbers set by the Trustees. Besides the three R's, he was teaching Geography, Latin and Bookkeeping, with one pupil twenty-six years old studying Navigation. At conclusion of the term the Trustees wished him to return, but in the fall of that year, '41, he is at college again, this time, surprisingly, at Dartmouth, probably at the instance of his father, himself a Dartmouth alumnus, but his stay there was brief and, after "earnest solicitation" to his father, he was in Harvard again at the beginning of '42. In '45 he is recorded as a member of the Beverly Militia Company.

The financial scale of life in that era is vividly illustrated by a P.S. which James added to a home letter, "Will you tell father that I am immediately in want of money; that I keep an account of receipts and expenditures; and that my part in the fitting and furnishing our room cost $6. or $7. I am now in debt $1.25 for a Blower. $3.00 at once is better than to send a special letter every

time $1. is wanted". Though others, doubtless, spent on a higher scale than that, James was not to be considered a poverty-stricken grind. With his own earnings and his father's assistance, it was understood that he was to have as much money as was good for him.

He took his Harvard A.B. in '43, standing 22nd in a class of 58, with "high distinction in Political Economy", and had a Commencement Part, reading his Disquisition entitled, "The Attraction of Literary Eccentricity". He is reported by a Brookline diarist who attended the Commencement exercises to have scandalized the day by intimating broadly that the Faculty of Harvard's Divinity School was made up of "Misticks, Scepticks and Dyspepticks". The diarist adds, "Professor Francis maintained in conversation that Professor Channing ought not to have suffered such a sentence to pass". Though the austere James could not be blamed for it and it is consequently irrelevant, yet it is entertaining to observe the increasing wrath of the Diarist as he continues, ".....the Commencement Dinner in the Hall. Wine in abundance was furnished; and though but comparatively few partook of it while they were together, yet afterwards there was a gathering of wine-bibbers and tobacco-smokers who filled their skins with vinous potations, the hall with nauseous effluvia and the air with bacchanalian songs and shouts".

James says in a letter to Pres. Josiah Quincy, "Besides the regular degree, I am entitled to the Greek and Latin Diplomas". This letter was by way of request that Pres. Q. should recommend him to educators seeking a Teacher, Tutor or Secretary. He adds, "I have in my possession the recommendation of Rev. Prof. Walker". From the language of a letter written in '47 by James to Prof. Jared Sparks, then head of Harvard's History Department, afterward President of the University, it may be inferred that he at one time had been an Instructor in history at Harvard. His relations with the Sparks family were evidently of the most cordial nature. He frequently refers to "many personal kindnesses" at their hands, and later, when Pres. Sparks visited Amherst he made a point of calling upon James at his law-office; also when James turned from College to the Harvard Law School, he bore a Sparks Letter of recommendation to Prof. Greenleaf. In '46 he took his M.A. degree, and his law-school LL.B., leaving Cambridge for Amherst, Mass. to enter upon practice of law with Mr. Edward Dickinson, the "Squire" of the town—and father of the poetess "Emily"—to whom he bore the inevitable letter of recommendation,

this time from Prof. Greenleaf, a name known and honored by every lawyer.

In Amherst, the early record seems to be clear that James filled his days to advantage and was highly regarded. He married a daughter of "Judge" John Dickinson who provided the happy pair with a "new, pleasant, convenient house, handsomely furnished". He was Town Clerk and Town Treasurer for many years; also a member of the School Committee. While Clerk, he "compiled a valuable genealogical record of Amherst families"; when the Hampshire County Agricultural Society was organized, he was made Treasurer and Secretary; he assisted in organizing the Amherst Branch Railroad Co.; in 1858 he was appointed a Trial Justice, and in that year was also elected to the Massachusetts Senate where, among other Committees, he served on that for "Consolidation of Courts of Probate and Insolvency"—this after eleven years of law practice in partnership with Squire Dickinson.

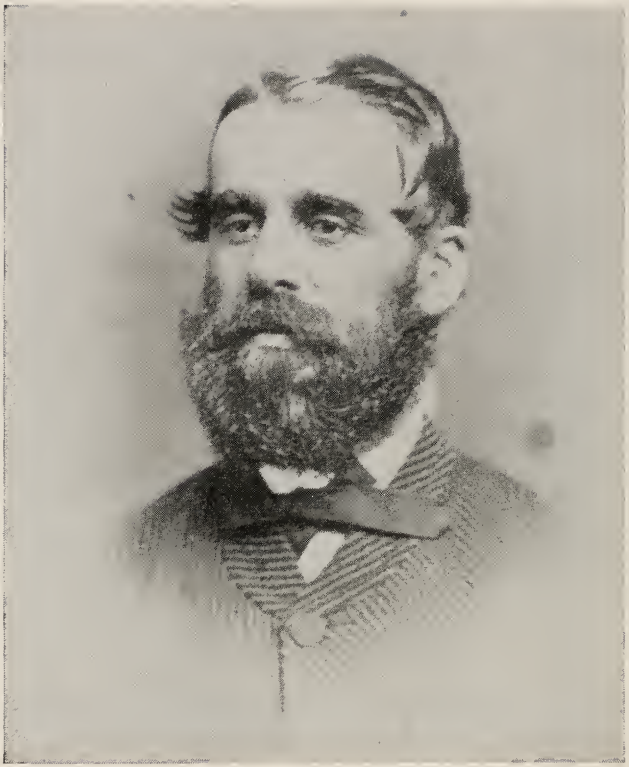
In 1857 his wife died, and in 1861 he married a Miss Kingsbury, and I am told that both his wives were of admirable quality.

At about this time he moved to Chicago, whether merely seeking a wider field of operations where it was reckoned that sundry Kingsbury relatives might be helpful, or for other reasons, I do not know, but it would seem that the unhappy phase of his later career began shortly before or after the end of his Amherst stay. I think it likely that his powers were always better adapted to the scholarly and theoretical than to the practical exactions of the business world, though, even if so, his good record to date would not suggest that any such tendency had substantial effect, and I am led to a guess that the futility of his later career was due to a gradual pathological impairment of his faculties, perhaps accentuating natural characteristics which were not a substantial obstacle when present only in minor degree. His son John told me that he thought his father "burned himself out with work and study in his younger days". The first sign of this that comes to me is by way of a letter from him, temporarily back in Amherst, written to his father in which he says, "I have had some conversation with Judge Dickinson and believe he understands my affairs. With a few expressions of wonderment at my follies, he has considered various plans to relieve me from embarrassment for life", an expression of optimism which proved sadly unfounded. There were to be sure, episodes or intervals of betterment. In November of '65 my father noted that James "has sold his oil stocks at $5,000 profit", representing perhaps as much as a $25,000 profit might today, the kind of hit that alone might be enough to ruin a man of his visionary and confident disposition. We can only guess what

became of this profit. A more salutary sign of relief was seen when my Uncle Albert wrote my father, "James says his income last year was $3,000 and his expenses $2,500." In 1878 James moved his family to Austin, Nevada, 6500 feet above sea-level, where, as counsel for a railroad under construction he was to receive $150. per month if the road succeeded, otherwise $100 a month for his time there. He wrote, "The Republicans will put me on their ticket for District Attorney"; also that his daughter, Annie, fifteen years of age, was teaching school at $4.50 a day. We must surmise that both the Railroad and the Republicans failed, for he was soon back in Chicago. Throughout his Chicago years his life, to the end, seems in general to have been a futile struggle with unsurmountable indebtedness, his earning power diminishing to a pittance, with frequent optimistic schemes for investment offered to friends and relatives. It is my impression that he remaned assured and unperturbed through it all.

James had three Dickinson children. His daughter *Mary* is said to have been strikingly handsome when young, and, indeed, was not far from that when I had a slight but happy acquaintance with her in later years. I had a bit of friendship too, with her son Edgar whose scholarship record was something extra, but his health early failed completely and his opportunity never came. *Elizabeth* married George Eaton of Calais, Maine, an able businessman and fine citizen in every way. He bought timber-lands in Maine and Canada, sold lumber, bought more lands, until he had really a vast, forest domain of his own, of most substantial value. We in Beverly used to see more or less of all the Eatons as they passed through on their way to Boston for business, shopping or school, but, except for a cherished friendship with a son Louis of Calais, I have today almost no information regarding those that are now living. James' son, *John Dickinson Boyden,* however, was a boon companion of mine at Tamworth for many years, and it would be a pleasure to descant upon his fine quality as such, but I have already done that somewhat fully in my printed monograph on "The Stevenson House" (*See infra*) and will not repeat here.

James had also two Kingsbury children, with whom, however, I had no acquaintance. Fred, who was highly regarded as a strong, sound young fellow, was killed in a fall from his high bicycle. Annie became Mrs. Cortis and had a son Frederick whose athletic career as a crack half-miler on the (I think) University of Illinois track-team I followed with interest in the newspapers. He is now connected with the "House Beautiful" magazine, published in Cleveland, Ohio.



CAPT. JOSEPH A. BOYDEN

BOYDEN LINE

JOSEPH AUGUSTUS BOYDEN: 1824 – 1873
(Dr. Joseph, Wyatt)

The name "Joseph" was obviously a tribute to his grandfather, Dr. Joseph Boyden, but I have seen no family precedent for the "Augustus". It may have been due to his father's acquaintance with the classics and an admiration for the Emperor. With the possible exception of George, whose career is almost a blank to me, Joseph was the only sailor among the six boys in the family, and this at a time when the young fellows of our shore communities turned most naturally toward the sea. He seems to have been the typical sailor-man of song and story, handsome, hearty, jovial, free-and-easy in all his ways, and a favorite with all; he must have had courage and character too. It is said that he would recite Scott's "Lady of the Lake", pages at a time, and other poems to the young folks about him. It is easy to understand that voyages of a year or two under sail, much of the time with little to do and nothing to see but the empty ocean, must have given indefinite opportunity for reading to any who were so inclined. The daughter of Capt. Howe, our next-door neighbor, said her father had similar acquaintance with the Shakespeare plays and liked to declaim from them at length.

In 1854 Joseph married Lucy S. Baker of Beverly, daughter of Stephens Baker who, if I may judge from her diary, Jan. 1, '48 – June 15, '50, on file with the Beverly Historical Society, was a tame mate for him, for she appears to have been content in a life of prim village domesticity. The Historical Society has also her father's hand-written genealogical survey and autobiography which is of much general interest; also a diary of her step-mother.

With such a picturesque figure as Joseph in the family, you would expect to find a wealth of tradition regarding his voyages, his ships and his adventures, but, strange to say, beyond the fact that he was a sea-captain and the kind of man whom I have described above, and that we had his spy-glass, sextant and sea-chest I knew not the least thing about him. A bit of search, however, has brought forth something for the record.

My earliest record of Joseph on the ocean blue comes in corre-

spondence of '39 by which it appears that he, then 15 years old, had already sailed to the Grand Banks, doubtless "before the mast" in a fishing-schooner. By what seems to me a reasonable surmise, I next place him on the barque "Undine" in the Sumatra pepper trade, my surmise being based on the fact that in '47 he was certainly First Mate on the same vessel's next voyage, writing the log in his own hand. I found the log-books of these two Undine voyages at the Beverly Historical Society. The log of the first voyage has a few pages missing at the beginning which was unfortunate for me, as it was customary for the first page to state a list of the vessel's officers, and often the crew. This book begins Nov. 11, 1845 off the English coast, having left Bremerhaven (Bremen), Germany, on the 8th. She reached Sumatra March 19, 1846 and cruised among the islands loading pepper, the islands and ports bearing strange names appropriate to the region—Analaboo, Pulo Vico, Soosoo, Asselas, Qualah Batoo, Rasselas, Tarpel Tuan, Chusy Chop, Tahdoo, Senaghune, Lamah Moodah etc. On June 20th she began her return voyage via the Cape of Good Hope and St. Helena reaching Bremerhaven Nov. 24 after a round trip of a year and sixteen days. She lingered there, unloading, refitting and taking cargo, until February '47 when she sailed for "America", no port mentioned, pausing at Shields, England, for "coals" and more cargo. The remainder of the log is missing, but is probably of no great loss, for the whole voyage seems to have been largely devoid of incident, and the log contains little but formal statements of courses, distances etc.

The next voyage of the Undine was so long that two log-books were necessary for the one voyage. The beginning pages of the first book are missing, but the title page of the second names John F. Roundy, age 21, as Captain, and Joseph A. Boyden, age 24, as First Mate. It also states that J.A.B. kept the log. They left Boston June 19th, '47 for Amsterdam, arrived August 2d, departed October 1st for Sumatra which they reached February 2nd, 1848 and took cargo, mostly pepper to the amount of about 320 tons as I reckon it, until March 12th when they set sail for Amsterdam via St. Helena. A few items culled from the pages of this first book may be of interest. While in the Dutch harbor, it is noted, "comes in heavy gales and squally. In the night a Norway barque carried away one of our Timber-heads, and he lay with one of his chains across our counter for some time". Again, while voyaging, the log states, "Sea irregular and vessel rolling very heavy. The Main topmast st. sail halliards parted, and the sail was lost with the boom. Sent down the long fore topmast and

sent up the short one." Discipline in those days was immediate and personal, as witness the report, "Had a bit of skirmish today with Jessie Courtman, a German, he being very impudent. I took him in hand and gave him a bit of a dressing. However, he is but an ass and no sailor, though he shipped for one. It is not the first time he has given me his jaw". It seems Jessie was not satisfied, for a later entry says, "Jessie Courtman rather incorrigible. Struck Second Mate, and has twice". Evidently the long voyages were hard on tempers, for the log adds tersely, "The seaman John Watson and the carpenter had a fight", and a few days afterward it appears that "the Steward was put in irons for direct disobedience of the Captain's orders, he actually refused to do what he was told by the Captain". The "actually" implies the almost unbelievable. One day "the Capt. from the whale ship Cadmus came on board. He has been out 8 mos. and has 700 Bbls. oil". A rather startling item occurs when we read that upon approaching the island of Roderique they ascertained that their chart located it incorrectly by 90 miles, but the Captain was on the lookout and so no harm befell. With the uncertainties of charts in those days, the coming up to a small island in the dark—or coming upon a hidden reef in day light—might cause a wreck for which only the chart could be blamed.

The Salem Gazette reports that the Undine arrived at Bremen August 29th 1848, a year and 71 days out of Boston. The Gazette adds that "she slipped by the blockading squadron without being pursued". I suppose the "blockading" was something connected with the German politics of that period.

The remainder of this voyage was a tempestuous affair, and shows what labors and responsibilities were undertaken—with cool nerves, reckoning it merely in the day's work, with no thought of heroics—by two young fellows who today at their age, might be at some college or professional school innocently preparing for a life-work well along in the future. I will here merely outline this portion of the voyage. The Undine continued by sailing again from Bremen September 21st '48, (*See abstract of Log infra*) made Gothenburg, Sweden, October 5th, and departed with a cargo of Swedish iron November 8th. After a month of almost continuous gales, the vessel leaking like a sieve, the tons of iron below "surging" from side to side as she rolled in the roaring seas, the young Captain and Mate thought that, all things considered, it would be best to put into Lisbon for repairs. Exasperating delays, all too frequent religious holidays etc. held them there from December 19th '48 until April 12th, '49 when they began the voy-

age homeward which was without incident, reaching Savannah May 21st, '49, after a peregrination of two years, lacking one month.

I have found no more log-books relating to Joseph's voyages, but some considerable, though fragmentary, information has been obtained from correspondence and Marine Intelligence in the newspapers.

Apparently not disturbed by his recent experience on the Undine, he sailed August 22d, '49, probably as First Mate, on the ship "Bazar", Capt. Frederick Lovett, for Buenos Aires, reaching Montevideo November 1st whence he wrote home that "The Buenos Aires market is bad, the Bazar is going to California". In her diary of Apr. 8th '50 Lucy Baker thankfully notes the receipt of a letter from Joseph and adds "he thinks of going to the mines", but May 10th she mentions another letter from him and states that he "plans to come home as soon as possible". She makes no mention of his brothers Charles and George or of his cousin Joe McGaffey—Charles having died en route to California, George and Joe having arrived there in September of '49, but dying, George, March 4th '50, Joe April 25th following. Though George and Joe were in California when the Bazar turned up, I do not know that Joseph met them or learned their fate, and the next news is that he sailed from San Francisco October 25th on the ship "Tiber", Hathaway, Master, for Callao, but the Tiber went on the rocks at Benecia, only thirty miles out of San Francisco, apparently got off, changed Captains, went on her way under Capt. Thomson but, after rounding the Horn and reaching Rio Janeiro, was condemned as unseaworthy—and Joseph doubtless came home as a passenger at the first opportunity.

Again, I learn from a letter of my father's that Joseph left New York January 8th, 1853—how he had been occupied in the meantime I know not—as First Mate of the Ship "Plato", Woodbury, Master, for Sumatra and pepper. The Plato was reported as reaching St. Helena August 4th, '53 from Sumatra, as clearing from Marseilles December 23, from Gibraltar January 21st '54, and as touching New York March 9th, out a year and two months.

At this point Joseph had a brief lay-off at home, was married to the awaiting Lucy, and returned to New York when he sailed April 6th '54 as "Captain" of the Plato, again for Sumatra and pepper. The Plato was reported at Sumatra August 27th, "the only vessel on the coast" which seems to have been very unusual as they were usually there in numbers. The Salem Register of January 15, '55, however, reports, "At Penang, Ship Plato, Boyden, from the

Pepper Coast, with 7000 piculs (about 465 tons, A.B.) of pepper, put in 8th (perhaps Oct. or Nov. A.B.), *leaky,* having had a gale on the Coast: would discharge, repair, fill up at Penang and sail for Boston". On examination, however, it appeared that the "gale" had administered the coup de grace to the Plato, and she was condemned as unseaworthy, the "Chilo", Deshon, Master, was hired to bring her cargo home, and arrived in New York June 26, '55, Joseph returning as best he could, probably as a passenger on the Chilo. The gale may have been a tropical hurricane or the Plato may have been so old and battered that, when well loaded, any violent gale would break her, for in those days, owners of old vessels seem to have sent them to sea as long as there was a chance that they would "get by". The fact that she was the only vessel on the Coast suggests that it may have been the season of storms, generally avoided by the trade.

I have no information regarding Joseph's movements following the Plato affair, but I infer that he continued on the waters until '57, for the notes of Stephens Baker, his father-in-law read, "In 1857 Joseph A. Boyden, Lucy's husband, quit going to sea. He had at the time about seven thousand dollars. His Uncle Eben who was a physician and lived in Sheffield, Illinois, informed him that he could obtain any interest for his money he was disposed to ask and urged him to come out to that place, and he, after much persuasion, authorized his Uncle to purchase some land for him and he went out to cultivate it." Lucy remained for the time being with her parents, and Joseph usually spent his winters in Beverly. The rest of the year he was in Sheffield, a member of his brother Albert's family, he, too being then a pioneer-farmer, but after three years of this régime Mr. Baker reports that Joseph "kept writing for her and insisted that he would not live without her any longer", so in '60 all the Bakers moved to Sheffield, and Mr. Baker built a first-class house in what was then almost a frontier town. It may be that Joseph was a better sailor than farmer or it may be merely that he had "farmer's luck". Anyway, the farming experiment did not work out well, his wife's health became impaired, the Bakers hated the West, so in '62, there being a prospect that Joseph might be drafted into the U. S. Army which he did not at all fancy, when his former employers sought him out to take command of a fine ship, he gladly went again to the high seas and the Bakers with equal satisfaction went back to Beverly. Mr. Baker reports that Joseph lost the whole of his seven thousand dollars in this farming venture. So, in December of '62 he left New York as Captain of the ship "Champion", his largest and best command. Terse notes

found in Marine Intelligence outline his voyage: arrived at Melbourne, Australia, March 21st '63; cleared at Melbourne April 13th "for Baker Island" (between the Gilbert and Phenix Islands, A.B.); at Singapore June 20th to August 7th loading for Shanghai; at Shanghai August 30th until November 17th as appears by letter of Capt. John Beckford, an immediate Beverly neighbor, who wrote on the 18th, "Lots of Beverly folks in Shanghai, Joe Boyden sailed for Hongkong yesterday"; at Singapore again December 8th—where he took tea with Capt. Beckford on January 18th, '64—until March 17 when he sailed "for rice ports to load for Liverpool"; "at Bassein (in Burma A.B.) April 20th, ship Champion from Rangoon"; "sailed from Bassein 23 May 1864, ship Champion, Boyden, for Europe". Now comes the bad news; "Ship Champion, Boyden, from Bassein for Falmouth, England, put into Singapore 11 July 1864 in distress, leaky, having been ashore in Bassein River. She was laid up a while for repairs, but in October was abandoned and sold—and that bare newspaper mention is all I know about it. Ashore in a river after sailing from New York to Australia and roaming all over the Far East! I can only say that I would have to know a lot more about it before I could believe Joseph was to blame for the disaster. He had had long experience, and must have been highly regarded as a Shipmaster for his previous employers to summon him back from Illinois to command their fine new ship; the perils of the seas were far greater in those days of sail than they are now under steam, and there was necessarily a large element of luck under the best of management; a sudden tropical storm might render a full-rigged ship unmanageable for river navigation; uncertainties of charts I have earlier mentioned; Joseph himself may have been below when she struck; or, it seems reasonable to believe that the ship was in the charge of a River Pilot at the time. All we have is the record, and the rest is anybody's guess.

Capt. Beckford's casual remark that there are "Lots of Beverly folks in Shanghai", doubtless meaning seamen and merchants, is suggestive as showing the round-the-world character of Beverly men in that era when meeting a Beverly man in Shanghai, or almost any other foreign port, was about like meeting one in Boston today.

My next information about Joseph finds him five years later a partner in the paper-box manufacturing concern of "Allen and Boyden" located on Broad Street in Lynn, Mass., but just when this began I cannot say, perhaps after his return from the Champion voyage. I judge that it was successful, for when he died in

'73, after a long and wasting illness, he left an estate of $12,000. My father, perhaps following Joseph's death, became the "Boyden" partner of this same concern, and so continued until his death in '89.

The seafaring character of Beverly folks in those days is illustrated by the number of Beverly Captains in Joseph's home neighborhood. Joseph himself was born and lived at the head of Washington Street; in the adjoining house on that street was Capt. Octavius Howe; in the next house was Capt. Elisha Whitney; in still the next was Capt. John Beckford; on Thorndike Street was Capt. Eben Smith, and next door to him, the rear of his land abutting on that of Capt. Whitney, was Capt. Sam Foster, six captains on adjoining premises, with Captain Whitmarsh a door or two below the Foster house. Directly across Washington Street from Capt. Whitney lived the widow of Capt. Edward Howe, brother, I believe, of Octavius; two doors below Edward was Capt. Odell; in the next house was Capt. Strickland, and down the street two doors more was Capt. Dan Kilham. On Cabot Street, just around the corner from the Boydens, was Capt. Charles Lamson. Very likely there were others at hand whom I do not recall. Of course, these captains may not all have been on the seven seas at any one time, but in a general way it is fair enough to reckon them as contemporaries. Doubtless there were other such areas of captaincy in Beverly; I am told, for instance, that Bartlett Street was lined with Captains' homes. Though of an earlier era, and so hardly to be classed with the above mentioned, was my great-uncle, Capt. Jacob Woodbury on Cabot Street, a little below the Lamson house. Beverly's intimate connection with the sea is further illustrated by a book printed in 1852 entitled "2000 Rich Men of Massachusetts", any one reputed to possess $50,000 being considered eligible for the list. The roster of this book included 21 Beverly men of whom 16 found their riches in seafaring life or in some industry immediately allied to it.

BOYDEN LINE

CHARLES FREDERICK BOYDEN, 1823–1849
(Dr. Joseph, Wyatt)

I note here and there that Charles was industrious in the home garden and on the Woodbury farm, also that he had a youthful term of service on a farm in Marblehead. With his brother James he was a member of the Beverly Militia Company. At one time he was a school-teacher. I have heard it said that in manner and disposition he was less attractive than his brother George but, at the same time, I observe that his brother Albert was pleased to name a son "Charles" for him. Beyond these stray items my only information regarding Charles comes, first, from a brief diary which he kept during the winter of '45–'46 and, second, from a few letters relating to Dartmouth College and his fatal part in the gold-rush of '49. (*Diary and letters infra*)

About all of the diary was written while he was making a winter sojourn for his health in Tamworth, undoubtedly at his father's prescription. That some measure of that sort was desirable is evidenced by his recording a gain of seventeen pounds weight in six weeks. It is apparent from the diary that, like most of his family, he was a constant reader, and for a while he seems to have done little else, which was perhaps natural enough under the circumstances, but as time went on he found work in the woods to afford an agreeable change from the books, and I suppose it was the combination of rest and outdoor work that accounted for the seventeen pounds. Though Charles made headquarters at Uncle John Stevenson's, he evidently found the atmosphere of the McGaffey home at Whiteface very attractive, and, between the two, his diary gives a good picture of life in these remote country homes, seemingly isolated under the winter snows, but yet enjoying a very considerable social life among neighbors of quality and character. Presently, however, Charles was summoned home to what he regarded as real opportunity under the aegis of Doctor Pierson of Salem. I take it he was to furnish attendance and clerical assistance for which he was to be paid, and at the same time was to begin the study of medicine under the Doctor's supervision—and this, with a few pages of medical notes, marks the end of the

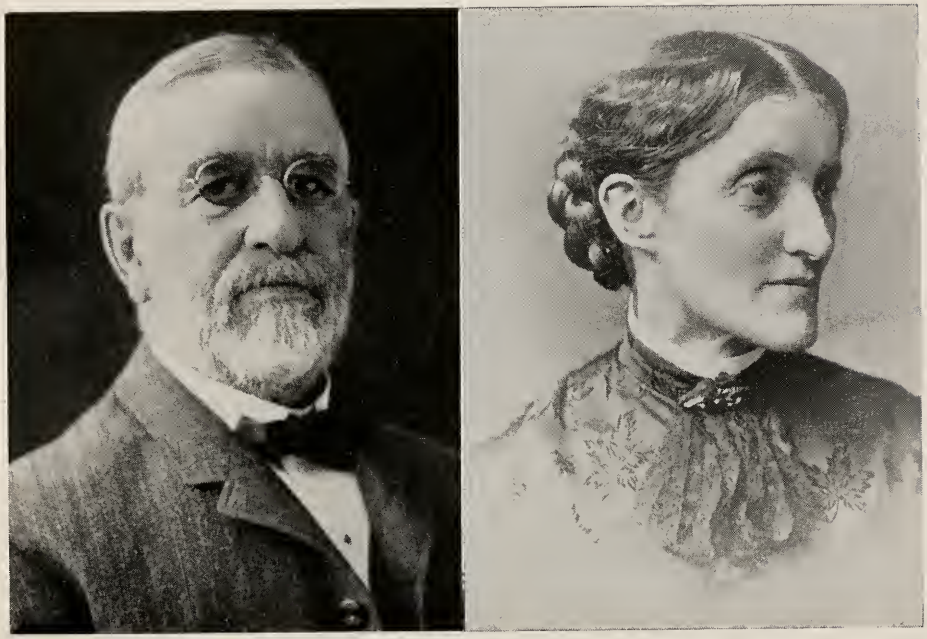
diary. His medical study evidently led him to the Dartmouth Medical School, for we find him there in the fall of '48. An item regarding a Dartmouth scholars expenses in '48 is not without interest; Charles writes, "I have $10. In about a month I shall want more. It will cost me this winter probably some more than two dollars a week for board, rent, wood and oil." Another interesting comment comes in the same letter when he writes that though he himself expects to stay in Hanover through the vacation, almost all the other students will be away "teaching school". At the end of that term he wrote a long, thoughtful and intelligent letter to his parents, reviewing and analyzing the work of the School and characterizing the different Professors, a letter of such interest that I have deposited it with the Dartmouth College archives.

It appears, however, in the correspondence that by January of '49 Charles was burning with the gold-fever, and soon, in his twenty-second year, full of confident expectation, he departed on the California adventure, only to perish miserably of cholera, while crossing the desert plains of Northern Mexico, one of unnumbered similar tragedies.

BOYDEN LINE

GEORGE H. BOYDEN, 1830 – 1850 (Dr. Joseph, Wyatt)

George is hardly more to me than a name. He made a fatal voyage to California in the '49 gold-rush, dying soon after arrival there. Beyond that, and an indefinite hint of sailoring, I have only a casual mention that he was a very likable and companionable young fellow, which seems to be borne out by his few letters from California. It is worth noting that his brother Albert named his first son "George". The California voyage was made in the "Sterling" with a Salem company, while his brother Charles and his cousin Joe McGaffey were attempting the journey by land, Charles dying from cholera while crossing northern Mexico, Joe reaching California but dying shortly afterward. The story of the Sterling is set forth in some detail by Octavius Thorndike Howe (through his younger years a next-door neighbor to us at 8 Washington St., Beverly) in his volume "Argonauts of '49", and the original letters written by Charles, Joe, George and another, covering the whole California adventure are on file with the Beverly Historical Society.



ALBERT W. BOYDEN and MRS. ALBERT W. BOYDEN

BOYDEN LINE

ALBERT W. BOYDEN, 1833 – 1916 (Dr. Joseph, Wyatt)

This sketch of Albert's career will be predominantly the story of the "business-man"; firstly because the main activities of his life were in the world of business; secondly, because the steady flow of business correspondence between him in Illinois and his father and brother William in Beverly has chanced to be preserved and provides an unusual record.

In 1852, nineteen years of age, Albert sought the adventure of the West where the rich farm-lands lay awaiting the amazing development that was then only dimly beginning to feel the leaven of inrushing population with its many hands for labor, the availability of Eastern capital, and the benefits of new railroads with their opening of great markets. Though many of the new-comers found themselves unable to cope with the hazards of swift and unordered development, the industrious, strong and sound, whose ambitions were tempered with requisite caution, Albert among them, were able safely and successfully to ride the rising tide of midwest prosperity which was to make that region the granary of the world.

Albert's mother (Elizabeth Woodbury, a descendant of John Woodbury, one of the "Five Planters", Beverly's founders) died in July of '33, two months after his birth, leaving Dr. Wyatt with five little boys on his hands, and though he persuaded Lydia Lincoln of Charlestown to marry him in the following February, the household cares which greeted her were such that Albert's grandmother Boyden, then recently widowed, came down from Tamworth to take particular charge of the infant, her care including sundry Tamworth visits which, as time passed, gave the boy an attachment for that region which he never lost. In his later years he bought a summer-home there for his daughter Martha Finley that has ever since been a wholesale rendez-vous for his descendants and their friends. I get an impression that the grandmother made her home with her Beverly son Wyatt for the rest of her life. A son William, my father, was born to Lydia in 1835, and these boys, only two years apart in age, grew up side by side in a lifelong intimacy and affection which never faltered even through their many years of separation, and Albert's relations with his step-

mother were such that they helped the friendship between the two boys, for he always said that her heart showed never a sign of distinction between them. Albert and William each named a son for the other.

The spirit of the youth is suggested by the note in William's diary that "Albert started for Marblehead this morning. He is to work on a farm owned and occupied by Mr. Erastus Ware. He is fifteen years old and thinks it is time to be doing something for a living". That was in the summer of '48. For a while after this he worked in a bank and, in view of his later prosperity as a banker, it is amusing to read the comment of his brother George who wrote, "I think some other business would suit him better", and later that "Albert has left the Bank. I expected he would, for I knew he would not like the business very well. I think going to sea would be a good thing for his health". In the summer of '51 he was again with Mr. Ware, working seven months for fifty dollars "with which I was very well satisfied". In '52 when Mr. Ware bought a farm in Canterbury, Conn. Albert accompanied him thither for a season, and William noted that it would "be pleasant for him to visit the land of wooden-nutmegs and pine cucumber-seeds". All this experience was undertaken by Albert for the purpose of equipping himself to take over the ancestral Woodbury farm at Beverly Farms, and he had by this time given over the idea of going to sea which had for a while been much on his mind. It does not appear that he had any inclination toward college. In those days the air was full of "Go west young man", and seek the land of opportunity, so, toward the end of '52, Albert left the home country and joined the great trek, this quite against the wish of his father, two of whose sons had recently died in the California gold-rush. He worked at a store in Chicago on State and Madison Streets, the heart of the present metropolis, then a frontier town with board-sidewalks and little suggestion of its extraordinary future. His Chicago stay was brief, however, and in February of '53 he was employed at the store of "Stevens and Son" in Tiskilwa, Ill., about a hundred miles Southwest of Chicago. That these were pioneer days is illustrated by the fact that Tiskilwa, "now quite a business place", had only twenty years before, been inhabited by but three white families and several hundred friendly Indians. His presence there was due to the fact that his Uncle Eben,—the earliest of all the considerable number of Boydens to reach this region—owned a farm in nearby Gold Township, this in turn being about six miles North of a settlement which bore the name "Sheffield" in honor of the New York financier who was

instrumental in building the Rock Island Railroad and later founded Yale's "Sheffield Scientific School". At Tiskilwa Albert was paid $15 a month, and, always a willing worker, he reported, "all the time I have to write is after 9 p.m." He would not engage there for more than a year, thinking "it will then not be too late to come back and go onto the (Woodbury) farm". An interesting note is his remark that "the emigration to California & Oregon is very great this Spring. Scarcely a day passes but teams are passing through the town". Whiskey was quoted at fourteen cents a gallon, "and was freely used". At about that time, however, the Rock Island Railroad was completed, giving the people and products of Tiskilwa and Sheffield a life-line to Chicago and Eastern markets, causing Albert to write that "the East can now be reached in four days, and Illinois is not as far beyond the sunset as is generally supposed". Stephens Baker, a newcomer to the region reports an item that seems strange enough today. "Joseph had when we arrived about eight hundred bushels of corn in the ear in a crib in the open air which he sold to the Railroad Co. for fuel at ten cents per bushel."

Whether Albert stayed on in the Stevens store for the full year I do not know, but during the summer of '53 he and his Uncle Eben joined in the purchase of a 400 acre farm in Gold Township, the money for Albert's share being furnished by his father. Later, after some other changes in ownership this farm was bought by his father, and the brother William took a quarter-interest in it before it finally went out of the family. Good farmland was plenty and cheap, $2. to $25 an acre; money was scarce and dear, 10 to 25%. Albert wrote that they had hired a man and wife to work on the farm at $20 a month, "a very high wage, but it is hard to get help at any price". I take it that the kindly Uncle Eben supplied at least part of the working capital, for in April of '54 Albert wrote his father, "the money I received from you will no more than pay Uncle Eben what I am indebted to him. He will charge me only 6%, and I do not suppose he will be willing to do it longer as he can let money at 25%." For some eight years following this purchase Albert was a dirt-farmer, living at first with his Uncle Eben, determined to get ahead if eternal hard work with hand and foot would do it. He writes, "I rise at 5 o'clock", and I reckon that when his work permitted it, he went to bed with the chickens. His life was cheered, however, by his marriage in '54 to Ellen Webb whose family had migrated to the nearby town of Buda from Skowhegan, Maine, and Eben had succeeded in getting her to teach the Gold school. Fine young women were at

premium in that era and the candidates for her hand were numerous, but she chose Albert of them all, and wisely, for devoted affection accompanied their slowly growing prosperity. She had the high character, personal charm, open heart and social grace that we have come to associate with the "Webb" blood. Though she was a constant help and support for Albert, he hardly put her on such a basis of utility as was the case with one John of whom he wrote, "John has got married and says his wife weighs 165 pounds, and is big and strong enough to carry the swill, a point on which he feared Miss Barker might be deficient". A glimpse at the population of Gold comes when Albert writes in '56, "the town of Gold will poll 32 votes. Of these, 24 will go for Freeborn Fremont". Early he mentions 12 cows to milk and the other stock to be cared for, with a cheese and much butter to be made each day. Of course, there was everything else to be done too—clearing, fencing, ditching etc. ad infinitum. In '57 he writes of their 28 acres of corn, 23 acres of rye; also of selling wheat, steers, potatoes, beans and hogs. Though their industry in such extent and variety was doubtless generally well rewarded, the farmer is inevitably at the mercy of the seasons and the markets, and at times these Illinois toilers met the farmers' fate. In '56 Albert mentions "the ruinous price of wheat" and adds, "my years work will bring me out at the little end of the horn". His brother, Captain Joseph, quit the sea for the time being in '57 to accomplish the sailor's dream of the cosy farmer, and during most of his Illinois life he made his home in Albert's family, but in 1860 his wife and her parents joined him, and the father-in-law, Stephens Baker, built a house in Sheffield, which in '76 became Albert's property and has ever since been the home of his family. In '61 Albert wrote his father, "Joseph says he shall be unable to pay you anything now, and I am sorry to say that I am in the same fix". Later, after Albert had exchanged the farmer's life for that of merchant, he wrote, "one-half crops and one-half prices are making the farmers sick". Stephens Baker noted that when Joseph went West he had seven thousand dollars, and in '63 when Joseph returned to the sea and the Bakers to Beverly, "he (Joseph) had lost all the money he brought." In the meantime Albert had been appointed a Deputy-Sheriff, and his earnings in that capacity helped him through the lean years.

But Albert was not destined to live out his life as a farmer, and in 1862 he wrote,

> "I have an offer of $300 a year to clerk in a store (in Sheffield), but must furnish $500 for a year at 10%.

> The parties are Scott and Porter. Scott is the lumber-merchant, Porter is agent for the Sheffield Mining Co. They have the store and lumber-yard, and buy grain, getting one cent per bush. for buying .... They will give me my goods at cost. This will give me a good living and some to spare as I have flour, meat, butter and eggs from the farm. There is no mistake but they have the largest and best business of any trader in Sheffield. Their stock will probably invoice about $5,000. They have generally had more".

The Mining Co. mentioned had been organized when the railroad came through Sheffield and all the trains from Chicago took their coal for fuel there, so it was a very substantial concern. It seems strange that any one should have to invest $500 in the business to obtain a job paying $5.77 a week, and almost stranger to read that the job would furnish a good living and some to spare for a family which now numbered three, but, besides the advantages above mentioned, Albert had rented his farm, and may still have been picking up something as Deputy-Sheriff. At any rate, he was now launched on his career in the kind of work for which he was best fitted. In '73 he wrote, "If the first ten years of my business life had not been thrown away I might make a pretty fair showing. As it is, I have got to try to make it up". Thereafter his family lived in Sheffield in rooms over the Scott store, but for a year or two before his farm was sold, besides long hours at the store, he had many a ride to Gold both in behalf of his own farm and as representative of his father who had bought Joseph's 200 acre farm. For his second year with Scott he was paid $400., the third year $600, and later he bought a one-third interest in the business. In '63 he was planning to sell his farm, asking $3,600. for it. It was "too far from the market and too much out of the world". Just what had become of Eben's share in it by this time, I cannot say. As mentioned above, this farm ultimately came to the possession of Wyatt and William, and in '72 when Albert was about to sell it for them he was prepared to ask $12,000 for it, but would accept a bit less.

In the latter days of '69 there had evidently been some sort of falling out among the partners of the Scott concern, Albert writing, "I feel that I have been shamefully used", so Porter and Albert withdrew to begin business by themselves under the name of "Porter and Boyden", Albert being paid $4375. for his interest in the former concern. The omens appeared favorable for the new

firm. Albert thought highly of Porter, who as Agent for the Mining Co. proposed to make it healthy for the miners to trade with him, and Albert felt that he himself could bring in plenty of business. He wrote, "I see no reason why we should not sell 40 to 50,000 a year." They paid $4,000 for new quarters, had a stock which was on the books at $7,600, and proposed to add $1,500 worth more. Hard times came on, however, and in Nov. of '70 Albert wrote, "Our sales this year will amount to about $20,000.", but his cheerful expectations for the future proved to be justified and in '75 they built a new store which was considered the finest structure in Bureau County. Not long after that venture, however, Porter's failure of health forced him to withdraw and Albert took over the Porter interest aided by his young son George who was already showing the ability for business affairs which he was later to exhibit conspicuously. Albert became Treasurer and Manager of the Mining Co., and retained these offices for many years. I read of an effort of his later, with the aid of his father and brother William, to buy control of this Company.

For many years—long before he formally entered the banking business—he loaned money for his father and William on local farm mortgages at 10% interest, and the correspondence among them on this topic is in overflowing detail. The first instance that I find is in January 1860 when he writes his father, "I have let $100 for a month at 10%", and thereafter it ran on steadily through the years. In '76 he mentions $21,260 notes in his hands for his father.

There is an element of romance in Albert's small and toilsome beginnings that is lacking after he had achieved prosperity and become a successful business-man, so the rest of my sketch will be on broader lines. In '72 he wrote, "My business continues to improve slowly. I shall be disappointed if it does not show a profit of $5,000 this year". By this time, however, the Porter and B. concern, besides their merchandising, were in a sort of banking business on the side. They had a safe-deposit vault and good connections with Chicago banks, so the local farmers got in a way of leaving money on deposit with them, and it resulted that when the great panic of '73 struck the country's finances, they found themselves in a critical position. Albert wrote,

> "We were pretty badly frightened for a day or two when the panic first broke out, and Ellen said my appetite and color both faded. We had at that time money subject to sight draft $29,000 and were owing $25,000. for 24 houses. It looked as though we could not command a

> dollar of it, and if the Chicago banks had suspended we would have had to, but Chicago went through it nobly".

The concern weathered the storm, however, and in 1876 took in a Mr. Dewey as partner with a one-fourth interest, the firm becoming "Boyden and Dewey", Albert furnishing the capital, the idea being that Dewey should have most of the store management so that Albert would have his hands free for his banking, mining, and other outside interests.

In '78 the Sheffield Boydens bought a partnership in a lumber and grain business in the neighboring town of Mineral, with "crib-room for 30,000 bushels of corn", this being the first of sundry similar outside ventures, all of which have continued in the family to this day. In 1889 he sold his interest in the Sheffield store to Dewey and, with his son George, established "A. W. Boyden and Son" in Sheffield as a private banking business which, with the addition of his son Charles, became a State Bank in 1906, serving the needs of a wide rural area. As time passed, George became the principal factor in management; later Charles succeeded George in this role, and today the bank's affairs are mainly in the competent hands of another Albert, son of George. Albert, the founder, was of keen, human understanding. When it is remembered that until more recent years the farmers paid their bills only once a year, the man who did a trading and banking business with them had to be a wise judge of character and the farm industry. His father, Wyatt, stated that during all the years of Albert's investment in his behalf, there was never a cent of loss in respect of either principal or interest, a statement which tells its own story.

Such is the saga of Albert Boyden—from hard-fisted farm-hand to banker. It is true that his father, and in much less degree his brother William, helped him, and themselves, but the initiative and decisions upon which the structure and its growth depended were Albert's alone. Though his friends were proud of his career, he himself viewed it more in gratitude than pride, and in '77 he wrote—with a modesty that often fails to accompany success—

> "I tremble at the figures, not on account of the amount as a good many would think of it, but I look back and think what in years past my very moderate expectations were and then see how they were more than fulfilled. I think, if I know myself, that I distrust my ability more and more the older I grow. In fact, I do not attribute it to any particular shrewdness of my own. It seems rather to have been forced on me in spite of myself. It was one chance in a million and I happened to get it".

Something of his feeling was appropriate, but his words did him less than justice; he had of course been fortunate, but his success was no accident; it was his character and abilities that enabled him to take full advantage of fortune's favors.

The foregoing details of Albert's business activities should not give the false impression that he had no other interests in life. He had friends throughout the County, and had a hand in most everything that went on there, giving freely and generously to all good causes. He was devoted to his church, and constant in attendance. Early a member, he was a Deacon from '66 onward, was for many years a teacher in the Sunday School and its Superintendent, becoming one of the prominent laymen in the Congregational denomination of Illinois. He was once asked about the financing of the local church, and he replied with a twinkle in his eye, "Well, the folks pay what they can, and I pay the rest". In this connection it is worth while to take an extract from a letter he wrote to my father on the subject of a college education for his son the Sheffield "William". My father had written him in favor of Harvard, but Albert, probably influenced by the fact that his brother-in-law Stephen Webb had graduated from Amherst and had become a Minister of the Congregational Church, leaned pretty strongly toward Amherst. The letter reads:

> "I should have written immediately on receipt of your last most excellent and evidently carefully digested letter only that I felt that your arguments were entitled to grave thought and consideration, and I had almost made up my mind to take my gripsack and start tomorrow for Beverly, look the ground over and talk the matter up face to face with you. But Ellen says that if I go I shall catch the Harvard fever from you and that if I want Will to go to Amherst I had better stay here and stick to it. If I lived near Boston I have no doubt but that I should have it bad.
>
> This matter of what College under all the circumstances is best for him has given me a good deal of anxiety, and I beg of you not to think so poorly of me as that in my decision I am actuated by considerations of money or even of orthodoxy.
>
> I want him to have the very best advantages for acquiring an education, and it is my pleasure to supply all his reasonable wants, but while he is storing his mind with the knowledge of the schools and thus fitting himself for

a position in life, I also want him by habits of application, by self-denial, by economy and by Christian living to learn to fill that position well, it seems to me for any true success this last must be the complement of the first. I realize with you that out of the heart proceed the evils with which our poor humanity is cursed, and also that "except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it," but I realize too that we are the creatures of circumstances and that our surroundings have a great influence on our lives and on our actions, and while we may not keep our children from the temptations of the world, *we* need not put them in their way.

I am not at all sure but that I made a mistake in sending Willie to Exeter, from the fact that the religious atmosphere was not more pronounced. It had been our opinion as well as that of most of our acquaintances previous to his going away from home that he would be a minister. While I don't know that he ever said it, and we certainly never tried to influence him in that direction, yet in a kind of undefined way we seemed to feel it. In the same undefined way when he came home last summer it was clearly evident that if he ever had thoughts of that kind he hadn't them then.

While I would not want him to follow that profession nor any other only as he felt that he was *called* to it, it would have been a source of great satisfaction if he had felt called in that direction, believing as I do that it is the noblest calling to which a man can give himself . . . . As it is, Exeter seems to have developed him in manly graces and in a love for sports and fun and perhaps in literary taste and knowledge and has really improved him greatly, but I fear it is at a loss of spiritual health and activity. Now what I have said about Exeter I think applies in the same way and even with greater force to Harvard.....

Amherst is in the country away from these things. The College atmosphere must be entirely different as regards moral influence and it must be more stimulating and helpful to a boy that has got to make a living in the world. To quite a large extent the boys at Amherst have to make sacrifices to get through College and are there because the necessity is on them or in them to get an education. The influence of such boys must be better than

> that of those who go to Harvard because it is *the* thing to do. As to religious influences, I understand perfectly that students are at liberty to choose where they will attend and I believe at Harvard not to attend at all if they do not choose, but I am of opinion that this power of choice is not always the best thing for boys to have, and at Amherst I think they do not have it so much, and the design of the College is more distinctively religious, and believing as I do that a man or boy's only safeguards are those thrown about him by our holy religion, by so much is Amherst a safer and better place than Harvard, in my view".

In the end Will went to Harvard, acquitting himself there with great credit, and it may be inferred that his father did not regret the decision for later two of the younger sons, Charles and Bert, took the same course. Indeed, I had the great pleasure of rooming with the latter, he in the College and I in the Law School, a situation which, our names being the same, was a source of no little confusion among his acquaintances and my own; a situation, moreover, which created a life-long intimacy between us, I joining the throng who came under the irresistible spell of his high spirits and rare charm. His daughter Martha attended Knox College in Illinois, and his generosity made it possible for sundry other young folks of his acquaintance to obtain the advantages of the higher education. Though he himself had no college career, his varied experience, his fine mind, his vital interest in people and public affairs, together with constant reading, made his life an education and he suffered no lack on that account. The Dickens lore and Scott's Waverly Novels were his favorites in the lighter literature of his day. While I was engaged in reading the many letters which he wrote to the home folks—and have fortunately been preserved—I was struck with their warmth of affection, and with the gift of his pen for easy, ready and pointed expression.

As to Albert's politics, we have noted his rejoicing over Gold's large vote for Freemont in '56. He remained a strong Republican all his life, served as Representative in the Illinois State Legislature and was long active in County politics.

His heart was always warm for the scenes and people of his Beverly and Tamworth youth, and he had the old-fashioned feeling for "family" ties, was always urging Eastern relatives to visit him, particularly his brother William whom he often invited to come out and become a partner in his enterprises. In '70 he wrote to his father, "I rejoice in the prospect of seeing you, Martha,

Uncle John and Augusta. I expect you to stay three months". How many people nowadays invite a party of four to come and stay three months? Again, he wrote, "We have had a very pleasant year in this part. Our house most of the time has been full to overflowing, and we have enjoyed them one and all". As previously mentioned, until his brother Joseph's wife and her parents arrived, Joseph lived as a member of Albert's family. His feeling for the family tie brought about visits from time to time in the old Beverly home, these coming with increasing frequency in the latter days of his long-lived father. It may be noted that of his five children four were named for his brothers and a sister.

While reading his extensive correspondence and reviewing his career generally for preparation of this sketch, I have been more than ever pleased that my father chose his brother Albert's name for my own.

BOYDEN LINE

MARY ELIZABETH BOYDEN, 1842 – 1864
(Dr. Joseph, Wyatt)

She bore the name of her grandmother "Mary" Heywood Boyden, with perhaps also something by way of compliment for the two Mary McGaffeys, respectively her aunt and cousin.

It is evident from my own recollection of family references to her, and from the few youthful letters of hers which chance to have been preserved, that she was a lively, sparkling, charming personality, a graceful and skilful skater, light-footed in the dance, gay in her youthful pleasures, taking something of a forward place in the family and among friends.

As to details of her young life, I know almost nothing, but, within the manners and ways of her time, anyone can picture the merry child, girl and young woman, pleased with all and welcomed by all. I do get a reference to the almost inevitable school-teaching when my father wrote, in March of '62, "As one of the family, I thank you for your efforts to procure Mary a chance to earn a *lively-hood.* I hope you did not give the Conway people an exaggerated notion of her accomplishments. It is better to exceed expectations than to fall short. I see no reason why she may not teach the school with profit to the scholars and herself." Again, an aunt wrote in April of '64, "I congratulate Mary that she has secured the Quimby School (presumably in Sandwich, New Hampshire, A.B.) if she is determined to teach. You will miss her very much if she is away all summer".

At this period, however, there was storm in Mary's heart. She and a neighbor youth were in love with each other and wishing for marriage, but her father, in view of sundry escapades on the part of the young man, reckoning that the marriage promised only unhappiness instead of happiness for his beloved daughter, and taking upon himself the paternal authority of those days, sternly forbade the match—and there has always lingered the query whether the blighted romance, the broken heart, did not play some part in the fatality which followed. There was to be no Quimby School for Mary. In June of that year, while in Concord, N. H., she became dangerously ill. Her father, ever tender in behalf of his daughters, procured from the railroad a special car

MARY ELIZABETH BOYDEN

which took her without change through to Beverly where all joined in desperate endeavor for her recovery, but in vain, and when her bright spirit was lost to the home, at twenty-two years of age, in the flower and beauty of young womanhood, a darkness fell upon the household which has never since been wholly dispelled, such that even today, even to us who were then unborn, the mention of her name sounds a note of tragedy.

BOYDEN LINE

MARTHA (STEVENSON) BOYDEN WEBB, 1845 – 1914
(Dr. Joseph, Wyatt)

Named for her father's sister, she omitted the "Stevenson" after her marriage to Stephen W. Webb in 1871 and became Martha Boyden Webb. He was a Congregational Minister, born in Skowhegan, Maine, brother of Ellen, wife of my Uncle Albert, spending his early years on an Illinois farm, graduating from Amherst College in 1866 and studying for the ministry at the Union Theological Seminary in Chicago.

He occupied the pulpit for two years in Alameda, California, and for the next nine years was in Great Falls, N. H. (now Somersworth), but at this point he became troubled as to his health and voice, so he changed the nature of his labors and was for five years the successful Editor of the weekly "New England Home Journal", published in Worcester, Mass. Finally, upon a return to the ministry, he held a parish for sundry years at South Hadley Falls, Mass., but, his health again failing him, the Webbs took refuge in Asheville, North Carolina, where he died in 1895. Thereafter, accustomed to migration, the family lived in Galesburg, Illinois, where Martha's nephew (by marriage to Martha Boyden of Sheffield), John H. Finley, was President of Knox College, this sojourn being followed by a final settling down in Brookline, Massachusetts.

Aunt Martha had good scholarly instincts, was an inveterate reader, and was always ready to recite from the poets of her day. When she was eight years old her father began tutoring her in Latin with the result that all her life she read a page of ordinary Latin about as freely as if it were the daily newspaper. I find it mentioned once in early correspondence that before her marriage she was about to enter upon the school-teaching of which there seems to have been so much here and there among my ancestors and relatives, but the details of her experience in this field are lost among the gaps in correspondence.

"Uncle Steve", as we knew him, though devout and earnest in his calling, was delightfully free from the ministerial atmosphere which so often besets that profession, and was the merry, witty uncle whom we could not see too often. Aunt Martha—often simply "Auntie"—was sweet natured, affectionate, sociable,

STEPHEN W. WEBB and MARTHA BOYDEN WEBB

always a good companion. They were a devoted couple, well mated, having a large and warm place in our young hearts and lives, being much in our home and we often in theirs. Indeed, it often seemed almost as if the two families were one. It was in our home that they suffered the tragedy of seeing their two first-born beautiful little children die of diphtheria in one day. As to Uncle Stephen in the pulpit I cannot write from personal recollection, but it is certain that his preaching was of excellent quality. Once, when the Webbs had been visiting in Sheffield and he had preached there, my Uncle Albert wrote, "I believe he is the best sermonizer I ever heard. Our people all think so". Having known both Uncle Stephen and Aunt Martha so well, I can say with confidence that they must in every respect have been the joy to all their parishioners that they were to us. Their surviving children are Stuart W. Webb and Louise, wife of Capt. George E. Barton.

BOYDEN LINE

Lucy H. (Boyden) Gilman,	1796–1874	(Dr. Joseph)
Frederick Boyden,	1800–1850	(" ")
Eben Boyden,	1802–1871	(" ")
Martha (Boyden) Stevenson,	1804–1867	(" ")
Nancy T. D. (Boyden) Beede,	1806	(" ")
Joseph Boyden,	1812–1842	(" ")

The names listed above represent the children born to Dr. Joseph and Mary Heywood Boyden following Mary and Wyatt. I deal with these six brothers and sisters as a group because my information regarding them and their descendants is generally scanty and fragmentary.

"Aunt Lucy" Gilman's name has come to my eye occasionally in correspondence, where it appears that she lived in Tamworth Village or its immediate vicinity, and was a likeable, kindly and hospitable soul. She was my father's "aunt"; I myself never saw her. Her husband, Benjamin, was Town Clerk, and that is the extent of my information about the pair. They had a son, Albion, who settled in Manchester, Mass. as a carpenter and builder, and raised a family there. He was a good citizen and had some fame as a Yankee wit, but the relations between his family and our own, though always friendly, amounted to hardly more than an annual summertime exchange of family visits for a day. The ride from Beverly to Manchester and back—nothing at all in today's automobile—was something of a jaunt in a well filled carryall behind the family horse. In one way and another, though, we boys did keep up quite a friendship with Albion's boys Harry and Maynard. Besides Albion, Aunt Lucy had a daughter Elizabeth, who became a "Garvin" by marriage and had a son, "Charlie Garvin", whose name came to have a familiar ring in the family ear, for he broke away from the sober family tradition and became an actor, assuming the name "C. Garvin Gilmaine" for his Thespian career. We have a very stagey photograph of him with a heavy forelock waved deeply across his brow, and an expression of sweet melancholy upon his countenance that Hamlet himself might have envied. Despite the fact that this photograph was subscribed "Formerly with Booth and Modjeska", he was, I take it, distinctly a "scrub" actor. Among his other feats was that of the "lightening-change artist", impersonating sundry great personages of history in swift succession by

change of costume, pose and facial expression. On one occasion he toured the New Hampshire summer-hotels with a playlet of his own in which most of the *dramatis personae* were given the names of members of my own family, and sent a copy of this printed program to my mother, doubtless by way of compliment. She begged me to go to New Hampshire and stop it! From time to time the relative who happened to be nearest the scene was thrilled by an emergency call from Master Gilmaine, his stage-properties having been seized by a cruel sheriff who had his own ideas of drama. Charlie took pardonable pride in the fact that he had "an hour-glass stomach", such that a distinguished Boston physician gave him medical service free of charge in order to have opportunity for study of this eccentricity in his works. His latter-days were passed in an Elks' home. At the same time it should be said that Charlie Garvin was genial, social, inclined to be cheerful and optimistic under almost any circumstances, with always a warm feeling (quite beyond financial considerations) for family ties. There are other descendants of Aunt Lucy Gilman, but it chances that they are out of my ken.

Frederick Boyden married Vesta (pronounced "Vesty") Remick, and I understand that their Tamworth home was in what is now known as the abandoned "Hayes Place" lying Northerly below the John Finley Jr. site, but both of them died in Lawrence, Mass. A single item regarding them has defeated oblivion in my branch of the family; once, after what Frederick deemed a crowning stroke of ill fortune, he is said to have exclaimed, "Waal Vesty, I don't see but we might 's well lay doawn 'n die". Of the eight children and their progeny some evidently settled in Lawrence, Charles Joseph and Mary in Sheffield, Illinois, George in Providence, Rhode Island, others scattered widely, most of them through the Middle West. I know the Sheffield contingent was highly regarded there, and Sarah, daughter of Charles, became the wife of another Charles, son of my Uncle Albert, consequently entering into immediate relations as first cousin to the Beverly branch. In recent years I had the good fortune to run across Charles Frederick ("C. Fred") Boyden, son of George, a printer of long standing in Providence, lively, chipper and most companionable, numbering his years in the eighties.

Eben Boyden was successively doctor, farmer and tavern-keeper. He began by studying and practicing medicine with his father Dr. Joseph in Tamworth, followed by two years in the Dartmouth Medical School. Next, I find him a farmer, the pioneer among

that considerable number of Boydens who made their way to the neighborhood of Sheffield, Illinois. Then, I get a mention of him in Chicago, and, lastly, it appears that he turned eastward again and kept a tavern in Bedford or Billerica, Mass. One of his descendants has declared that she "never heard a word that was good about him," but I do not accept any such verdict. My guess is that there was much good in him. Three good women were willing to marry him, which may be considered something—though I am told that it is hardly conclusive. Oddly enough, one of these was the daughter of a "Wyatt Boyden", only distantly related. In Eben's favor it may be noted that he was mentioned cordially in respect to his Tamworth life and medical practice; in the course of his Illinois farming venture he made a generous loan of money to his nephew, my Uncle Albert; he took young Albert into his home in such fashion that Albert wrote; "There is one thing which should make me contented. That is living with Aunt Maria who is everything to me that any one can be"; he brought into the community as school teacher the fine girl who became Albert's wife; he exerted himself to assist Albert in obtaining a place as Deputy Sheriff; and my Aunt Ellen always reckoned that in one emergency his medical services saved her life. These items are merely a few that chance to be mentioned in correspondence between Albert and my father, but they suggest that if all details were known, many more such items would go to Eben's credit. On the other hand, throughout my acquaintance with family history it was always whispered of Uncle Eben that he was a victim of alcohol, and from the unanimity on that point I reckon that the whisper was justified; further, there is a plain statement in one letter that he was a drug-addict, and it is a fact that he finally took his own life. Any characterization of Uncle Eben by me must be only a matter of general impression. My impression, then, is that he was competent, kind, generous, personally very likeable, but unable to "stay put" in any occupation or location, a good fellow, too much of a good fellow in fact for his own safety, his constitution lacking only an element of stability which would have carried him to success and happiness. As to his descendants, his grand-daughter, Georgie St. John, with her three children, was burned to death in a New York hotel fire. Her life-size oil-portrait hung in the Stevenson House, Tamworth, for many years. Another grand-daughter, Nina Morgan, combining much beauty and all style, was prominent among the Sheffield folks, and visited once in Beverly. All others are lost to me.

"Aunt Martha" Stevenson has received mention in my monograph on the "Stevenson House" (*see infra*), and it need not be repeated here.

"Aunt Nancy" Beede lived in or near Tamworth Village, and "Uncle Beede", so-called, kept a general store where the "Remick Brothers" garage is located today. Such incidental references as I happen upon in correspondence would lead me to say of her precisely what I said of Aunt Lucy Gilman, that "she was a likeable, kindly and hospitable soul". That and the Village store are my all about them. Of their several children, I had youthful acquaintance with two. A daughter, Harriet, my father's cousin, married Levi Remick who, with his father, Enoch, also kept a general store in Tamworth Village, being succeeded there by his son Charles, who in 1900 gave it up by reason of ill health, and it was run for a term by a Mr. Pollard, then by a Mrs. Page, finally coming back to the Remick family under the name of "Remick Brothers", Earle and Wadsworth ("Waddy"), a busy and up-to-date establishment, with Waddy, on the side, carrying the Rural Delivery mail in fair weather and foul throughout his district. Edwin, another son of Levi and Harriet, became a Tamworth doctor, a general practitioner and typical "country doctor", of excellent quality and wide experience, ranging a broad countryside beneficently, and, as the years passed, was succeeded in practice by his doctor son Edwin who today, besides conducting a considerable dairying enterprise, fully equals his father in activity and good works. Once each summer we children were dressed up and taken to the Village on a Visit of State, as it were, to call on the elderly Harriet and Levi, but after they had patted us on the head and remarked how we had grown and we had shyly assented, all responsibility for further conversation was left to the grown folks, and we were free to stare around us, awaiting a return to the barefoot pleasures of Stevenson Hill. Besides Aunt Nancy's daughter Harriet, a son, William Beede, was a figure of note in the Tamworth summers of our young days. His home was in New York City where he evidently prospered greatly as a cotton-broker. He had the warmest sentiment for everything and everybody in Tamworth, returning thither regularly and occupying the large house in the Village later the Col. Dow home and now that of Mr. Frank Whipple. He was a man of cultivation and refinement, quiet, friendly and modest of demeanor, well read, musical, and socially most engaging, but his span of black horses with their sweeping white fly-nets and tassels, the French governess for his two children, and the general atmosphere of New York style and sophisti-

cation in which he moved were all certainly a step above anything that the other summer-folks of Tamworth could offer. He used to tell of an amusing incident. Walking one day by Bear Camp River he came upon an elderly gentleman sitting on a log and gazing Northward in dreamy fashion at the Sandwich Range. In the course of off-hand conversation William quoted,

"T'is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue".

Afterward upon inquiry he learned, somewhat to his chagrin, that he had cited these rather over-familiar lines to no less a personage than John G. Whittier. I have always supposed that beyond a simple brokerage business he, as was almost inevitable, indulged in cotton speculation on his own account, for ultimately he lost his fortune and died in poverty. As to his young children, I know not.

Joseph Boyden, son of Dr. Joseph, is really only a name to me. He was teaching school in Virginia when his young nephew, my Uncle James, took a school in nearby Smithfield, and James wrote home in fervent gratitude regarding the encouragement, assistance and companionship of his uncle. Next, we find him in Claiborne, Alabama. He died in the South at thirty years of age, and not long afterward his widow with her infant child came to New England. At the solicitation of relatives she left the child here, expecting to return after settling her husband's business affairs, but a second marriage, ill health and her own early death brought it about that the child, Angelina ("Angie"), grew up in her Uncle Wyatt's home. Until her marriage she was a member of the Beverly family, though her Stevenson relatives in Tamworth welcomed her for long visits. In course of time, after some school-teaching, she married Dr. William B. Hidden of Tamworth, a descendant of "Parson Hidden", Tamworth's Patron Saint of early days. Dr. Hidden had studied medicine with his uncle, Dr. Moore of Concord, and I read of his plan to attend medical lectures in Philadelphia. After marriage, the pair settled in Concord for the Doctor's practice, but afterward moved to Baltimore where he was professionally and otherwise active for many years. It is interesting to note that Angie named her first daughter "Julia Augusta" after her two Stevenson cousins.

HOAG AND FRY LINES COMPLETE

JOSHUA HOAG, 1774 - 1859
AND
BENJAMIN FRY, 1776 - 1868

Perhaps it is as well to review the Hoag and Fry lines under a common heading, and I am inclined in each case to note sundry items of interest prior to the days of my great-grandparents themselves.

Begin then with the Hoags. Though it is clear that the Hoags in general were a well-known Scotch people, the persistent family tradition is that our branch of that name came to this country from Wales. In support of this tradition, which may not be lightly disregarded, it is easy to imagine that a family of good Scotch Hoags somehow drifted into Wales, and thence made its way to America. To this extent I am inclined to stick by the Welsh tradition. It appears that our original American Hoag progenitor was John born over the water in 1643, and I have run across a statement, made without reference to any authority, that this John's father was named Adrian. If this is a fact, it is certainly an odd circumstance, for it chances that our original American Fry ancestor was also named Adrian, making a striking coincidence, Adrian being to my mind a rather fancy name, far from the almost universal biblical nomenclature of that day. My suggestion, however, that our New Hampshire home be named "Adrian's Villa" met no response, and perhaps after all the "Silas Fry House"—less imperial but of closer application—was more deserving and becoming. It is told that John Hoag served as Judge in America until the magistrates began expending their fanatical zeal upon the witchcraft victims, but lost his office by reason of his opposition to those unhappy proceedings. He, at first a Presbyterian, became a Quaker, and a long line of his descendants were strict and strong in the Quaker fold. His great-grandson, Enoch, my great-great-grandfather, came to Sandwich from Dover, N. H. (as did the greater part of the early Sandwich Quakers) in 1786 with a family of five boys and five girls who provided him with almost a hundred grandchildren, probably a larger posterity than any other denizen of Sandwich. By common

descent from Enoch, I reckon that I am a third-cousin-once-removed to our neighbors Eunice (Mrs. Robert) Spaulding, Ella (Mrs. Chester) Weed, and Alice Hoag. Enoch was a "goldsmith", this description meaning, I suppose, merely that he was a worker in precious metals generally, hardly confining himself to gold. It is stated that "he made spoons, knives, rings, ornaments of various sorts, and was the only tradesman of that sort in town". I have been told that some of his pieces are still extant, but none have come to my knowledge.

An entertaining item of early days relates to John Emery of the Newbury, Mass. region, an ancestor through the marriage of his daughter, *Ebenezer,* to John Hoag above named. Master Emery 1663 was haled into Court "on suspicion of breaking ye law in entertaining Mr. Greenland fower months", and "was fined fower pounds and costs and fees for entertaining strangers". The unhappy John pleaded that Mr. G. was a physician just from England, come to our region by reason of his acquaintance with Capt. Barefoote and "hath (by God's blessing) been Instrumental of much good by his calling both in Physick and Chirurgery", John's plea being endorsed by Abraham and Peter Toppan. In the end the four pound fine was remitted. Capt. Barefoote is elsewhere in the records referred to as "Judge Barefoote", and it would seem that the implication of his name—like that of Mr. Barebones who gave his name to a Parliament—may be disregarded.

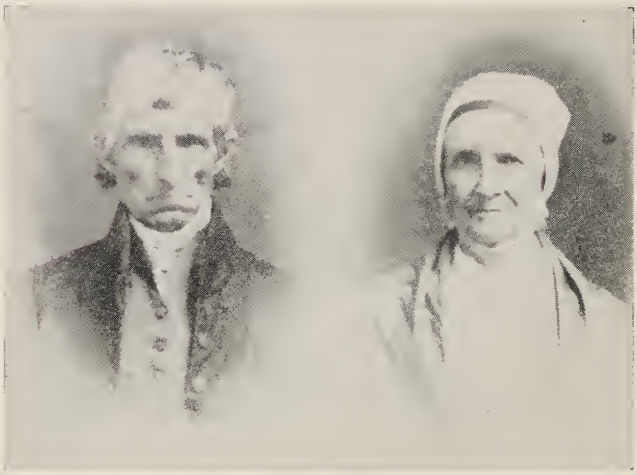
The mention of these Toppans (in later years almost always "Tappan") brings me to the Tappan-Hoag line of our descent, my great-grandfather Joshua Hoag having married Hannah, daughter of Benjamin and Huldah (Tappan) Scribner. My grandmother and mother always said that the best blood in the family came from the Tappans and Scribners, and if this is so, good blood must have been widespread throughout the Sandwich region for Benjamin and Huldah had fourteen children. Abraham Toppan, an ancestor, came to Newbury, Mass., in 1637, was one of its prominent citizens, selectman etc., and his home on Toppan Lane in Newburyport, still standing, was at least until recently owned and occupied by his descendants. If we choose to carry the thought so far, we may note, in passing, that this house was the home of, say, my grand-nephew Lincoln Boyden Jr's great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather. It is related that Abraham made sundry profitable voyages to the Barbadoes. The house of his son, Dr. Peter Toppan, another ancestor, on the main highway of Newburyport, is also still extant, preserved as an antique for public inspection. The tale is that when the building of his house was

almost completed, Dr. Peter and young Jane Batt (sometimes "Bott") were walking together after Sunday meeting, and she asked whose house it was, to which Peter replied tenderly, "It is thine if thou wilt take it". She took it and, naturally, Peter with it. Dr. Peter seems to have been a man who went right ahead on his own, for the Selectmen fined him five shillings "for cutting Downe trees in the Land that is called the burying place", and he was also haled to Court "for disorderly going and setting in a seat (I suppose in the Church A.B.) belonging to others." He was distinctly a man of substance, being taxed for 4 houses, 14 acres of ploughlands, 12 of meadow, 1 pasture, 2 horses, 19 cattle, 50 sheep and 3 hogs. He also owned shares in ships and "traded at sea". But if high-flying genealogy is entertaining, whether or not otherwise worth noting, Dr. Peter made his great stroke when he gave his house and name to young Jane Batt whose illuminated line of ancestry is set forth in the printed volume entitled "The Vittum Folks" (1922) by Edward March Vittum, a distinguished educator, and Linnie Bean Page.

> "P. 127. Ruth A. Vittum was the daughter of Jonathan Tappan, who was the grandson of Christopher Tappan, one of the original proprietors of Sandwich, who settled there in 1768.....Christopher Tappan was the grandson of Rev. Christopher Toppan who was the fourth pastor of the First Church of Newbury, Mass. Rev. Christopher Toppan was the grandson (*son* according to my records. A.B.), of Dr. Peter Toppan.....Daniel L. Tappan of Arlington, Mass. has traced this family without a single generation missing to John Topham of Pately Bridge in the West Riding of Yorkshire England, whose will is dated May 1, 1403. His wife, (Dr. Peter's. A.B.), the mother of his children, was Jane Batt, daughter of Christopher Batt of Salisbury, England, and Salisbury, Mass. Jane Batt on her mother's side was a descendant of William de Warren, second Earl of Surrey whose mother was Princess Gundreda, daughter of William I of England, known in history as William the Conqueror. The wife of the Second Earl of Surrey and mother of his children was Elizabeth de Vermandois, daughter of Hugh the Great, Count of Vermandois, son of King Henry I of France. His lineage includes King Robert of France, King Hugh Capet of France, King Pepin II of Italy, King Bernard of Italy, King Pepin I of Italy who

> was the son of Charles the Great, known in history as Charlemagne, King of the Franks and crowned Emperor of the West in 800 A.D. Charlemagne was the son of Pepin, King of the Franks surnamed The Short. Pepin the Short was the son of Charles, Mayor of the Palace, surnamed Martel the Hammer because of the smashing blow he dealt the Moslems.....Charles Martel was the great-grandson of Pepin of Landen, surnamed The Ancient, who was the first of his family to hold the office of Mayor of the Palace. He died in the year 639 A.D., and the old Chronicles say he belonged to 'a powerful family'.....The Tappans of Sandwich have a pedigree which includes 18 Kings and Queens and many noblemen."

After perusing this, the gentle reader may well pause and wonder that Jane's descendants are not of more regal and haughty bearing. There were three Christopher Tappans from whom we trace descent, and, quite incidentally, I might mention here a collateral great-grandson of the first, viz: Rev. Christopher Toppan Thayer who was for 28 years the distinguished pastor of our First Parish Church in Beverly, his memory being today fortified by a marble bust. Of our own three Christophers, the first was evidently a man of mark, vigorous and variously talented—a graduate of Harvard with a Master of Arts degree, a Minister long in the service, a school-teacher, a land-speculator on the grand scale, and also active in the practice of medicine and surgery. He was described by one of his contemporaries as "a prity Injenus Jentellman", which seems fair enough. As minister he had a salary of "forty pounds a year in money and forty pounds a year in provision", with a possible fortuitous addition from four citizens who were authorized to fish in certain waters on condition that they give one salmon per year, "if they catch them", to the Pastors of the two Churches. As Minister and land-owner, the Rev. Christopher had to fight his way through a great deal of litigation and turbulence, but he was quite ready to stand up for his own. One group broke away from his church to establish another more to their liking, but the main body stayed with him. On one occasion a revivalist faction raided his church, "but Mr. Toppan being present the party was repulsed". The Church was something of an arena in those days. But the Rev. Christopher will probably be longest remembered for his forwarding to Cotton Mather the report of a thoroughly reliable individual who had been eye-witness



JOSHUA and HANNAH (Scribner) HOAG
Parents of Moses Hoag

to an amphinaesba, a snake with two complete heads, one at each end, which could travel either way, the phenomenon being preserved for posterity in Whittier's poem "The Two-Headed Snake of Newbury".

The Third Christopher Tappan made a step in our direction when he moved to the new settlement in Sandwich where his daughter Huldah married her next-door neighbor, Benjamin Scribner, described as "a Quaker, owner of a large farm". It may be noted that Benjamin was one of the original Trustees of the Quimby Academy, chartered about 1824. A suggestive item comes as we learn that upon the opening of the Revolutionary War, the forty-six voters of Sandwich being offered a pledge "at the risk of our lives and fortunes, with arms, to oppose the hostile proceedings of the British Fleets and Armies", Benjamin Scribner was one of eight who would not sign—this attitude being doubtless a strict adherence to his Quaker principles. It may be noted, however, that the pledge was signed by Christopher Tappan, also by Israel Gilman, another ancestor of ours (in the Fry line) who lived under the shadow of Israel Mountain, at the headwaters of Bear Camp River. It is from this Israel that the mountain takes its name. Benjamin Scribner lived near the "Lower Corner" on the road leading up what was long known as "Scribner's Hill" from Red Hill Pond to Moultonboro, where his house was located at the crest of the hill on the right hand, only its cellar-hole being now left to tell the tale, but the Tappan house, next beyond on the same side, still stands.

An item of possible interest in the Hoag line of our ancestry is the Varney-Otis-Ham House on Garrison Hill in Dover, N. H., built in 1680 by Ebenezer Varney, the construction being assisted by Richard Otis, grandfather of Ebenezer's wife Mary Otis. These Varneys were Quakers whose kindness had been so generously bestowed upon the local Indians that when the famous Indian massacre was visited upon Dover Settlement, the Varney home was spared amid the carnival of bloodshed, and the Varneys next morning were active in errands of mercy among the wounded and dying. The wife of Richard Otis was carried off to Canada by the Indians. At one time a part of this Varney house was altered, but more or less of the original material was saved, and from this my antiquarian instincts led me to purchase a few of the original doors and transport them to the Fry barn at Tamworth where one of them yet reposes.

We come at length, to *Joshua Hoag* and *Hannah Scribner* who in 1802, after the Quaker fashion and without benefit of clergy,

took each other in marriage, the original certificate thereof now hanging, framed, on the wall of the Fry House sitting-room, signed by the two principals and thirty-four witnesses, among them five Hoags and ten Beedes, also by Thankful Scribner and Peace Bean. Their home yet stands, a neat and trim cottage, near the Center on the road from North Sandwich. It was recently owned and occupied by Mrs. James E. Goodwin. I have little acquaintance with the Joshua and Hannah household, but I can cite one rather exotic item which comes down by a tradition which is distinctly authenticated by my grandmother Hoag who married Joshua's son Moses, and by my mother—this to the effect that they bred silk-worms, fed them from their own mulberry leaves, and made silk. A large handkerchief of silk traditionally held to have been made by them was recently turned over by me to the Sandwich Historical Society. At the same time I sent to that Society a handsome, wide, fringed, silk shawl which came to "Aunt Mercia" (always pronounced "Mershy"), a daughter, as a wedding present—but no suggestion is offered that the shawl was made on the place. I have not at hand the date of Mercia's marriage, but she died in 1852 which suggests a sufficient antiquity for the shawl. I have, further, with sundry others of about the same era, passed along to that Society a daguerreotype of Joshua and Hannah side by side, the former grim enough to bite granite, the latter sweet and lovely.

Of Joshua and Hannah's children, perhaps *Moses* should get first mention, being the eldest and my own grandfather. A bit more about him anon. As far as I know, *Alvin's* sole title to fame was in the wealth of silken, silvery hair which crowned his old age. I never heard "Uncle Alvin" referred to without praise of his "wonderful hair". It appears in correspondence (*infra*) that Alvin was at one time living among the emigrant Frys in Iowa, but I am very sure that he returned to live out his latter days in Lynn, Mass. *Levi* is mentioned as a school teacher in Pennsylvania. *Huldah* taught in Sandwich, afterward marrying Albert Buffum, a farmer of North Berwick, Maine. The family connection with "Aunt Huldah" was always warmly maintained. My grandmother Hoag set down in her little note-book that Huldah made 1052 pounds of butter in the year 1883 when she was seventy years old. At the end, lean years came upon the Buffums, and Aunt Huldah, full of traditional piety, once remarked, "Yes, times are hard with us but we know the Lord will provide, so we don't worry", adding in a timid whisper *"but we do"*. She was a gentle old lady as I knew her. Besides my above mention of *Mercia's* shawl and the fact that she was a school-teacher, I have nothing about Mercia,

and nothing at all about *Aaron's* doings. *Charles,* however, may be said to have made a bit of history. After study in Sandwich and at the Friends' School in Providence, he began teaching at the age of sixteen, and so continued for twenty-seven years, at least part of the time in Pennsylvania. In 1852, however, he turned Westward and took up a considerable tract of land where, as it proved, the present City of Minneapolis was to arise, and he had the honor of giving that city its mellifluous name. It is stated in the recent book "Names on the Land" that he must share this honor with a Mr. Bowman, but the family tradition, his own statement to my father, and the decision of the Hennepin County Historical Society declare flatly for Charles alone. His portrait hangs on the wall of the Historical Society's museum. I have heard it said that he was the first Mayor of that city, and the History of Carroll County says he represented that region in Congress, but I am informed that there is no foundation for either of these statements.

As stated, Moses, my grandfather, son of Joshua Hoag, married my grandmother Sara, daughter of Benjamin and Lydia Fry, and now, turning from early Hoag antecedents, let us look at some of the early Frys and their Silas Fry House.

The name "Fry", in varied spellings, is very old, originally signifying "free" or "freeman" as distinguished from the feudal "serf" or "villein". A handsome Coat of Arms for the Frys has been produced by someone.

As above mentioned, our earliest American Fry ancestor was Adrian who came from that part of Kingsweare, England, which was known as "Kittery Point" to that part of Maine which he or some other named Kittery Point as a reminder of the old home. Kittery, Maine, by the way, seems to have been something of an ancestral rendez-vous, for, besides our Frys and perhaps even before their arrival, we find there James Treworgye and Alexander Shapleigh, his father-in-law, both ancestors of ours in the Hoag-Scribner line. Alexander was designated "Gentleman", an award of social standing which is rare among our progenitors who—though there may have been a degree of discreet reticence in the records—appear generally to have been sound and substantial citizens but quite devoid of social glamour. Alexander, however, was a ship owner and general agent for the great Sir Fernando Gorges who claimed title to an almost imperial domain in New England lands. Returning to Adrian Fry, his name appears in local records from 1663 onward. He was a Quaker but it seems was not as strict in observance as some of his descendants, for in 1690

"Adrian Fry & Family were P'sented for not coming to Mitting". The next Fry to call for mention is Silas, great-grandson of Adrian, who came to Sandwich at least as early as 1795. He had married Mary Folsom at Dover in 1773, and it is through this marriage that we of Silas Fry descent became cousins to Frances Folsom, our late admired and beloved Tamworth neighbor, first Mrs. Grover Cleveland, afterward Mrs. Thomas J. Preston. To be sure, it was a ninth cousinship, but enough for a "Cousin Frances", "Cousin Bert" etc. among Silas' descendants. He took some 150 acres of land in Sandwich on a Southerly slope, and in 1799 built his dwelling house there only a few feet from the Tamworth boundary line, facing due South, the Ossipee mountains to the left, Red Hill to the right, and an unbroken view down the valley between them some twenty or twenty-five miles to the Belknap peaks in the dim distance below. The date of construction was, and is, emphatically displayed on a tile in the front face of the great chimney, reading

	S	F
9th	Mo	1799

The house was occupied by Silas and his descendants until 1854 when the place was sold and the whole family, including my aged great-grandfather Benjamin and his wife Lydia, joined the great hegira, Westward Ho! It is related that poor Lydia, torn up by the roots, snatched from the old home after passing seventy-seven years under the sunshine and shadows of her mountains, looking forward only to a log cabin on the Iowa prairie for her remainder days, stood up in the democrat wagon as it rattled down the hill and cried sadly, "Farewell Mount Israel, Farewell Mount Israel!" The place was in alien hands until repurchased in 1902 by my mother, a Silas descendant. After a bit of refreshing and restoring, it was occupied for two summer seasons by Ex-President Grover Cleveland and his family, following which he bought a summer home in the immediate neighborhood. Its modest charm was given recognition by photographs of (1) the exterior, (2) the dining-room and (3) the sitting-room in "The House Beautiful" magazine of July, 1924. Its tragedy befell, however, in 1925 when fire, coming in the course of preparation for the summer's occupation, burned it to the ground, leaving only the old-fashioned chimney still stand-

FRY HOUSE, 1922, TAMWORTH

ing—though it may be said that the great chimney was really the heart of the whole structure, almost as if a massive chimney had first been built, and then such incidental appurtenances added around it as might be thought desirable. Some of the contents of the house were saved, and by a lucky chance the family had at hand the data necessary for almost identical reproduction of the dwelling, so it was at once rebuilt around the ancient chimney, its date-tile unharmed—with the result, indeed, that after a day of reoccupation, except upon some occasion of special reminder, we had wholly the feeling of being in the old home with the ghost of Silas still hovering comfortably over us. The great, old barn originally stood at the West of the house, directly in that view, and was moved to its present site shortly after the Cleveland occupation. Beside it, the walled rectangle was doubtless a garden of some sort. The two door-stones at the South and West of the house came from the old barnyard, that at the North from an old sap-house in the pasture. Sundry old apple-trees were scattered here and there, some of them dating back perhaps to the day of Silas himself, and it has been one of my pleasures to labor at reviving their waning strength. Some have yielded to old age and neglect, but many are still bearing fruit lustily—Twenty-Ounce, Northern Spy, Quaker Pippin, Rhode Island Greening, Baldwin, Porter, Sops O' Wine, Duchess etc., together with additions of my own. Our little pond was made by clearing and digging out a bog created in ancient days by a beaver-dam across a tiny brook, many pieces of sapling, preserved by immersion and plainly marked by the beaver's chisel-teeth, coming to the surface as the digging proceeded but falling apart as soon as they dried out. Returning to the old chimney, anyone interested should refer to the picturesque chapter "Rebuilding the Chimney" in Prof. Weygandt's "Heart of New Hampshire". A number of houses in this vicinity were built during the Silas Fry era, among them the Weygandt home in 1806, all along much the same lines and having the same unpretentious charm. I have no doubt that all their chimneys were built by the same man, and a partial comparison of measurements between the Weygandt and Fry chimneys points to identity of size and structure. Among other items, the dimensions of the North and East fire-places are the same in both—that in the dining-room being 5 ft. 6 in. wide, 4 ft. high and 2 ft. 5 in. deep. Prof. W. estimates that between 8000 and 10,000 bricks were needed for its construction, which means that a modern bricklayer, limited by Union rules to 350 bricks a day, might take twenty-five or more days on the work and charge $400 or $500 for it,

while in Silas's time it was probably done in 8 days at a cost of perhaps $30. Roy Parris pointed out to me the smoothed-off bricks on the upper part of the right hand side-face where the old folks used to whet their case-knives; a left-hander would have used the bricks at the other side of the fire. When the Fry House was rebuilt, we set into the dining-room hearth a chimney-tile dated 1794 which came from the nearby Otis Meader house, then abandoned. My mother, who lived nearby until her marriage, was, of course much in this home of her grandparents, and well remembered the days when all their family cooking was done in what is now our dining-room open fireplace and the adjoining brick-oven. I can't help thinking of the cold which crept through that hillside house in the sub-zero days of winter, even tho' mitigated by plentiful logs in the big fireplace and warming pans or hot soapstones borne to the icy beds at night. Nor can I help thinking of the tremendous labors of human arm, hand and foot, with axe, shovel and crow-bar, companioned by the rugged and uncomplaining oxen, that went into clearing the land of its wild forests and boulders, laying stone-walls, building homes etc. It is evident that they disposed of sundry of the nearby boulders—some of them three or four feet in diameter—by tipping them over into the cellar and setting them up as part of the cellar-wall. I suppose, though, that they who endured the cold and performed the labors came to Sandwich expecting no less, and were far from regarding it as heroic. When the house was being rebuilt after the fire, some fourteen or more old-fashioned doors from the old Meader house, a chimney-piece and mantel (in our West ground-floor bedroom), were installed, as also the ancient brass latch on our sitting-room door and a wash-room cupboard with its door of a single pine board 26½ inches wide. The old Meader sofa, too, re-upholstered, now graces the Fry sitting-room. Mother's Uncle Pliny Fry in his old age had sent back from the West Silas Fry's own powder-horn but this, alas, was lost in the fire. When the Fry family departed in '54, they took the grandfather's clock, which Pliny said was considered old when he was young, but it was found too tall for the ceiling of the Western log-cabin, and languished in desuetude until only the dial and a part of the works were left. These came back home with the powder-horn, and what is largely a new clock was built around them—not so tall as before, now a "grandmother" size—and this, saved from the flames, ticks the seconds away in the dining-room. Here also are the chairs which were a wedding present to Martha Boyden, my grandfather's sister, when she married "Uncle John"

Stevenson in 1824, while nearby is the fine desk formerly belonging to Uncle John, and very likely to his father before him, "Uncle Jimmy". Two sets of Shakespeare and the cribbage-board upon which many a game was counted by Grover Cleveland and Cousin John Boyden, the big brass sap-bucket, and a bedstead of elder days, are also Stevenson House mementoes. On one of the beds is a linen counterpane, the material spun and woven by my grandmother's sister, her name, "Mary Fry", worked in, the whole a handsome affair. To suggest that some features of the early days are still with us, I might mention the fact that deer in the garden are a common pest every spring, and that two bears attracted by the autumn apples—between 150 and 200 pounds each—have been killed on the Fry Place within the last few years. I am told—but, though it comes upon what should be the best of authority, I have difficulty in believing it—that the inhabitants of the Fry House used to call messages across the valley to their friends in what is now known as the "Horatio Rogers House". Possibly they improvised some primitive kind of megaphone. Anyway, there is the tale. A short distance North of the Fry House in the pasture, now I regret to say fast becoming forest again, is a tiny, heavily-walled burying-ground where sundry of the rude Fry forefathers sleep, but today none of the gravestones bear any identifying inscriptions—perhaps they never did, such omission being a custom of the primitive Quakers. As to Silas personally—except the above mentioned statistics, and the fact of his clearing the land and building his house, the only information I have is a statement by my grandmother Hoag that "he was accustomed to make writings for his neighbors".

Following Silas comes his son Benjamin, my great-grandfather who in 1802 married Lydia Bean of Scotch descent. We have a haircloth, wooden box which was hers before marriage, marked "L.B." in large brass-headed nails, but I know little or nothing about Lydia or her people. There were other children of Silas but they are only names to me.

My picture of Benjamin is that of the devout Quaker, rigorous in his observance of the Quaker discipline. As early as 1795 he was teaching school in Sandwich, and long continued at it. He was one of the original Trustees of the Quimby Academy previously mentioned. At about 1795, too, he began preaching, and gained fame in that area as a preacher and leader of the Quaker flock. For more than 25 years he was Clerk of the North Sandwich Meeting, and I am told that his records were a model in point of

language and handwriting. The Clerkship was a highly dignified and responsible office.

> "The Clerk was the presiding, as well as the recording, officer. He made his record from verbal expressions without a formal vote, being sole judge of preponderance of opinion as expressed. His record was rarely, if ever, questioned."

A picturesque note regarding the Quaker forms of those days comes from one who was then a neighbor.

> "My grandfather, Joshua Folsom, was one of those who sat on the facing-seats where the elderly Quakers sat. Benjamin Fry was at the head of the highest bench. It was his office to decide when to dismiss the meeting. This he did by turning to the brother on his left-hand and shaking hands with him. The older men in the congregation also shook hands, and all walked silently out of the house before engaging in conversation.
>
> The women took their places on the left-hand side of the house as they entered.
>
> At every Quarterly Meeting the friends—at the close of the meeting for worship—held a business meeting. The leading member on the men's side (usually Benjamin Fry) arose and said: 'If the minds of friends are easy the shutters may be closed'. After a few moments delay two friends proceeded to let down the shutters separating the men and women, whereupon each by themselves proceeded to transact the business for which they were met".

My father in 1851 wrote to his brother Albert regarding his first sight of a Quaker Meeting, and it is evident that its contrast with the familiar Unitarian service was a bit too much for his piety:

> "I went to the Quaker Meeting yesterday. Everything seemed odd to me. The men and boys enter at the right door, and others at the left. Luckily I was instructed on this head or I might have committed some unpardonable blunder. John Miller spoke to me as I was warming me by the stove and showed me to a seat. Things appeared much as they do in the Town Hall before the speaker enters, and were it not for the perfect silence I should have supposed they were waiting for a lecturer. The men with their broad-brimmed hats and the women with their

> Quaker bonnets presented a scene which was ludicrous to the uninitiated. After sitting for about an hour (during which I was amused to see several members dozing) Benjamin Frye rose, and in a ten minute speech argued peace as commanded in the Bible. He began low and measured but increased both in articulation and sound, so much so that when nearing the close the propriety of stopping one's ears could hardly be doubted. Excepting this flourish nothing was said. I was fast following the example of those around me when I was startled by the bustle and confusion of departure. It appeared that the clock-reel had struck. In explanation of this last, Uncle David thinks they must carry a clock-reel in the seat of their pants wound for a two-hour trip. He accounts for their exactness in time in this way, as they do not use watches".

When my father was writing thus frivolously, he little realized what this Quaker Meeting would mean to him in his later years.

I mentioned the rigor of Benjamin Fry's observance. The Quakers deprecated any demeanor or expression other than unruffled calm and it is related that on the death of Benjamin and Lydia's little daughter, the poor mother struggling with her tears, Benjamin, tapping the floor with his foot, commanded sternly, "No crying! No crying!" Once when a small daughter had attended the funeral of a neighbor child over which a minister of another sect presided, she told her father about it and said, "Then the Minister told us to rise", at which Benjamin said severely, "And did thou, a little Friend girl, rise at the command of a hireling Minister?" On one occasion, however, the Friends' Meeting House had been utilized by a local organization for its meeting, and a young man reported the proceedings to Benjamin who asked, "Did they have *music?*" "Yes", said the frivolous youth, "and it never left a scar!" A young fellow calling on the Fry daughters sought to ingratiate himself with their father by resorting to the "plain" or Quaker language, but Benjamin, not at all pleased, said, "Young man, would thou ever be willing to take arms as a soldier to fight and kill?" He, taken somewhat aback, replied that if ever his country needed his services he would take arms, whereupon Benjamin put him in his place with "Then don't 'thee' and 'thou' me any more." Benjamin's little grandchildren considered the Quaker language a mark of superiority, and in their "campaigns of mutual under-valuation" with non-Quaker children would declare, "Thou's an old you you!"

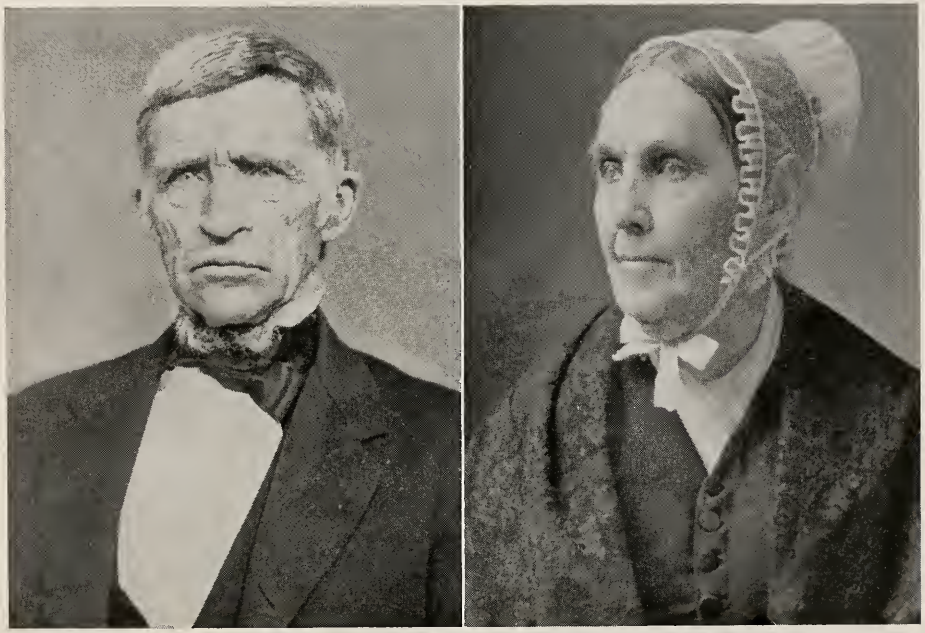
Benjamin's years of school teaching, his model records as Clerk, and his long period of Quaker leadership, suggest that he was of a stature above his fellows, but, even so, we get a better measure of his quality when we find that about 1797 he published an Almanac, making the necessary astronomical calculations himself.

The children of Benjamin and Lydia Fry who lived to maturity were Sara, Daniel, Abigail and Mary. Of *Sara* more anon. As to the others, I am necessarily brief for lack of information.

Daniel it was who in 1854 shook the dust of Sandwich and the Silas Fry house from his feet, took with him his father and mother, his wife and two boys, and set the flock down in a log cabin on the Iowa prairie. It is quite my understanding that there was no gold for them at the foot of the Western rainbow—indeed quite the contrary. We still have a few of the letters which the aged and broken Benjamin sent back to the home folks. Each of the boys, John and Pliny, came back to the East at least once to visit. From these visits and their rare letters I get an impression that they were more burdened with old-time piety than even their father ever was, but lacked the unusual abilities which accompanied his. On one occasion John rebuked my Aunt Anna Hall for not being more completely devoted to "The Lord's Work", and on another for not being wholly "Sanctified". She was not one to take that sort of thing tamely, and I gather that her replies broke all Quaker rules of reticence.

I well recall *"Aunt Abby"*, but merely as a rather pleasant old lady living in Lynn whom I saw only rarely. She married, first, Gideon Cornell and, second, Stephen Beede. She had no children of her own, but acquired two Beede step-daughters, Carrie and Abby of whom the latter was quite a chum of my mother's when they were young together in Sandwich. Afterward, first in partnership and later alone, she had a drug-store in Lynn where a "soda" was always awaiting us on our occasional Lynn visits. She was a cheerful, likeable body, frequently a visitor in our Beverly home, and a favorite among us. Oddly enough, I have her to thank for a leather-bound copy of Doctor Samuel Johnson's famous Dictionary, edition of 1794.

Mary became a "Bailey" by marriage, but almost no details of her life are known to me until, a widow and childless, she came to pass her last few years in our home, by that time physically exhausted and confined to her room. In my remarks about the Silas Fry house I have mentioned the counterpane of her make. She taught in Sandwich schools, and conducted a "First Day School" in her home. I have heard it said that in her young womanhood



MOSES HOAG and SARA FRY HOAG

she was attractive and charming, but these few lines are all that I know about Mary.

We come now to the union of the Hoag and Fry lines of descent when Moses, son of Joshua and Hannah (Scribner) Hoag, married Sara, daughter of Benjamin and Lydia (Bean) Fry, in 1830, and the young couple made their home near the Silas Fry house on the "Hoag Road", now sometimes called the "Meader" Road, from the location of the late Otis Meader home at the top of the hill next to the Fry highway-entrance. The Hoag home was about half-way down the hill on the East side, its cellar-hole still there, and thither went Moses and Sara—according to family tradition driving before them their wedding presents, a calf, a sheep and two geese. Even today at the foot of the hill, leading Easterly from the highway, you see the lane by which my mother and the others drove their cows to pasture.

My grandfather, Moses Hoag, was known to me only in his old age, his kindly countenance deeply lined and furrowed with the years. He seemed to me of a nature unworldly and without guile, a thought which is perhaps borne out by the fact that he is said to have had such a degree of kinship with his bees that he managed them, their hives and their honey bare-handed with impunity, like a child of nature. He had an oil of his own for clocks etc. which was well known in his community. He also prepared a salve of his own prescription, which quite widely sold through the countryside. We still have one of his advertising cards, and I call your attention to the excellence of its language:

Hoag's Celebrated Adhesive Balm Salve.

A READY CURE FOR CUTS, BRUISES, RUPTURES OF THE SKIN, and FLESH WOUNDS in general. Also an immediate check for BOILS if applied on their first appearance. Prepared by MOSES HOAG, of New Hampshire, whose success in this art, rendered perfect by his natural skill and protracted experience, is acknowledged by all who have done themselves the kindness to try his preparations. To be spread on cloth or thin leather and applied to the wound while warm and plastic.

Price 25 Cents per Roll.

His daughter, my Aunt Anna Hall, always said that his ideas of medical treatment were well in advance of his times.

My grandmother Sara Fry Hoag was well known to me. After her husband's death she visited freely in the homes of her three children, among them our own, always a welcome guest, passing her last years with us and dying at almost ninety-two years of age. She attended the Friends' School in Providence during three winter sessions and afterward was a Teacher there for two years—and we might pause a moment to consider the length and labor of her at least ten journeys between Sandwich and Providence in the eighteen-twenties and thereabouts, all except the brief Winnepesaukee boat-rides being made by stage-coach. She also conducted a "First Day School" in the Fry House.

True to her bringing up as Benjamin Fry's daughter, she was an old-time Quaker type in belief, manner and life,—devout in spirit, ever placid in demeanor, kindly and affectionate in heart, measuring her words and moderating their expression, sober in costume with the lace cap always on her head, preserving her own peaceful atmosphere amid the turbulence of our young and numerous household.

The contrast between her ways and those of our young generation may be illustrated by a few incidents. Once she held the screen-door open to let a fly make his exit, saying, "Go out if that is thy desire". Surely Sterne's Uncle Toby did no better with his famous "Go little fly, I will not hurt thee. There is room in the world for thee and me". Another time, she asked me to clear her room of a fly that had been bothering her, saying, "He went by me just a moment ago", but adding, on a note of doubt "I say *he?*" After all, you know, the fly might have been *she!* In this instance though, I wouldn't be sure that there wasn't a bit of twinkle in her own eye as she perceived her excess of precaution. My sister once said, "Grandmother, I should think you would sometimes crush your lace cap". "How would I crush my cap?" asked the old lady. "When you lean back," was Mary's reply, at which grandmother exclaimed in surprise, "Why should I lean back?" And the simple fact is she did not lean back! Was such ingrained correctness of posture the cause or result of the straight-backed chairs of her early days? That she was not always passive, however, is suggested by the reply she made one night when—very unusual for her—she was mildly complaining of her physical discomfort, and my mother said, "Of course I'm sorry, mother, but I suppose it doesn't help any to talk about it." This was a bit too much for grandmother, and she came back with, "I suppose if I was to die, thou wouldn't see fit to mention it!" When grandmother received a letter from someone who reported that all was well, she began

to consider whether something untoward might not have happened since the missive was written. An almost frivolous item came to my knowledge recently when I was told, by one who as a little girl used to frequent grandmother's company, that the elder used to read "John Gilpin's Ride" to her young visitor. She kept a little book in which she set down odd items from time to time, and among them was this note, "Gusts of wind accompanied by short showers is more proper than squally I think." She also noted that her childhood's spelling-book was known as "The Expositor". Again, she observed, "Spearmint a superior remedy for colds. This is free from adulteration; no quinine, bromide, belladona, or other poisons". I hope the foregoing mentions will help to picture the old-time Quaker lady living out her length of days in an era that was so alien to that of her youth. As a summing-up, I cannot do better than quote from a letter which my father wrote upon her approaching eightieth birthday, a moving tribute to her character and to the life she led in the years of her strength.

Beverly, June 12, 1887.

"Dear Mother

As the 17th approaches, I am reminded of your birthday—and that your next is your eightieth birthday. It is difficult to realize that you have reached this honorable advancement. Your activity of mind and good spirits, during the many years of our relationship, have been so remarkable it seems as if you would never grow old. I seldom think of your age—but find myself looking to you for the same support and encouragement as when you kindly welcomed me to your old New Hampshire home.

I have many things to thank you for. Your appreciation of what I have done that is good and your charity for my faults have been a great help to me. This is your habit I know in all cases. But I am none the less glad to share in their expression of good will. Your example and influence prove that encouragement is better than criticism. I hope I shall live long enough to be sure of this.

You will hardly be willing I should say it—but I must —that your eighty years have been as good an eighty as I know, or ever expect to know. When I think of all that your life has stood for—of the service you have rendered to your immediate friends, and the communities in which you haved lived, I am impressed with the power for good a single person can exert".

Moses and Sara had three children who grew to maturity, Anna, (in youth more often called "Ann") who married J. Hacker Hall, being first in line. Though always a faithful member and stout worker in the Society of Friends, some of the traditional Quaker attributes were notably absent from her makeup, for she was vigorous, swift, high-spirited and outspoken. Her daughter says that one of her earliest recollections is that of jumping out of the way as her mother swept by. She was of fine mental capacity, an easy natural captain in her household and community; in a modern day when women move more naturally to the front she might well have been a leader among them in public life, for, with her other abilities, she was an excellent speaker.

After attending local schools and the inevitable Friends' School in Providence, Anna early took to school-teaching—as, indeed, who among all the Hoags and Frys did not? Not to mention sundry among the Boydens. The disease is still rife among relatives of my own generation, and continues onward, apparently ineradicable. Of my own twelve nephews, nieces and their spouses, ten have been teachers at one time or another. "Ann" Hoag gained a notable reputation in this field, and it is worth while to consider the exactions of a pedagogue's life in those early days, for we are lucky to have her record-book of two terms in a Sandwich school when she was twenty-one years old. During the first term she had 59 pupils ranging between 4 and 22 years of age, among them her young brother Gilbert; in the second term there were 68 pupils—one 3 years old, nine 4 years old, three 18 years old, the others scattered in between these ages. She taught reading, writing, spelling, geography, history, arithmetic, algebra and geometry. She reported regarding "Deportment" that "none was worse than mediocre". In the course of the two terms her school received 3 visits from the School Committee, 4 from the Town's Prudential Committee, and 32 from "citizens", doubtless parents. She liked to tell of an experience she once had when, at the beginning of a new term, she lined up her pupils for a roll-call. Coming to a little boy she asked his name. "Henry Ithair Wiggin" was the piping reply. "How old are you?" "Eight yearth old". To the next boy, "Your name?" "Ithair Henry Wiggin". "Age?" "Eight yearth old". Next came a little girl. "Your name?" "Margaret Luthindy Wiggin". "Age?" "Eight yearth old". To the next little girl, "Your name?" "Luthindy Margaret Wiggin". "Your age?" "Eight yearth old". Sure enough, two sets of twins whose birthdays all fell within the year! At the end of the book were sundry printed questions to be answered by the teacher. She stated that the Method of Instruction was "thorough and analytical".

J. HACKER HALL and ANNA F. HALL

Asked if attention was confined wholly to the text-books, she replied, "Indeed not". She declared her "Method of Discipline" to be "persuasive—Good order secured by informing the children at first that my word was law for them; no trouble in convincing them of the propriety of obedience". Finally, she offered a stiff criticism of the condition in which the school building and its equipment was maintained. The School Committee's Report was lavish in praise of her work. She was held in high regard by these and her other pupils all the rest of her life. In those times "Teacher" was "boarded out" by the Town to the lowest bidder, but, as I have written in the case of my mother, this did not call for the endurance test that the system suggests since the family which took the teacher made it a point of pride to do their very best by her. The above description of this country-school seems to picture an impossible task, yet when we consider the products of these schools, as they scattered abroad through the nation, and compare them with the products of modern expensive grade-schools with their elaboration of curriculum and equipment, what shall we say? Besides teaching variously in her own region, Ann taught also in Canada and in Maine, meeting her husband—he and his seven brothers her pupils—in the last named.

I dealt with the Sandwich school at some length, partly because the whole picture seems so ancient and strange to us of today, but more because it tells the whole story of this young woman's capacity and strength of mind. Think of taking in one room a class of sixty, in years from three or four to twenty-one, training all in such elements of education as were suitable to them, telling them that "my word was law; no trouble in convincing them", leaving them all in the end her admirers. That took character!

A picturesque item is found in the Quaker rhyme which little six year old Ann learned, probably at grandfather Benjamin's knee, and later, after she had weathered eighty-six years, was reprinted by the Boston Herald as her offering to the thought of the day.

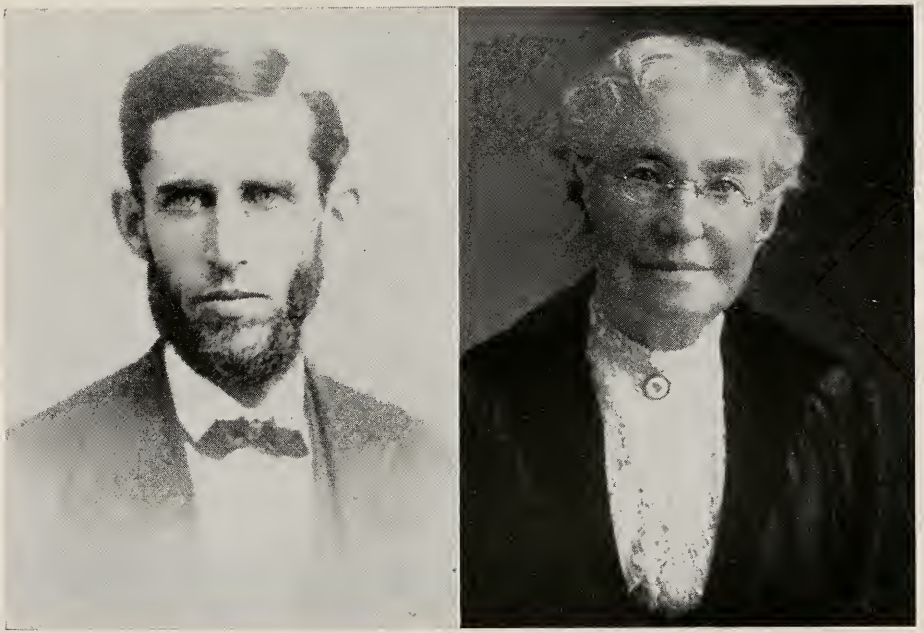
"War is a work I blush to tell
Surpassing all we read of Hell.
Two princely warriors show their skill
In teaching subjects how to kill,
Then call them forth prepared to fight,
And in their savage work delight.
Felonious deeds in civil strife
Are virtues deemed in martial strife;
And every vice the good abhor
Is sanctioned by the laws of war".

Anna's husband, my "Uncle Hacker" Hall, was also a Quaker, and his nature was in many ways the complement to hers. His fine countenance and benign expression, his imperturbable patience and calm, his serene strength and rugged frame, brought immediate trust, confidence and regard. He was primarily a builder and contractor, and when Grover Cleveland asked if Mr. Hall was a "reliable" person for the reconstruction work on his recently purchased Tamworth buildings, my cousin Bert exclaimed in crescendo tones, "Reliable? HE LOOKS JUST LIKE ELIJAH!" These Halls lived at times in New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Maine. In 1872 they bought a farm in Windham, Maine, which was their real anchorage for life, though Uncle Hacker's building enterprises often took them away for considerable intervals. At one time he built a four-story brick block in Lynn, Mass. for my father, and on another occasion he and Aunt Anna managed for several years a Lynn hotel of about a hundred rooms. In Tamworth he was long active in building and remodelling the summer homes of our relatives and friends in the Stevenson Hill region.

The relations between our own family and the Halls, my mother's and her sister's, were always cordial and intimate. Three of the Halls lived, each for several years, with us in Beverly, two while teaching, the third in other nearby employment. In our youthful years we of Beverly were accustomed to spend a part of each summer happily on the Windham farm whose hospitality knew no bounds. A bit later Uncle Hacker built a good-sized one-room, camp building on Little Sebago Lake, only a few miles from his home, and, this, supplemented by tents, drew relatives and friends thither regularly for some thirty years until the automobile made the lake so easy of public access that its wilderness charm was destroyed.

Following Anna, the next child of Moses and Sara Hoag was *Amy,* my mother, of whom I write (*infra*) in conjunction with her husband, William C. Boyden.

Third and last of the Moses and Sara children was *Gilbert,* six feet, two or three inches tall, slender and straight, carrying his height with a very considerable dignity. His black beard and general configuration reminded some people of Abraham Lincoln. After Sandwich schooling, Wilton Academy and the Friends' School at Providence, he turned toward Haverford College but circumstances, probably financial, were such that this proved not to be feasible. At one time he was mentioned in correspondence as teaching school, and on one occasion he spent a bit of time and



GILBERT C. HOAG and LOUISA PHOEBE HOAG

money to qualify himself as one of the candidates for a teaching position in an Iowa institution for the higher education, but this too fell through. He was once in Springfield and was for a while variously employed among Boston business concerns, and I note in my father's correspondence that Gilbert was with him for an interval in the Burnett office. When he was twenty-three years old, however, he took up life-insurance. Learning that the Provident Life and Trust Company of Philadelphia, a fine Quaker institution, was seeking a General Agent for New England, he applied for the position. As the story goes, he asked for such a substantial salary that the Company officials reckoned he must have something in him with which to back up this confidence in himself, and they took him on at his word. Evidently he had, for he held that position during the remainder of his life as the Company prospered and grew. He married Louisa P. Oliver, a sweet mother and happy wife. She did a good bit of painting in water-colors and, no mean feat, began the study of German after she was ninety years old. They lived from time to time in Lynn, Auburndale and finally Roxbury, with much family vacationing in Windham and Tamworth. Gilbert's work and home, together with the filling of various responsible offices in the Friends' Society of Boston, absorbed most of his attention until his early death at the age of forty-two.

LINCOLN LINE COMPLETE

HAWKES LINCOLN, SENIOR, 1769 – 1829

Sailing in 1638 from Ipswich, England, for Hingham, Mass., the ship "Diligent" (its name full of omen for its migrant passengers) bore a portent for us Boydens as there were aboard her no less than seven ancestors of ours, viz: Stephen Lincoln Sr., Stephen Lincoln Jr., Thomas Lincoln (brother of Stephen Sr.), Edward Gilman, John Folsom, John Fearing and Matthew Hawke. This multiplicity was doubtless due to the fact that in the dawning period of new-world arrivals, numbers were few, settlements were scattered and travel between them was an adventure not to be undertaken lightly—with the result that, being all of the same stock, the folks of each lone settlement simply married their immediate neighbors right and left. In the same year Samuel Lincoln, ancestor of Abraham Lincoln, came to Hingham, he from Norwich, England, but it is not known that there was any relationship between Samuel and the Lincolns above mentioned. It may be of incidental interest to note that only four years earlier our Thomas Boyden had sailed, also from Ipswich, England, for Scituate, a settlement directly adjoining Hingham—but it does not appear that he ever mingled with our plenitude of Hingham ancestry.

The Hingham Lincolns flowered freely and in course of time brought to light my great-grandfather, Hawkes Lincoln Senior whose given-name would seem to be connected with the Matthew Hawke folks. Spelling was happily at will then, and probably an "s" more or less was a mere matter of preference. This Hawkes Lincoln married Mary Howe, a descendant of Abraham Howe, one of those who in 1645 signed the Covenant establishing the Roxbury Latin School, a distinguished institution of whose ministrations I myself had the benefit for two years in preparation for college. At some stage of his career, I know not when, Hawkes sought a field for larger operations and moved to Boston where he evidently prospered in both worldly and Godly ways. At his death in 1829 he had become a shipwright, the owner of a shipyard and sundry wharves in the Fort Hill region, owner too of sundry vessels and shares in vessels, also four houses, and pews in three Boston Churches. I once ran across the reprint of an early

HAWKES LINCOLN, SENIOR, HOUSE
Purchase Street, Boston

Boston Transcript which listed the rich men of Boston, any man reputed to be worth one hundred thousand dollars being qualified for the list, Hawkes Lincoln among them. We have a photograph of his Purchase Street dwelling, showing a large, handsome, three-story, four-square house of brick painted white with green blinds, devoid of ornamentation, owing its stately and commodious appearance to its size and graceful proportions, with the traditional "Captain's Walk" crowning all, whence the proprietor might observe his ships in the harbor. Before it was a spacious lawn with a fountain or statue in the middle, the whole enclosed within a tall, iron fence of open grill-work. All this has long since disappeared, ignobly succeeded by dingy business-buildings, breathing the grime of Boston's South Station region. Yet, the inventory of Hawkes' Estate, after naming this almost lordly Purchase St. dwelling (appraised in the values of the day at only $6,000.) proceeds next to name his "Mansion House" (appraised at $8,000) which evidently exceeded the Purchase St. establishment in glory, but beyond its lofty appelation and higher valuation I have no information regarding it. My above reference to his Godly advancement is due to his "ownership" of pews in the three several Boston Churches of Dr. Channing, Mr. Ripley and Mr. Frothingham. Evidently he was strong in the Unitarian faith, then young and militant, and apparently liked to feel that he could, as a matter of right, drop into a church of sound doctrine wherever he happened to find himself of a Sabbath morning.

As to his Estate, the Hawkes Junior's share was $100 and a general cancellation of indebtedness, the remainder being equally divided among his other seven children—Jairus Lincoln, Mary Curtis, Nancy H. Woodbury, Christiania Lincoln, Lydia L. Lincoln, Elizabeth Lincoln and Harriet Lincoln. Lydia, named for an aunt, Lydia Leavitt, married Dr. Wyatt Boyden some five years after her father's death, and there has always been an impression abroad that she brought him a handsome dowry but, though I have made quite a search on the point, I have become pretty well satisfied that, all told, it was no more than the approximately five thousand dollars elsewhere mentioned. Perhaps debts and mortgages skimmed the cream off the Estate. Perhaps five thousand dollars was reckoned a "handsome" amount in those days of minor figures. In my own time I once heard it declared that so-and-so "married money. His wife had two thousand dollars when he married her". The foregoing items regarding Hawkes Senior—his houses, wharves, ships etc.—represent almost my entire story about him. As to his personality, I have but little information. His three

pews might mean a good deal, and we do have "The Life and Poems of William Cowper" in two volumes, each containing the "Hawkes Lincoln" private book-plate. My own feeling is that these volumes, his book-plate and his pews add a lot of tone to his wharves, ships and houses.

As to his children, I might almost say that I never heard the name of *Jairus* mentioned until in quite recent years when "Cousin Anne Locke", his daughter, came to my notice, Jairus himself then long since departed. This may have been due to the fact that Jairus and his family were located inconveniently for any close relationship with us. Cousin Anne, living in Dedham, was a lovely old lady, then "deep in her nineties", widow of a Unitarian Minister. Later, my sister Mary and I had the pleasure of calling upon her, joining a flock of relatives and friends, the day she proudly and happily celebrated her one-hundreth birthday. In the meantime she had solved a puzzle for us. There had always been in our house the miniature portrait of a distinguished young man, and it was thought that possibly either Hawkes or Jairus Lincoln might have been its subject. Cousin Anne, however, identified it at once as a portrait of her father Jairus, a school-teacher who, when in Paris as a young man, had two similar miniatures painted, giving one to his mother which ultimately came to our home through her daughter Lydia, the other to his fiancée who later became mother of Cousin Anne. Comparing the two, ours was identical with hers, so great-uncle Jairus now, to this extent, still lives among us. As an item, perhaps not too far afield, I might mention here a call I made upon an immediate Beverly neighbor, John Girdler, the day he too was celebrating his centenary.

I get an impression that *Hawkes Jr.* was no Napoleon of Finance, for, besides his indebtedness above-mentioned, the Probate Court later dismissed him from office as Co-Executor of his father's Estate for failure to file accounts, and Estate matters were afterward settled in orderly fashion by son Jairus and son-in-law Capt. Jacob Woodbury, Nancy's husband. I may, however, be all wrong in my above suggestions regarding his finances, for it appears that he lived well in Charlestown and I am told that he kept "open house" rather magnificently on "Bunker Hill Day". For some reason at which I can only guess—perhaps, as often happens, mere lack of mutual attraction—there seems to have been a pretty complete lack of entente between the Beverly Boydens and the family of Hawkes Jr. I have some brief statistical records of these Lincolns, but nothing more. This lack of the usual family

relationship may have originated in the row over settlement of Hawkes Senior's Estate, for I note that Lydia was one of the petitioners for removal of her brother from office. It would seem that Dr. Wyatt, though not too peaceably inclined by nature, may be exonerated in this instance as he did not break into the Lincoln circle until the Court proceedings were nearing their end. There were, it is true, two elderly maiden aunts living in Cambridge upon whom my father and mother used occasionally to make formal calls, and it was said that they were of "the Charlestown Lincolns", but they meant nothing to me.

Mary Curtis was the wife of Philip Curtis. They had one child, a daughter Mary, who married Thomas W. Pierce of Topsfield and had a son Thomas. I knew nothing of them all, but got an impression that they were of ample means and, in the old fashioned phrase, belonged to the "gentry" of their neighborhood.

The daughter *Nancy* was the third wife of a sea-captain, Jacob Woodbury, and, at least in her latter days, lived as his widow in Beverly where we children were often taken to call upon her, a likeable old lady whose gray ringlets shook merrily about her head as she talked and laughed.

Christiania married Josiah Lovett and had three children, George, Francis and Edward. Undoubtedly from the fact that George and my father were about the same age, were both employed in Boston, and were especially congenial, the cousinly relationship between the two was always of a most cordial nature, a cordiality which I am happy to say has continued between their families to the present day. George became a partner in the C. F. Hovey firm, a concern whose name was then a synonym for "quality" in merchandise. If it came from Hovey's, it was right. I compliment both George Lovett and my father when I say that there always seemed to me a degree of similarity between them in point of character and disposition, and even something of resemblance in countenance. The brother Edward died unmarried. The brother Francis lived in Beverly with numerous descendants, but the special relationship established in Boston between George and my father did not carry over into Beverly and by strange chance we saw little of the Beverly branch. There was a hearty friendship as baseball players between my brother Roland and "Steve" Edwards, a descendant of Francis, and I myself claim cousinship today with Dora Edwards, Steve's daughter, one of Beverly's liveliest, most decorative and useful citizens.

Lydia L. Lincoln, my grandmother, has been mentioned elsewhere.

Elizabeth Lincoln married Luke Bemis Jr., dying childless, and, really, that is all I know about her.

Harriet Lincoln married Edward Burley of Beverly who, though of vigorous and hardy stock, was an unenterprising representative, without regular occupation, and, indeed, something of an oddity. In church, for instance, as the sermon wore on, he would often look into his big watch and then, closing it with a loud "snap!", mutter in tones audible to most of the congregation, "Too long! Too long!" Very likely other listeners had the same thought, though omitting his utterance. Any amount of Burley oddity, however, can be overlooked by me, for, having no children, his will gave to the Beverly Historical Society his home, the fine brick building at the corner of Cabot and Central Streets, together with a considerable endowment fund, the building having been originally the Mansion House of John Cabot, later the business-quarters of the Beverly National Bank. As children, we were occasionally led rather reluctantly to a call on the Burleys, my recollection being of much slippery horse-hair furniture and rather dreary entertainment. I might say here that all these aunts and uncles of my father's were known by their surnames—as "Aunt Burley", "Uncle Burley", instead of "Aunt Harriet" and "Uncle Edward". Aunt Burley then, seemed to me a somewhat arid personality, perhaps due to the old fashioned idea that children should be seen and not heard. She certainly was old fashioned, for, like the chatelaine of tradition, she is said to have carried the keys to her cupboards at her girdle, unlocking and doling out domestic supplies only as needed on the spot. Again I speak ungratefully, for she left me a legacy of $100 which I instantly invested in a new "Orient" bicycle that could not have been more magnificent in my eyes if it had been of pure gold.

I leave the Lincoln Line, therefore, with special mention of Hawkes Senior, his wharves, vessels, houses, etc. flavored by his Unitarian pews and his Cowper book-plate, Cousin Anne Locke happy in her hundred years and in her identification of the Jairus miniature, the merry Aunt Woodbury, Uncle Burley and his gift to the Historical Society, Aunt Burley donating the bicycle, and the George Lovett family of long-lived friendship.

BOYDEN, LINCOLN, HOAG AND FRY LINES UNITE

WILLIAM COWPER BOYDEN, 1835 – 1889
(Dr. Joseph, Wyatt, Boyden)
(Hawkes, Lydia, Lincoln)

AMY LYDIA (HOAG) BOYDEN, 1835 – 1924
(Joshua, Moses, Hoag)
(Benjamin, Sara, Fry)

It seems best to consider these two, my father and mother, together. The "Cowper" name must have been bestowed out of grandfather Wyatt's admiration for the poet, for the name is new to the family as far as I know—and it is an odd circumstance that our only personal memento of my great-grandfather Hawkes Lincoln is the small two-volume "Life and Poems" of Cowper. The "Lydia" name was doubtless given my mother in compliment to her grandmother Lydia (Bean) Fry. "Amy", too, was, to the best of my knowledge, a new name in the family, and for its source I have only my Aunt Anna's recollection of childish anger at hearing her grandmother Hoag say, "I don't think old Amy Brown is much of a woman to name a baby arter".

The earliest information I have about William comes from his own diary written in 1848 at the tender age of thirteen, giving a vivid picture of the household life in the simplicity of a hundred years ago and its old-time piety; it pictures equally well the industrious, conscientious, affectionate boy, its author. Its tone of youthful sobriety, the fear "that I am too fond of play and too reckless in pursuing it" need not be taken too seriously; this humility was in the manner of the day, and beneath this formal concession to the New England conscience was the normal boyhood's spirit of fun and sociability. Indeed, I would say that in general he, more than most, had the good fortune to find interest and pleasure in all life's variety—work, companionship, home and family, reading, music, games, dancing, entertainment, outings, vacations etc. etc. The diary, in point of scholarly understanding and maturity of expression, must, I think, be considered unusual for a boy of his years, and I note that long afterward a former

school-mate said that though William "was in a class with boys two years older than himself, they had to study hard to keep pace with him".

He was sickly as a boy, and though he attended the Beverly Academy at the northwest corner of Washington and Brown Streets and prepared for college at the Salem Latin School, ill health made him give up schooling during two and a half of these years, and ultimately caused him to give up entirely the idea of college. He wrote that it made him sad to see his friends entering college, adding, "I was prepared to enter college but had a great horror of being a sick student.....study had given me one long sickness and after that an annual return in some shape or other". Again, "I.....left the books not without regret as I took greater interest in my studies than ever before. But I had no disposition to become a learned invalid, and least of all as the prospect of sickness was so much stronger than the prospect of becoming learned". It seems a pity that he decided to forego the college education as he was admirably adapted to enjoy academic life and to gain every benefit from its cultural resources. Though he never became really well and strong, being always something below par physically, he must afterward have largely bettered his boyhood physique, for when he entered on business-life in 1853, at about eighteen years of age, he year after year endured severities of work and confinement which would have made college seem like play. During his absences from school he employed himself in the home garden, care of his father's horse, helping on his father's books of account etc., together with some study and much reading and writing, the latter including an active correspondence. He writes to his brother Albert, "I read about fifty lines of Latin and a page of French per diem.....My pleasure reading has been confined chiefly to Johnson's Rambler. The topics are comprehensive and interesting. His manner of treating them is evidence of a superior and enlightened mind—his ideas are correct and bear to the point but are almost buried in hard words and superfluous language. I have taken Addison's Spectator this week and intend to compare their styles and glean the good from each." In '52 he wrote Uncle John Stevenson, "On your recommendation I have commenced reading Plutarch's Lives and find them very interesting". In his record-book of this period I find essays on "Chewing and Smoking", "Ambition", "Poetry", "Superior Advantages of Americans over Residents of Other Countries", "Exhortation to Benevolence", "The Beauties of a Day", "Childrens May-Day Festival", "In an Album", "Spring", a poem on

"The Seasons", and a translation of Anacreon's "Cupid"—trying out his 'prentice hand. He was a devotee of poetry, Byron, Burns, Longfellow and all their kin. He wrote once, "Byron particularly, of whom I am never tired". Dickens became his favorite fiction, and all his life he delighted in apt quotation from Sam Weller, Mr. Pecksniff, Mr. Micawber and all the other purveyors of Dickens' wit and humor; he was warm in his zeal for anything good in history and biography. The tone of his essay on Tobacco may be inferred from a Town by-law of 1844, "Voted: No person shall smoke or have in his possession any lighted pipe or cigar in any street, highway, lane, passageway, public place or public building between the setting and rising of the sun". Beginning with his boyish diary, we find him thro' life with a ready pen often in hand; like his father, he evidently enjoyed its flow. Business letters, of course, became so extensive as to be distinctly a "chore". but his pleasure in personal correspondence seems never to have flagged, and essays, verse etc. were a favorite recreation for him. His style was that of easy grace, combining humor, feeling, color and ample emphasis, with no striving for sparks or highlights. Perhaps I might quote here the lines which he penned for the autograph-album of a lady friend, much younger than himself, whose birthday fell upon the same day as his own:

> "The month, the day, the same, two feeble craft
> With neither oar nor sail rashly embarked
> On life's tempestuous sea—yet not the same.
> How wide apart the swiftly gathering years
> That on the dial-plate of time do mark
> These bound'ries of our life. As far removed
> As Spring and Autumn—Youth and Age".

At least one winter of the period spent by William in endeavoring to establish his health was passed in Tamworth, that being his father's favorite and frequent prescription for his patients. Dr. Wyatt's early associations with the region and his regard for relatives and friends there, particularly the Stevensons and McGaffeys, together with his belief in the benefit of mountain air for change and tonic, led to a stream of traffic to and from Tamworth which is still on the flow. For William this Tamworth stay marked an epoch. He rejoiced in the hills, the mountains, the woods, and music of their streams, took a modest part in the farm work, and at the Stevenson house had the benefit of a rather substantial library, not to mention two New York and two Boston newspapers. His social life there was based on the Stevenson and McGaffey

homes, but he ranged pretty widely among his neighbors, making lifelong friendships here and there. One of his letters tells of attending a gay dance and getting home at eight o'clock in the morning, this—for a youth in search of health—suggesting that his diary's fear of being "too fond of play" was not without a degree of justification. He and his cousin Augusta Stevenson became like brother and sister, and so continued for the rest of their lives; after Uncle John Stevenson's death he wrote, "I miss Uncle John's interest. He was as kind as a Father to me". The warmth of the McGaffey connection was always afterward felt, though under handicap of wide separation. Throughout, Tamworth was his first and last resort for pleasure and health. He once wrote, "Without wishing to disparage Beverly, it really seems to me that the pleasantest part of my life has been passed at Tamworth"; again, he wrote, "If I forget thee, old Tamworth, the source of so many joys, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and my right hand forget its cunning".

Reasons for William's glow of sentiment for Tamworth are ample and obvious, but, more than all that are suggested by the foregoing, more almost than all else in his life, is the fact that he found there the lovely, shy young Quaker girl who was to be his wife, the girl of whom the Rev. Omar Folsom, a neighbor in youth, wrote many years afterward, "I well remember as a boy I used to see the young woman—Amy Hoag—returning from meeting, and I thought her one of the most beautiful young ladies I had ever seen". What William thought of her charms, her fairness of face and beauty of character, is clear from the statement often made by him that when he was fifteen years old he knew just as well who was to be his wife as he did on the day of his wedding. This categorical statement seems to take something for granted on Amy's part, but his zeal was so high and his heart was so certain that he could imagine only the one and successful outcome. As a matter of fact, there was a lion in his path in the shape of serious objection on the part of Amy's family, not to mention her own grave doubts, for the whole Hoag and Fry connections were rigid adherents to Quaker, or Friends' doctrine, stern Benjamin Fry being the dominant figure of the local Quaker flock, and the prospect of Amy's marrying "outside the Society" could hardly be countenanced. In case of such marriages, it was common practice for the offender to be disciplined by formal expulsion from membership in the Society. I take it there was no objection to William personally, but the sectarian feeling was so strong that Amy once wrote definitely prohibiting further correspondence and

AMY L. BOYDEN and WILLIAM C. BOYDEN
Probably taken at about the time of their marriage in 1859.

From a daguerreotype

ending the entire affair. To this ultimatum William sadly and solemnly submitted, but doubtless, as was his way, without the slightest idea of giving up—and, sure enough, everything was soon proceeding as before, and they were married in November of '59 by a local "outside" minister, and, indissolubly united, lived devotedly happy ever afterward. No disciplinary measures were taken by the Society, and always when William and Amy were in Tamworth they attended the local Friends' Meeting, William often speaking from the floor with the others. That William had not in the meantime been the only swain to perceive the charm of Amy Hoag is suggested by letters preserved among the family archives.

My knowledge of Amy's youth is pretty much limited to the fact that she was once a pupil in a school kept by her sister Anna, later attended the Friends' School in Providence, R. I., and afterward, like her sister, gained local distinction as a teacher, a distinction which is readily understood by any one who knew the sisters in later life. The number of pupils, the variety of their ages, and the breadth of the curriculum involved in teaching a country school are given more particular mention in reference to my Uncle James Boyden and my Aunt Anna Hall, as I happen to have the particulars in their cases. I chance to know, however, that Amy presided over the School at the crest of the road over Stevenson Hill just below the Nathan Hoag (now John Finley) house, also at another just west of the present Rufus Spalding home, and at the mountain school above South Tamworth. Further, she taught at Center Harbor, several seasons in Madison and, strangely enough, at "Mackerel Corner", the last-named location, after considerable research among Post Office authorities, proving to be now "Centre Tuftonboro" in the Winnepesaukee area. Why a "Mackerel Corner" in any such location? No answer. It was the usual custom in those days for the Town to board the teacher out *to the lowest bidder,* but when I remarked to my mother that this system seemed a bit rough on the teacher she replied that it worked out well enough for when a family had "teacher" in the home it was a point of pride to do their best for her—adding, however, with a smile, that she remembered feeling that the folks where she kept the mountain school "did serve woodchuck meat rather too often for my liking".

As an incident, it is worth remembering that Amy, a good Quaker, joined in the early antislavery movement by campaigning aggressively throughout her neighborhood in behalf of Frémont for President.

Having touched upon William and Amy's days of youth and

school, we may turn to the beginning of William's life in the world of business. In '53 he entered upon book-keeping and general clerical work at 27 North St., Boston, for Moses Morse, founder of the mens'-clothing concern that as time went on developed into the extensive "Leopold Morse Co." business of today. Moses, his younger brother Leopold, and other members of the family were protégés of Uncle John Stevenson, and grandfather Wyatt Boyden had recently loaned Moses $1000 when he began the business. William's train left Beverly at 7 a.m., and he pulled out of Boston at 6 p.m. making a twelve-hour day from door to door—and it may be mentioned here that his work schedule was nearly on this basis for about twenty years, with perhaps an hour's mitigation in its latter part, but with many times a considerable lengthening of hours. In '54 he noted that the ferry from East Boston into the city had been dispensed with, the train now passing through Chelsea, Somerville etc. directly into the City. He wrote, "I find an hour and a quarter short time to accomplish my barn-work, polish myself Boston fashion, eat my breakfast and get to the Depot". He used to say that you could eat your breakfast off his coat-tails as he flew down the hill with the waiting engineer ringing a clamorous bell for him. All this for the boy whose youthful invalidism had kept him from college! Once he wrote of a week's sickness, "not well enough even for the country"; and again, "Sick and had to absent myself three weeks". In '55, however, came Moses' death, deeply regretted by William who wrote, "By placing much confidence in me, he made my lot with him a happy one. I shall never forget him". This death upset the concern, and William was made Temporary-Receiver, pending appointment of Assignees. He was presently left idle, but not for long. Mr. Weston of a Danvers bank "invited me to try my hand at his Bank in the absence of one of his clerks. I walk over and back, a distance of seven miles. The employment is not unpleasant". The Danvers affair, however, was only a summer interlude, and William was soon back in Boston, this time with "Elliott and Brown", Merchant Tailors at 160 Washington St. He wrote, "The business is not large and they do not pay much. $300. I have. I do not like the situation or the salary". Indeed, though $300. ($5.77 a week) meant far more then than it does today, we can hardly be surprised that the ambitious William mentions it rather sourly. He writes at about this time, "I usually dine at an Eating-House near the Post Office. A dinner generally costs me about twenty or twenty-five cents". Taking out dinners and car fares, it seems that the residuum for William's pocket-book at the end of the week

could hardly have been very weighty. But in the meantime, Leopold had succeeded in getting the Morse business into his own hands and wanted William to come back, with the result that he undertook to spend half his time on the Elliott and Brown books and the other half his time in the Morse office. Such an arrangement could hardly be permanent and William wrote, "I am decidedly disposed to making some change". Besides the element of divided allegiance, he found Leopold domineering and interfering, and William, while amenable, evidently insisted on being given his responsibilties and then being let alone to do his work in his own way. Though they were good friends at heart, and remained so through life, they were not made to work together. Leopold at that time took some part in the social life of Beverly and saw quite a bit of Tamworth society—at one time taking what seems a rather unconventional week's carriage-ride through the White Mountains with Augusta Stevenson.

In May of '56, therefore, William parted finally with both the Elliott and Morse organizations, joining "Brigham, Beals and Co." then located on the corner of Milk and Congress Streets, but moving in November to 62-64 Federal St., occupying a five-story building, literally next door to that site where two of his sons practiced law some seventy years afterward. He says, "I like the situation and prospect very much". He says the firm is in the Dry Goods and Woolen Importing and Jobbing business. Still taking the Beverly Train at seven A.M. and reaching home again at seven p.m., his salary was now $400. In January of '57 he wrote, "I only came home one night for the week, working all the others till ten or eleven o'clock at the store. Taking stock". At the end of the year, May 1, '57 there was a long discussion regarding salary, Mr. Brigham, overflowing with compliments, offering $600 provided it should stand at that figure for two years, William willing to accept $600 the first year but "hoped to be worth $700 the second." The result was that later in the year William entered the employ of "Joseph Burnett and Co". at 27 Central Street, Boston, established in '55, dealers in flavoring extracts and sundry other specialties. William's connection with Burnett's continued about twenty years, and in general most happily, the firm—as also William's responsibilities and experience—constantly growing in importance and reputation. Mr. Burnett learned to put implicit trust in William's character and abilities, they became great personal friends, and our home was flooded with photographs of the numerous Burnett family. Such information as I have regarding the outcome of the Brigham salary discussion and the

transfer to Burnett's is contained in two or three 1858 letters. In April, "I still keep the books of B.B. & Co., giving two evenings' work a week for $200 per annum. Last week I was up three nights working late and early for dear life. Today Mr. Burnett raised my salary a little. They now give me $8. a week which with $200 from the other place makes me $616. Sixteen dollars ahead of anything previous. B.B. & Co. want me to go back in July but I am not inclined to do so." In August, "I labored very hard in the Spring and under great disadvantages. My old firm felt too poor to hire me, so I got another situation on a very small salary, $400. To make this up I posted my old firm's books evenings for $200, making my wages $600. My work was two or three days in the week sixteen hours a day. It nearly made me sick. I went into the country three weeks and am better. My former employer begged me to come back and would hardly take no for an answer; but my present situation is a very easy and pleasant one and I shall remain. I have done the hardest work I ever mean to do. I am determined never to work so hard as I have the last two years". "My present employer, Joseph Burnett & Co give me $600. They are very agreeable men and the work is light". In September, "Mr. Burnett has his own private books which I keep for which he promises to give me something extra".

Though he very likely did not realize it at the time, William —after four young years of grinding toil, rewarded mostly by experience—was now launched on his career as a business man, but it will be found, due to the custom of his day and his public spirit, and the fact that he was a born "worker", that his resolve to take life easier never went much into effect. A suggestive item appears in '59 correspondence, "Most of the stores through the city are to close at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoons, giving the clerks a little weekly vacation". In July of '59 he wrote, "Tuesday I rose earlier than usual and walked to Salem to take the 6 o'clock train." In July of 1860 he wrote that he had a holiday the day of Harvard Commencement "as it is the custom for Banks, Insurance Offices and most other respectable places to close that day".

An entertaining item of this era comes when his father, "at the commencement of the year, as an inducement for me to be economical, offered to give me as much as I would save". An inducement to become economical! But, strange to say, William touched the old gentleman for $200 at the end of that year. Another item, irrelevant except as being a part of history then in the making, comes when William mentions a Frémont meeting at which his father spoke, adding triumphantly, "Buchanan and Fill-

more men cannot be found. I understand the Committee found two men at the Farms who would not vote for Frémont, but it was afterward ascertained that one of them was not a voter!" Yet another item, one which will illustrate the financial basis for that era, and may well cause the "domestics" and mesdames of our own to make happy and unhappy comparisons, is a letter wherein William's mother writes, "Joanna calls for higher wages, and says she knows a place in Salem where she can get $1.25 a week."

In November of '59 one great ambition of his life was accomplished when he and Amy Hoag were married. The young couple consented to Dr. Wyatt's urgent wish that they should make their home with him, though this was not according to Amy's, nor indeed William's, preference. The Doctor's feelings may readily be understood, for his bustling household had already been much depleted—James in Chicago, Albert and Joseph in Sheffield, George and Charles having died in the course of their California venture—and it does seem as if the father had some claim upon his youngest and only remaining son. For their use he made a three-story addition on the Easterly side of the dwelling-house which William described as "ample accommodation", and the joint occupation, begun admittedly as an "experiment", continued to the end.

Returning to William's business progress, it may be noted that from time to time he had had offers of other local employment; also more distant calls; one was from a successful businessman in Vermont, suggesting a partnership as a future probability; another, and urgent one, was from his boyhood chum, Charles Endicott, then in Milwaukee; others came frequently, then and later, from his brother Albert in Illinois. These from Albert were very tempting to him, and on more than one occasion it was almost by chance that he did not pack his grip and depart for life into what was then "The West". His father, naturally, was not taken with the idea, but at least on one occasion "did not decidedly object". His mother, however, did always decidedly object, but William wrote that if circumstances had been a little different "I would have brought Mother around". However, withstanding all offers and doubts, William lived out his life with Beverly as his base of operations.

His twenty-years with the Burnett concern represented almost a business-career of its own, and, with sundry incidentals, may best be told largely in his own words, taken from frequent references in his correspondence.

Sept. '59, "I have an income from my salary of $832., and my

interest brings it up to $1,000. My employers are liberal, and will undoubtedly give me $1000 another year. This is very well if I was perfectly satisfied with the nature of my employment. It is rather confining." Mar. '61, "Today, among other things, I wrote 15 business letters, yesterday 17. One day I wrote 25". Note that these letters, "among other things", were of course personally written by hand—no leaning back comfortably and dictating to a stenographer! In Sept. of '61 he remarked upon his financial situation, "I find I have real and personal to the amt. of $2250, the result of eight years hard work in my present line of business. I have now a good salary and a little interest money. Our expenses last year were $550. Income $1150." Mar. '64 (about 7 years with the firm), a letter which shows that he has graduated from mere clerk and bookkeeper, is now the trusted executive and, to a considerable degree, manager of the business, his letter reporting that Mr. Burnett had been ill, and was going away for a month or more, adding "We are just as busy as can be. Our orders yesterday were just about $4,000. Last week was a busy week. I have just as much as I can do to keep things along. Mr. Burnett was very complimentary yesterday—said he had no fears about his business. Altho' he didn't do much of anything when he was here it seems to add to my cares to have him entirely away. I have enjoyment in my business which is stirring, and I enjoy the confidence which Mr. Burnett so unreservedly places in me". Between '62 and '64 it often appears that work at the store kept him in Boston late or all night. His mother writes, "William seldom comes home until half past seven at night". Once William informed his wife who was at Tamworth, "I took the 5.40 train this morning which gives me time to write this letter." Again, "I have taken the train from Salem at six o'clock the last three mornings.....I have written the last two pages of this letter at 5½ o'clock this morning". In '62 he writes of going "to drill", which suggests the soldier but he went no farther in that direction, for his physique was wholly unequal to army life.

In March of '64 is mention of "Mr. Allen, our box-maker. He is a very good friend of mine and a man whom I esteem very much". We shall read more about Mr. Allen later. In April, with Mr. Burnett away, William writes, "I have made a general increase in prices. Many of our materials are advancing and I have bought pretty largely". June, "At the store my time has been pretty closely occupied and nearly all my energies exhausted; Mr. Burnett continues an invalid, tho' better than he was. He does not give much attention to business. For six months I have

had most of the care of the business, and as busy a six months as we ever had. I feel pretty tired when I get home I assure you". Dec. '65 to his brother Albert, "My expenses this year will amt to $1400. It costs something to live in Massachusetts".

In June of '66 comes a refreshing interruption when he writes from the Tip-Top House, "I am tired, having walked up Mt. Washington today. We were five hours coming up. Expect to go to Crawford House tomorrow. Yesterday walked 12 miles to see Glen Ellis Falls and the Cascade". Though as I said above his health and strength were always questionable, the frailty of his youth must have been considerably overcome during these years for him to have endured his long days of train-ride and store-work, and then break out with such a mountaineering expedition as this. Presumably, however, there had been other outings from time to time of which there chances to be no record.

His Burnett salary for '67 was $3600., and in December of '68 he writes "I commence on the year of '69 at a salary of $4500. —to be increased to $5,000 next year if nothing occurs to prevent. Though his father, having his youngest son always at home and under his eye, quite failed, as parents often do under such circumstances, to realize that William had matured into a fully competent man of business and to the end of his days considered William incorrigibly extravagant, the fact was that he had been constantly thrifty and saving, investing these savings to excellent advantage. At about this time he bought a quarter interest in his father's Illinois farm for $912., but he was an investor, not a farmer, as appears plainly enough by his father's letter to Albert —a letter which is long and not immediately relevant, but so entertaining in its humorous sarcasm that I cannot omit it. Incidentally, it may perhaps serve to show why Sailor Joseph's farming venture was not more successful.

> January '69. "Joseph and William returned safe home yesterday. I was very anxious to have them go out and become intimately acquainted with the farm and its stock; horses and hogs—its fences, hedges and buildings, the English grass and prairie grass & planting and sowing grounds. I told them to go round the farm and let me know the condition of the hedges of different year's planting, and the kind and quality of the old and new fences, also to look at quantity and quality and location of the ground lately laid down to English hay, to attend to the condition of the fence between Johnston & me and

also the state of the fence round the East, West & South sides of the meadows. I told them specially to look to the operation of "C" Ditch & to the feasibility of ditching our meadows to advantage.

But when I came to inquire of them concerning these particulars, I found they had been out to the farm only once and then in great haste—that instead of examining the farm they kept looking into the sky at the clouds to see how they could escape the threatening rain. So that Wm. could scarcely tell whether there *was* any fence at all on the meadow, and, if there was any, whether it was board or rail fence. He did, however, notice that the water ran pretty straight and forcible through the "C" Ditch and that the ditch was only about ⅔ full, and this was the only important fact he was able to communicate of his own observation. He gave me the number of acres to the different kinds of grain, all of which I knew before by your letters. He noticed that the prospect was fine at Barber's house, and in answer to my inquiry about English hay could only say that grass of all kinds was good at the West. In fact, I could tell Wm. & farmer Joseph more about the interests & needs of the farm from recollection than they could tell me from their fresh observation. In short, their visit to the farm upon which I had counted much for their improvement & for facts for my own use, has proved a miserable failure, and if there were no other interests to consult but theirs I should think I ought to sell out at once".

In '69 William writes to Albert congratulating him on admission to his firm as an equal partner, saying "it sets a seal upon your labors quite superior to wordy compliment or even salary, in which I have been paid in about equal proportions....Our correspondence is large and a great labor. Then the Boston and New York books, waiting on customers, purchasing, collecting, paying, and the many minutiae of manufacturing in a business like ours all absorb much time. In addition, the advertising is quite a care. My work, like a woman's, is never done. I don't know that it would give out if I worked the 24 hours through instead of 8 or 9. Of course, I do not do all alone, but the responsibility for most of it falls upon me. I am too much confined and somewhat to my injury, but I have learned in 14 years something of the art of taking care of myself.....I think I can get an equal

salary elsewhere—and if so, shall give Mr. Burnett the slip Jan. 1, 1870 unless he gives me an interest in the business.

I somewhat expect to go to Washington this week. We have leased a store on India Wharf for a Bonded Warehouse and have sent out papers to Washington. If I go, I shall stop a day or two in N. Y. to fix up our accounts there. We have some foreign trade now but not nearly so much as we should with our expected arrangements". The reference to his present 8 or 9 hours of work has a cheerful sound though it may or may not have included his two train-rides. I think it is a fact, though, that the severity of his hours was somewhat relaxed in his latter Burnett days. As for real outings, besides the Mt. Washington jaunt and the Illinois visit, I note that later he was planning a trip to Moosehead Lake with our Minister, Mr. Butler, and others. The Burnett situation by this time had become a problem. Though William's salary had become $5000, he was determined somehow to be in business for himself, and was constantly raising the question of a partnership share in the Burnett concern, but Mr. Burnett, with the best disposition in the world toward him, found it hard to grant this for he had a large and expensive family of eleven children and some of his boys were of an age to join him in the management of the business, the result being that he see-sawed for a number of years between his wish to hold William's services and his own need of income. In '75, while William's affairs were in this state of uncertainty, he was warmly urged by his brother Albert to move, bag and baggage, to Sheffield and join him in a fraternal partnership. The proposal was given most serious consideration, and the decision hung in doubt for some time, but William's final decision was against the move, saying, "we should like being with you and near your family. It was an idea of mine that business might be found to draw you East but your business is so good that that is hardly likely. I realize that the business is a good one, and that my situation would in many respects be much pleasanter than it now is. Still, I hesitate to make so great a change for myself and my family. I am rather old for transplanting". At that time William was forty years of age, settled in the old house with his wife and five children, together with his father who was eighty-one years old and would be left alone if William's family departed. Under the circumstances, it was not strange that he decided to forego the Western opportunity, in many ways so promising. He offered to put $10,000 into Albert's business as a sleeping-partner which might be of assistance to him, and enable William to participate in the Sheffield business without changing his base, but

whether anything of this sort took place is more than I know. The outcome of William's insistence and Mr. Burnett's manoeuverings was that William parted with Burnett's in '77, wishing he had made the break years before—though perhaps it was as well that he had not done so, for the experience and training of his twenty Burnett years had made him the competent business-man, well aware of the advantages and perils involved in management. Needless to say, he and Mr. Burnett parted as the best of friends, the latter saying that very likely he would have to call William back again.

Now that William was out and on his own, whither was he to turn? He wrote, "A summer vacation will answer very well. I expect to be tired of it by Fall. I am well aware that a man of my age should have business". As a matter of fact, I think he already had his opportunity in mind. When his brother Joseph retired from the sea he had joined in partnership with George Allen, the Lynn box-maker previously mentioned by William as a personal friend and provider of boxes for the Burnett Company, the firm name being "Allen and Boyden", and I chanced to find in William's books of account that as early as 1870 he had contributed $4,000 toward the firm's capital, and there being every suggestion that Joseph was at a low ebb financially when he finally quit the sea, it is a fair surmise that William had staked him to an interest in the concern. I think it is certain that on Joseph's death in '73 William took over his interest and became a partner, tho' not until he left Burnett's in '77 did he become active in management. In '77 he wrote that "the box-factory is doing well. We are making some improvements and changes". At least as early as '80 the firm had bought for $14,000 the land and buildings it had previously occupied under lease. In that year William wrote—what is not usually put on paper nowadays—"Now, having given our rivals (three living and several burst) a sound thrashing, they are glad to come to terms, and we have a quiet combination which gives us good profits". At about that time too he wrote to Albert, "I have been at great pains and labor of late to put Allen on his legs. He is a good man but depends entirely on me". In '81 he wrote, "We are contemplating building a wooden-box factory which will bring our business up into big figures". This additional factory, quite a substantial affair, was built in Beverly. It seems clear that though Mr. Allen was a smart and stout fellow as a factory-boss, it was William who provided the ideas, the capital and the courage for enlargement and advance. My personal recollection of Mr. Allen is limited to

a single incident when he drove up briskly to our front-door, stopped sharply and said, "I just drove my mare over from Lynn in so many minutes", naming a startlingly small number of minutes, "and never so much as sucked my teeth at her once!" The Allen and Boyden business had evidently prospered in a modest way while under the hands of Joseph and Mr. Allen, but William's aggressive disposition, his courage and his business sagacity made a new, very substantial and succesful thing of it.

Through all these years—even in those when his slender pay would hardly seem to permit it—William had been constantly saving something and investing it; he had money in Albert's hands at 10%, and at one time he owned real estate in Detroit, doubtless at the instance of Charles Endicott. His father had long reckoned Lynn real estate a promising field, and William, agreeing, had made purchases there, sometimes sharing with his father, sometimes alone, and in June of '79 he entered upon a major enterprise there, the construction of a Union St. four-story brick block, 72 feet front, 75 feet deep, the building itself costing about $15,000, with about $10,000 more needed for equipment and furnishings. In this he was joined by Lyman D. Morse, a salesman for the Burnett firm with whom William had long been on terms of intimate friendship. We still have the handsome seventeen-volume leather-bound set of Dickens' works which Morse presented to William and Amy in '63. It seems that Morse had a one-third interest in that real estate, William and his father sharing the remainder equally. The construction was undertaken without consulting the aged father who was then incapacitated and died in August. William wrote, "Under the circumstances I am obliged to build ⅔ myself and Morse ⅓, but as Morse is hard up I have to furnish all his money (except $2,000) and take my pay in rents. The fact is, as you see, I do it all myself, labor, money & everything, and have had no end of obstacles to overcome". He was highly pleased at the outcome, "It is pronounced the finest thing in the City and is judged to be worth $30 to $35M. The cost of building has advanced 25% to 33-⅓% since I struck my contract. The building will pay $5000 easy. The City has a brilliant future before it". A builder tells me that the equivalent of William's block and equipment might cost as much as $200,000 today. There was, however, a wooden structure still left on Union St. between the new block and the Silsbee St. corner, with some trifling wooden affairs behind it. Ultimately, under the judicious and progressive management of William and my brother Roland, all the wooden structures were replaced by brick, the Boyden and

Morse properties covering the entire area to Silsbee St. and back to the Boston & Maine Railroad line; two of the very early petty store-tenants, Burrows & Sanborn, and T. W. Rogers, proceeded to outrun their neighbors and take over their stores, leaving as occupants only themselves on the ground-floor and a hotel, "The Boyden House" of about a hundred rooms, on the two upper floors. In '81 William wrote "Morse will not sell short of $40,000. The property is now in good shape and rents for substantially $10,000". He reported "Factory sales for '81 were $105,000". At one time he "owed $15,000 to banks and individuals", adding "my special investments & outlays the last 18 months have run up into big figures. I hardly know where the money has come from". Later these Lynn stores took over the whole of the two upper floors, and finally in 1930 the Burrows and Rogers concerns, now large and thriving Department Stores, bought the whole property from the Boydens and Morses. It is a pleasure to remember the invariably happy relations that existed between these tenants and their landlord. I myself remember sundry occasions when, a point of doubt arising, the tenant would say to Roland, "You decide it. Whatever you think we should do or pay will be all right". Through all these years Lynn has grown mightily and our two tenants had kept pace with its growth, the result being that what Henry George calls "the unearned increment" was substantial. I might note that William had had his brother-in-law J. Hacker Hall come up from Maine to build the original block, and afterward, with his wife Anna (my "Uncle Hacker" and "Aunt Anna"), to operate the Boyden House, thereby assuring himself that these matters were in the very best of hands. I might add, too, that Lyman Morse, who left Burnett's and established a large and successful Advertising Agency in New York and London, never gave up his interest in the Lynn property. It passed on to the second and third generation of Morses, with never a word of concern or inquiry from any of them about the Boyden management.

In the meantime brother Albert's affairs in Illinois had been rolling onward and upward—on a greater scale, of course, than William's—and it is interesting to note that on one occasion William felt impelled to warn his brother against the danger of too great extension, whereas on another occasion Albert felt impelled to give William the same warning, but while both were courageous and aggressive, neither was inclined to let optimism outrun discretion, and results justified their judgments.

The space and detail given in the foregoing to William's arduous

and self-denying years while gaining a foothold and training in the world of business tend to give the impression of a hardboiled business-man with a soul for nothing else, and it must have been true for quite a number of years that his work was so absorbing as to leave little time and strength to spare for anything except the family life which was dear to him,—though I do find some verses of his about a social "Club" whose membership list suggests that it was probably an affair of the middle 50s. It is clear, however, that as he became constantly less of the "bookkeeper" and more of the "executive" at Burnett's, and afterward when Mr. Allen managed details at the box-factories and the Lynn real estate called for only general supervision, his time was far more at his own command for recreation and companionship, and also for active participation in Beverly's community life.

Naturally, little of normal social life is matter of record, but in his books of account for '69 I find him Treasurer of "The Cu(e)rious Club", among other members being Col. William Driver, A. S. Wiley, Ellingwood Torrey, Dr. Charles Haddock, Henry Endicott and Capt. Elisha Whitney, each contributing $40 for purchase of a pool-table, a card-table and other furnishings. I am confident that this organization later became "The Humane Society" of about the same membership which met fortnightly from house to house for a card-game called "Palm Loo", a game which I never heard mentioned anywhere else, one which I always supposed was brought from the Far East by Capt. Whitney, as also the exquisite mother-of-pearl counters used in the manner of poker-chips. The club was "humane" only to its members, as it had no objective beyond the sociability of its card-game. Franklin Leach and Capt. Edward Giddings were additional names. As a child, I was allowed to look on for a while when the meetings of this Humane Society took place at our house, and a Coronation could not have seemed to me more great and joyous; to see these stern, sober old men—as I innocently regarded them—in boyish high-spirits, shouting "Bill", "Lish", "Ned" unroariously at each othed was amazing and thrilling to me.

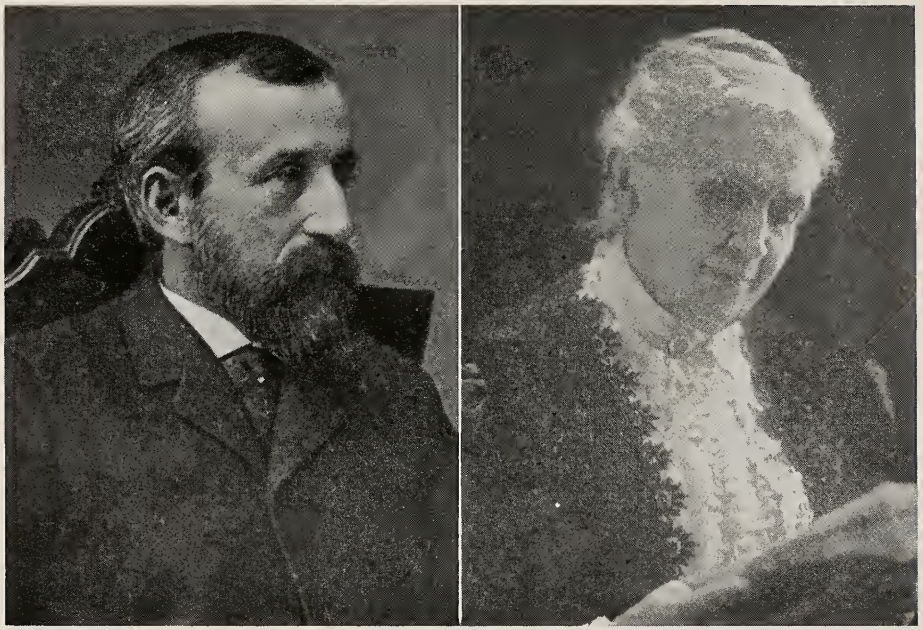
I run across another of Beverly's diversions more or less in the era of the Cu(e)rious Club, this by way of "The Social Reading Club", with its forty-five members practically calling the roll of those old Beverly families among whom the Boydens circulated, William and Amy heading the membership list. There were usually about twenty present at its fortnightly meetings. At its first meeting Amy read Charles Lamb's "Complaint on the Behavior of Married People"; other meetings followed with readings

from Hawthorne, Bret Harte, Poe, Dickens, Shakespeare, Warner, Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, Dumas, Whittier, Scott, Mark Twain, Tennyson, Thackeray etc., and the Club flourished gaily for two years—I reckon just about two years longer than such a club would live today. The complete records of this organization are filed with the Beverly Historical Society.

Up to this point my parents have been mentioned as "William" and "Amy", being historical personages in a tale, but as I was born in 1871 their names soon after that date begin to live in my mind as those of my beloved father and mother, and though the chronological sequence of my tale is often not very precise, I like now to refer to them as such.

Both father and mother had a live feeling of obligation in regard to public affairs, and their participation, considering father's responsibilities and mother's home cares, seems to me an unusual contribution of time, thought and effort.

The old First Parish Unitarian Church was doubtless father's first interest of this sort. He and the family were constant attendants at its services; he was Parish Clerk for twelve years, Parish Treasurer for three years, member of the Music Committee for five years, served on sundry Special Committees from time to time, and for thirty years conducted a class in the Sunday School. From 1868 onward he was a Trustee of the Beverly Public Library, and at his death in '89 was President of the Board, having then served one year of a new five-year term; from 1875 onward he was on the town's School Committee, and at his death had served one year of a new three-year term. He was a Trustee of the New England School for the Deaf during the last nine years of his life; also for the same period a Trustee of the Beverly Savings Bank. He became a member of the Fisher Charitable Society in '72, and was its President from '79 onward. At his death he was also President of the Beverly Fuel Society but I have no information as to the length of his term as the Society's records are mostly lost, but I do know that his service as distributing agent was a long one, for among my own earliest recollection is the file of applicants who darkened our door as fall and winter fell, demanding their "fuel-coal", many of them sturdy beggars, regarding their coal more as matter of right than of favor. From personal recollection, too, I can testify as to the active nature of his interest in work for the Parish, the Public Schools, the School for the Deaf and the Library. He had their interests deeply at heart, and was constantly at work for their progress. He used to visit the schools frequently, and almost always took occasion to make some "re-



WILLIAM C. BOYDEN and AMY L. BOYDEN

In middle life In later life

marks" to the school, this to the intense embarrassment of his children. The Library was different; as his children, we had the run of the "stack" and the proud privilege of taking out books without a card, all of which was delightful. There was a period in the '80s when he was a leader in the then *cause célèbre,* the battle against the Division of Beverly. Ardently believing that the segregation of the wealthy into a separate municipality at the expense of their less fortunate neighbors was objectionable as a public policy, and that the proposal in this instance was an injustice to his native town, he for several years flung himself unsparingly and persistently into the fight, never willing to admit anything but the success which was finally achieved. I note that he was also on the Executive Committee of the Beverly Board of Trade, but as to this and the Fisher Charitable I have no information and can only say that it was not his way to hold any office without active performance of the obligations attendant upon it.

As to mother, the transition from Quaker Meeting to the Unitarian Church seems to have been made without a ripple, and she was one of those who could ever be relied upon among both the Marthas and Marys for good work and thought. She too had her Sunday School class for many years and long afterward I used to hear words of gratitude and regard from her former pupils. She was Vice President of the ancient Female Charitable Society and a faithful attendant at its weekly meetings; she was an early President of the Beverly Improvement Society and always active in its projects for betterment. During the first twelve years of the Beverly Hospital's existence she was a Director whose presence was valued for sound judgment and also as a harmonizing influence among somewhat discordant personalities. All this on the outside while the father and mother were at the same time cherishthe fine flower of family life as their first objective, the five of their seven children who grew to maturity giving them plenty to think about.

Personally, father was short and slight of stature, mild and modest of disposition. He used to say that a short man had to be twice as smart as a tall man. He disliked wordy controversy, and when family argument ran high, he would often retire to the kitchen until the tumult and the shouting died. A friend said she supposed William had never spoken a cross word in his life, and this must have been pretty nearly true; I certainly never heard him raise his voice in heat or excitement. He left practically all matters of family discipline to mother, confining himself to occasional humorous sarcasm. If one of us dropped a fork or spoon

on the floor, he might say, "Why wouldn't it be a good idea to begin the meal by throwing all the silver onto the floor?" When we offered particularly futile excuses for slack school-work, he was apt to say, "You remind me of the boy who only went to school three nights; the first two nights there wasn't any light, and the third night the teacher wasn't there". His pleasure in the company of his children was infinite; his watchfulness over them, and his ambition for their progress and character were endless; if words of admonition and encouragement could have brought it about we would all have been prodigies. Friendship, acquaintance, and social life in general were a great factor in his life, and he especially enjoyed the rather rough and tumble atmosphere of the young folks whom his five children drew toward the household. One boy said he liked to come here because he didn't have to be so careful of the furniture as he did at home. Father was extremely fond of music, and could play the piano a bit; I remember his gay "Old Dan Tucker", his quiet "Peace Like a River" and others. When the Gilbert and Sullivan operas came to Boston they were his overflowing delight. His love of good reading never failed him, Dickens especially being ever a happy resource. It is interesting to note that the "Atlantic" magazine has been a monthly visitant in our home since 1861, though I cannot say whether father or grandfather first introduced it. Having been brought up from youth in a red-hot antislavery atmosphere, he was a bred-in-the-bone Republican in politics; I would find it hard to believe that he ever voted for a Democrat. As mentioned above, he was mild and peaceable of disposition and in manner, but underneath lay a ready and comprehensive intelligence, sound and far-sighted judgment, together with a tenacity of purpose, a quiet but unyielding determination, which seldom knew defeat. Never well and strong, he was cut untimely off at the age of fifty-four, when it seems that he should have been granted many more years of the ease and affection which he had so hardly and so honorably earned.

As to mother, she was simply all that the best of imaginable mothers could be, affectionate, understanding, thoughtful, tireless in her care, assuaging our griefs and sharing our joys, in childhood's sickness the "ministering angel". As the head of a household which through her years was often—perhaps "usually" is the better word for it—overflowing with the heterogeneous personalities of family, relatives and friends, she was never flurried, but was always quietly and peacefully efficient. Everything went smoothly under her hand, with no sharp words, no argument. The authority of character spoke for itself, and was given instinctive

recognition by all, from the aging father-in-law, Doctor Wyatt, a masterful and managing individual, down to the youngest child, When she said to a youngster "If you don't stop that, I'll see!", this was almost her final severity. Seldom was there occasion to learn what it was that she would "see". She told my sister Mary that once in her days of youthful school-teaching she went to open the first day of a new school and found another teacher there who had been chosen by a rival faction of the School Committee. "Mercy", exclaimed Mary, "What did you do?" "Why", replied mother, "I simply began teaching, and pretty soon the other girl went away". I can perfectly understand that other girl's departure without a struggle. Our large house and the family atmosphere spoke ever a special welcome to relatives, and a general invitation to friends of the old and young. Besides the Doctor, there were in the household for some few years his two daughters and his young niece "Angie"; there were of course William and Amy themselves and, as time went on, their five children; and besides the voluminous flow of transient individuals and groups incidental to so large and hospitable a household, there were at times further additions of a somewhat permanent nature. My grandmother Hoag spent most of the time during her old age as a member of our family, the last years confined to her room, and her sister, mother's Aunt Mary Bailey, also joined the family for several years, she too confined to her room; a niece and nephew of mother's who were teaching in Beverly schools, and another niece who was employed in Lynn, were welcomed among us for several years—all of which will perhaps suggest that mother's position was no sinecure. She was calmly equal to it all, though she must have carried a burden that I do not like to recall today. She inspired devoted service on the part of her domestic assistants, sundry of them staying with her many a long year, among such in my own grateful memory being Mary Ramage, Margaret O'Brien, Ellen Guinivan and our present Dorothy McKinnon, now twenty-nine years in our home, as much one of the family as any of us.

Mother's beauty and strength of character met warm response in affection and admiration on the part of an ever widening circle until her death after eighty-nine golden years—thirty-four years after that dark day of parting from her husband, their young love having never grown old.

Such is my tale of William and Amy, father and mother. In its personal aspects I am troubled to feel the inadequacy of my words.

PART II

Jonathan Boyden was an ancestor of ours. The five "psns of ye enemy" were doubtless Indians. Little did Jonathan think that his modest petition for prize-money would appear in print 250 years later.

To Y^e^ Hon^ble^ The Governor and Council Right Honorable:—

These are to offer to yo^rs^ humble information that upon encouragem^t^ given unto us by our Cap^t^ Georg Barber, and out of a desire to serve y^e^ country upon our own charge and adventure wee last weeks went out in search for a pty of y^e^ enemy, whose tracks was found, and in our search discovered five psns of y^e^ enemy four of whom were armed two of wch enemys wee took prison^rs^; and now humbly p^r^sent to your Hon^rs^ for Condemnation: and liberty to dispose of and distribute the prize among our fellow soldiers who are and will be always ready to attend to your Hon^rs^ commands as are

Yours most dutiful and
Faithful Serv^ts^
John Plimpton
Jonathan Boyden

Jan. 8, 1676 - 7

(Original on file in State House, Boston.)

REMONSTRANCE

Adopted by the inhabitants of Beverly in Town Meeting assembled, against the four physicians of the town who proposed to raise their charge above the current fee of forty-two cents for a common call.

To Messrs. Ingalls Kittredge
W. C. Boyden
Ingalls Kittredge, Jr.
Augustus Torrey
Beverly

March 3, 1836.

Gentlemen:

We would respectfully represent that your present advance of prices is a grievance which calls for redress. We consider a respectful remonstrance as the least objectionable manner of complaint, and while we wish to preserve a due regard for *your* rights and to hold them sacred, *we cannot forget our own.* We are aware that the education necessary for the practice of a profession is attended with expense, we are likewise aware that citizens in other callings use more than the same amount of capital, with less income, in proportion to the arduousness of the service. We are aware that talent is necessary for such practice, yet there is not, as we perceive, a scarcity of such talent. Your necessary expenses are more than those of many of your petitioners, yet for these you do and have charged extra. Some of you Gentlemen have we believe considered your nominal prices but about half the present prices and we certainly should not wish to say that your nominal price was not your real one. Why this advance? We do not perceive judging from appearances *any reason* why you should call for this increase of price. We are perfectly aware that some of you are wealthy already, and those whose price is the lowest, not the least so, and if it be not the case with all we see no defect in the former prices which should prevent it. If the population of this town is not sufficiently large for the sufficient employment of the present number of Physicians, we do not consider that a defect for which we are accountable. A time of health we are aware does not fill your purses, yet which of your patients does not experience a corresponding evil. There are dull times, Gentlemen in all kinds of business. The charges for extra service are peculiarly objectionable. We suppose any common service a necessary appendage of the visit. It appears you do not. The reasons in some cases for an extraordinary advance of price are evils which many of your patients suffer as a necessary conse-

quence of their calling. Should each patient at a distance be charged with all the extra expense resulting from that distance when you perhaps have several patients in the same vicinity? Should the Sailor whose every slumber is broken by the calls of his common duty, pay you more than his day and night wages, for but one interruption of your slumbers? Besides, Gentlemen, do you never complain of being called to a patient too late? May not the extent of even your former charges have been the reason, and one not founded in avarice, or the wilful neglect of those whom perhaps you blame? The father of a family may look upon his sick child and the reluctance to incur a debt which he may be unable to pay, or which if he do, will deprive him of, or seriously limit his means of providing for their common necessities, may prevent him from calling on you for advice, untill you find to your sorrow and his that it is too late. It does not appear to us that the present advance of prices will yield a corresponding advance of income, it may be a loss on our part of advice, rather than an increase of receipts on yours, not to say that the difficulty of collecting your bills will be increased probably by the increased number of those, who will be unable to discharge them, although we are aware that your facilities for collecting are equal or superior to those of others. Gentlemen we do not wish an unreasonable reduction of your prices. We merely say that we consider forty two cents as the extent which should be charged for a common visit, and we ask a general return to your former prices. We likewise have to request that in your future bills, the particulars be specified. Gentlemen, we are sorry to see some particulars in your communication which reflect on the character of your petitioners. Gentlemen we do not wish to sever the relation which subsists between us and we hope there will be no occasion. You will oblige us by returning an answer to this as soon as convenient, that we may take such order on the subject as the case may demand.

The within Remonstance was adopted at a full meeting held by the Citizens of Beverly at the Town Hall on Wednesday Evening March 2d 1836 and Mr. Israel Trask, Mr. Daniel Hildreth and Mr. John Morgan were chosen a Committee to present the same to you for your consideration as an expression of the opinion of the citizens, and also to receive such communications as you may wish to make upon the subject.

In behalf of the Meeting, John I. Baker—Moderator
John Tuck, 2d—Secretary

Letter from Dr. Wyatt Boyden to his son William who was spending a winter season in Tamworth for his health. "Aunt Mary", living at "Whiteface" over in Sandwich, was Wyatt's sister, Mrs. Mary McGaffey. "John" and "Mary" were son and daughter of hers. "Uncle John" was John M. Stevenson of Tamworth, whose wife, Martha, was another sister of Wyatt's. It had been expected that William would spend most of his time at Uncle John's, joining more or less in the farm work. I think it is evident that Wyatt's excoriation was partly in earnest, but more for the fun of letting his pen fly.

Beverly Dec. 13th, 1851.

My Dear Son,

We have duly received your tardy letters of the 20th ult. and the 7th inst.

By these, it appears you have pursued a course, quite at variance with that prescribed for you before you left Beverly. You have exercised your head too much, and your hands too little. You have been spending your time at Whiteface, which should have been spent at Tamworth. You have lived upon the bounty and kindness of your Aunt Mary, whose means are small, when you should have earned your own living at the ample board of your Uncle John. Your Aunt *Mary's* table! While you sat to it with John and Mary—did you hear it groan with the industrial products of those who surrounded it? I think not. Indeed as tables go now-a-days, I should have supposed it would have moved from the presence of such a company. Had I been in your place, I should have expected, not only to have heard the rappings but to have been pushed from my stool, by the Ghosts, of Uncle Sam and Aunt Lydia. But hark! Your Mother has descried this "writing on the wall".

Her sympathies are excited—she forbids me to use such an unbridled pen, and says I shall not send it.

Perhaps it is lucky for me, that she has interfered. I might, soon have stumbled, going at this stormy rate. But whatever severity of feeling my expressions may seem to indicate, be assured I entertain none either towards you or John and Mary. Therefore, you are at full liberty, to interpret the above, as a gentle admonition to follow out, in future, the course, originally prescribed; and John and Mary may take it as a new version of old hints, often repeated in their own presence.

I will not attempt, however, to soften or disguise my utter aversion to their school proceedings. Mary has got as much learning,

now, as she can turn to any profitable account, *enough* to fill any station, where she will be called upon to teach, *enough* to understand and enjoy the literature of the age.

Nearly the same may be said of John.

I consider the school and its exhibitions, as little better, to them, than many other modes of dissipation. By displaying themselves, here, they pamper a morbid appetite, already too keen, for temporary and evanescent distinctions. They spend their time and money, for that, which will neither feed, clothe or shelter them. They bind heavy burdens upon themselves and their nearest friends—to say nothing of the community.

But say John and Mary, they have talents. I grant it. So has their Uncle Eliphalet. He has, doubtless, read Scott and Shakspeare, Byron and Burns—he has learned to entrap the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

But whatever he has done to give consideration and comfort to his agreeable home has been done by copying the neat, well-ordered and persevering industry of the Chases.

A little learning is a dangerous thing; I need not take you from Tamworth to prove the truth of this position. Your Uncle John will recollect the Masons, who left the plough, in their youth to get and exhibit a *little* learning. True they flourished in our schools, some years, in all the pride and circumstance of their knowledge. But a precarious and scanty subsistence, compelled them, later in life, to return to their Mother Earth—which, at last, yielded them only grudging support, because they did not give to her the strength and vigor of their manhood.

And there was old *Master March,* of snorting memory (your Uncle David will tell you all about him) who, living upon the charity of his friends, went about in his old age, repeating in deep gutterals, his own cognomen,—*Master March*— . . , not seeming to understand, that he was the laughing stock of school-boys, while in the pride of his learning, he pronounced to them, the Latin for his penknife and tobacco-box.

Why—even Timothy Woodman, about the first learned man, I ever heard of—certainly the first of this sort, who set up in Tamworth,—even *he,* wise and harmless as he seemed, did not presume to live wholly on his learning. As soon as the swallows appeared in the Spring, he quit the groves of Academies, and gently retired to Massachusetts; where it is now even *more* than hinted, he labored with his own hands, 'till some time after the sun had passed the Equinox. He would then repair to Tamworth, and take his seat at the desk of a village school,—and there he

would sit in a sort of learned incubation, 'till Spring returned, daily imparting to his pupils the wise results, which would be likely to spring from such a process. In this way for nearly twenty years, he kept up a semiannual migration from N. H. to Mass., and Mass. to N. H.; thus dividing his time with such exact uniformity, between Learning and Labor, that we might never have known, to which he gave the preference, had it not been for the fact, that in the latter part of his life, he conferred a special distinction on *Labor,* by spending his able time, wholly in a work-house.

By these satirical remarks, I would not wish to undervalue, the common school education of New England. On the contrary, I would have the rising generation make themselves familiar with all the branches taught in the common schools.

But when they have done this, and acquired a taste and capacity for reading and thinking, let them be put Spartan-like, to that occupation which they expect to pursue in after life. And all learned children, of 19 and 21, having no professional object in view, who without adequate cause, hang about and infest our school-houses, ought, immediately to be smoked out, and consigned over to the occupation, by which they expect to gain a living in the world.

Your affectionate Father,

W. C. Boyden.

REPUBLICAN PARTY

In September of 1854 a State Convention organized a Republican Party to represent Massachusetts in the Anti-Slavery fight. Robert Rantoul of Beverly was General Chaiman of the Convention, and John I. Baker, also of Beverly was Chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. The card pictured below, doubtless signed shortly afterward, created the Beverly branch of that party.

The undersigned, believing with the late State Republican Convention that "Slavery in its national relations, and in its relation to the free States, is the paramount practical question in the politics of the country," here unite ourselves in the Beverly Republican Association to aid in carrying forward the great principles of the Republican party, in opposition to any further extension of Slavery, or encroachment of the Slave power.

Rob Rantoul
W. C. Boyden
William Endicott
John I. Baker
Robert R. Endicott
D. C. Foster
James Cressy
Wm G Woodbury
Moses Pedrick
Williams P. Moses
Andrew L. Eaton
Peter G Ober

At one time there was a controversy over the question whether Beverly should have a High School, and this, in Dr. Wyatt's handwriting, was evidently the preliminary draft of a communication by him on the subject. It was left incomplete, the writer probably feeling that thus much of it had served to formulate his ideas so that he could now go ahead without further trial. It is apparent that he was in favor of the High School.

It seems that the School was established but the controversy did not die, for in 1860 the question was raised in Town Meeting whether the High School should not be abandoned. The vote was for continuance, both Dr. Wyatt and my father recorded in favor.

HIGH SCHOOL

Mr. M.

On account of the high rate, and pressure of our Town Expenses—for schools, and all other purposes, I confess I have had some reluctance to add to them the expense of a high school. But I would not, therefore, wish to have it understood that I am opposed to schools—either high or low. I have served some apprenticeship in the common school, the high school, and in other Institutions of learning, sometimes as pupil, and sometimes as teacher. During a great part of my active life, I have done service in the cause of education, as I have had opportunity. And I regard all the Institutions of learning as a great blessing to private individuals, and to the Public.

The prosperity of the country—and the permanence of our civil, political and religious Institutions are believed to depend on the intelligence and virtue of the people.

In this faith our forefathers established the common schools at the public expense, and placed them within the reach of all without respect to persons—whether rich or poor—for the benefit of all. They also established a college, to a greater or less extent at the public expense, for the education of those who wished to prepare themselves for the Professions, and for such other duties as require a Collegiate education.

But there was still a course of education wanted, intermediate, between the common school and the college—as a preparation for college, and for other exigencies of a public and private nature. This course of education was attempted to be supplied by academies, by private schools and private tuition.

But these means were found to be partial, and insufficient. They were better adapted to the rich than to the middling and poorer classes. The State had an interest in the education of the best talent of the community. And this talent was as often found among the middling & lower classes as among the rich—perhaps oftener. For the rich are apt to become luxurious, indolent & lazy. They have not the stimulus of necessity—which is not only the mother of invention—but of diligence—of great effort & progress. And it was because those, academies and private schools were not acceptable to the people at large, by reason of distance & expense, that our Legislature established the high school system, in order that preparation for college and the higher branches of learning might be made available to distinguished industry and talent, in whatever condition & circumstances it might be found. I do not deny that some men of very humble condition in life, without extra education, but with great native force of mind & character, have arisen to posts of eminent honor & usefulness.

The grandfather and grandmother of Henry Wilson, one of our Senators in Congress, since my remembrance drove an old horse and wagon about the Northern part of N. Hampshire with baskets to sell. And some of this class of rare talents by their own extraordinary efforts, and the help of friends, have acquired a collegiate education, and become eminent and useful. The late Rev. Saml Hidden of N. H., born up here at Rowley of extremely poor and intemperate parents, having served at a shoemakers trade and in the army of the Revolution in his youth, afterwards by the help of friends, prepared himself and went through College, paying his way in part by mending old boots & shoes. He graduated at the age of thirty, and became an eminent and learned minister of N. Hampshire. I enjoyed the privilege of sitting under his preaching, and teaching in early life—and I really think, if it hadn't been for him I should not have been here today vindicating the high school as an institution wisely & happily deserved to facilitate the higher education & improvement of all classes—but more especially of those, who are unable to provide the means of education for themselves. If under any circumstances, I should vote for a high school, I should do it because it holds out an opportunity for the higher education of those who have not the means of providing it for themselves—and for reasons of State because it is for the interest of the State that the best talent of the community should be educated, wherever it may be found.

This town has not been found wanting in talent of the highest order. It has produced a Rantoul, a Peabody and a Woodbury & doubtless might have produced others of rare eminence if they had had equal facilities for education. I would not put the town to the expense of a high school on my own account. I can do something towards the education of my children myself and can contrive somehow or other to supply the rest. Nor would I vote a high school to supply the rich. They can supply themselves with the means of education. But if I vote for a high school—I shall do it for the public good—for the good of those, who have not the means of a higher education within themselves.

But I do not suppose that all the children of the town would be directly benefited by a high school.—A few have hardly the capacity to learn the higher branches—some will not have the opportunity—others will not have the disposition to learn them—and many more will not find it for their interest to attend to them. The school would be open to all who have the capacity, qualifications, opportunity and desire to study the higher branches. Education cannot be advanced in proportion to the means of promoting it. Education depends in a great measure on the texture, taste and internal impulses of the pupil. All cannot live on, or by, our learning. We want educated men & women—professional men—preachers, teachers and authors. And we want some other things too, such as food, shelter and clothing. We want agriculturists, artisans, manufacturers, traders & commercial men and their indispensable wants must take the precedence of leisure & learning. Learning, to be available for the professions and occupations which require it must be carried beyond the schools & the colleges. A smattering of the higher branches will avail us for a living. As a little learning is a dangerous thing—"drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring." A knowledge of the higher branches of learning is a great subject. There is no end to it. It cannot be obtained in the period of childhood and youth. It requires length of days, maturity of intellect and diligent application. There are few ripe scholars in the State. There is Mr. Everett & Rufus Choate, and doubtless much remains for them to learn. We cannot live on study and learning alone. The higher branches of learning are not food or shelter or clothing. They are not merchandise. They cannot be bought or sold. The common occupations of life to which I have referred are schools of education. They also proclaim their full share of eminent men and support them too—and all the rest of mankind besides.

The common school education is the only generally fundamental education for practical life and it should be made as universal and perfect as possible. A knowledge of the common branches is about as much the mass of scholars can acquire during the period of childhood and youth—consistent with those out and indoor labors & exercises, which are essential to a healthy & full development of the physical & mental organization. Reading, spelling, writing, English grammar, Geography & arithmetic are fundamental & universally practical branches of learning. Reading & writing are storehouses of knowledge and spelling is the key to both.

Sketch of the character of the late Dr. Joseph Torrey of Salem, Mass. by Wyatt C. Boyden.

Dr. A. Torrey,
Dear Sir,

In compliance with your request, I send you a brief sketch of my impressions and recollections of your late venerated father. You will please to accept it not as a favour, but as a debt. For he was one of my early benefactors and friends and his memory has a just claim to my grateful recognition and sincere respect.

I first made his acquaintance 25 years ago. I had then just settled in Beverly—was young & inexperienced. He was a leading physician in Salem—in mature life, and at the height of his medical reputation and usefulness. He had a large practice at home, and was frequently called to the neighboring towns as consulting physician.

For this last office he possessed peculiar qualifications in his natural kindliness of disposition; in the great simplicity & truthfulness of his character, and his modest, quiet deferential bearing towards his professional brethren.

His long experience too had made him familiar with the usual forms of accident and disease and the best methods of relieving them. At the obstretrical bed he had, in this vicinity, no superior. There, upon occasions, he displayed an ability fully commensurate with the extent of his practice. A few years before his death it was found by actual computation from his books, that he had undertaken either alone, or in consultation with others, more than 3000 midwifery cases. Among these were not a few of preternatural or instrumental labor—and in these the peculiar traits of his character, which made him the good physician that he was, enabled him to resolve difficulties and dangers from which others shrank disabled or appalled.

A high sense of professional duty; a more than common readiness in accepting means to ends, & a spirit of unyielding perseverance carried him successfully through not only these anomalous obstinate cases, but other operative necessities of his medical practice.

Although he made no pretensions to special skill beyond the

ordinary routine of village practice, yet by the force of circumstances, he would sometimes be found, out of course, in the province of surgery, performing exploits with all the success, and somewhat of the tact of an expert. Thus he performed the suture of Hare Lip—applied the trephine—removed scirrhous & other tumors & operated five or six times for strangulated hernia. These were some of the occasions which led his adventurous spirit into fields of labor where he aspired to no particular distinction.

His medical chart was founded on the results of his own observation and experience guided by a few standard writers of the early part of the present century as Hunter, Cullen, Denman & Rush; and tho' his method of practice might have been modified at times by newer principles and discoveries belonging to the growth of the art, still it never underwent any great or violent changes. The same authors which directed early steps continued to be his authorative guide in his maturer practice, and retained his reverent respect to the last. For his American teacher (Rush) he entertained a high regard, and humbly followed him in his prompt and liberal use of the lancet in urgent cases.

He was not to be regarded as a man of *great* learning; for his early opportunities were few and limited—the district school—the village pastor, and two years study with a country practitioner conducted him to his profession, the active duties of which afforded little leisure for the pursuits of the scholar. But he had capacity and relish for learning—his mind was impressible, tenacious & productive. What knowledge he did acquire, he retained and kept it bright, with use.

In the Latin and Greek languages, it does not appear that he went far beyond the present professional requirements. Yet in conversations, I have had with him, it was plain he retained of Latin and Greek full enough for the technics of his own profession & some to spare for the theological investigations.

With the English language, he was early at issue—and more than 50 years ago, quarrelled with its present alphabet & began the formation of a new one upon more just phonetic principles, which has been published & approved by some of the best philologists of the day. The charter for the present organization of the M. Medical Society was obtained in pursuance of a suggestion made by him in 1799 to a number of physicians assembled at Marblehead.

The early agitators of the temperance cause did not at first, plan it upon the ground of total abstinence—but were looking for *some* means to check the alarming growth of intemperance. At a

meeting of a committee convened at Salem for this object in 1811, he had the sagacity by anticipation to conceive and embody in writing four distinct propositions, which years afterwards proved the only true basis of the temperance reform & upon which it has been so widely and successfully advocated from that time to the present.

In this brief sketch of my recollections of your late honored father, as the good physician and the useful member of society—it should not be forgotten that he actively sympathized in the public and private charities of the day—and adorned his whole character by a well ordered Christian life. Indeed, as he early made an open profession of the Christian faith, this last trait ought to be placed first in the series. Then we shall see how truly he conformed to the beautiful order of the Apostle—as he *added* to his faith, virtue; to virtue, knowledge; to knowledge, temperance; to temperance, kindness and charity—thus diligently improving the talent committed to his charge, that he might be in preparation to return it, when his Master called.

I am, truly yours,

Wyatt C. Boyden

Dr. Wyatt Boyden's reply to an inquiry regarding the use of alcohol for medicinal purposes.

Beverly, Aug. 23d 1851

Mr. Smith

My dear Sir,

I have duly received yours of the 22d inst. In answer I would say that I do not consider Alcohol, in any form, as indispensable to the practice of medicine. Indeed I believe the profession could practice quite as *successfully,* (if not as conveniently) *without,* as with the use of ardent spirit. For many years I have scarcely prescribed it at all either for external or internal purposes. In my own family, now of thirty years standing, which has been subject to a common share of sickness and accident, I do not remember to have prescribed or used it in a single instance, for Medicinal purposes.

There is a class of medicines prepared and preserved in Alchohol by Physicians and Apothecaries called Tinctures. But these are multiplied and varied beyond all bounds according to the fancy or taste of the artist. They only serve for show on the shelves of the Doct. and Apothecary, like the gun-holes on the broad-side of a merchant-man, commonly called, in the sailor phrase, "Quakers". A *few* of these seem to be regarded by families and Physicians as indispensable such as Tinct. of Opium, (called Laudanum), Paregoric, Tinct. of Camph. etc. but we might easily substitute morphine, solid opium, and other solvents of these drugs, which would answer every purpose.

Diluted Alchohol is used to extract the strength of barks and bitters, and in warm weather to prevent their acetus fermentation. But these articles have become almost obsolete among the best physicians in this quarter; the Sulphate of Quin. having nearly superseded all other Tonics, where Medicines of this class are required. I believe Dr. Warren and some other distinguished Physicians of Boston have expressed the opinion that ardent spirit might be safely dispensed with in the practice of Medicine. I would not be understood to say that Medicines prepared in ardent spirit are not used by the best physicians in this country and in Europe. But when the public are prepared on other accounts, to abandon the use of ardent spirit, I venture to say that it will not be the voice of intelligent physicians to retain its use for the sake of their own profession.

As it regards the action of towns who wish to prevent the sale and use of spirituous liquors, let the physician purchase spirit as he does his other drugs to prepare and preserve his medicines; but let him not be permitted to vend it to families and individuals under the false pretense that it is needed as a Medicine.

Yours truly,

S/ W. C. Boyden

(Letter from Dr. W. C. Boyden to his son, Albert W. Boyden)

Beverly, Dec. 5th, 1878.

My dear son:

This is my eighty-fourth birthday; and I propose to celebrate it by writing you a letter, which will prove to you that I still live and may serve as a memorial of my mental condition at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

You will at once perceive that I have lived nearly through every stage of a very long life, which life, in the retrospect appears to me very short; like a journey completed, or "a tale that is told".

To common observation my life would be regarded a success. I have lived to be old; have laid up a competence; have raised up a family; and maintained during my active life a respectable rank in my profession. This would seem to be a pretty desirable list of objects to place before a young man just setting out in life, and he would be disposed to think that happiness would result from the attainment of each.

But old age, however desirable in the anticipation, affords little enjoyment in the possession. For it brings along with it a train of infirmities which dull every sense of pleasure without diminishing any sense of pain. And then, we seem to be standing on the very brink of the dark River, looking up stream and down for the boat to come and take us over to the other side. There is also the solitariness of old age. My college classmates are all dead, and so are most of my early acquaintances of my own age, and older, both here and else where. Mrs. Jas. Stone left us the other day at the age of ninety-one. Her husband walks to meeting every Sunday, and also up in town twice a day at the age of 89. Bradshaw at 92 has ridden out once this summer, and entertains his friends with a perfect recollection of his many times told seafaring stories, which he is always ready to repeat at the moment, without waiting the formality of an order. Skipper Jesse Woodbury is still living at 90 odd yrs, also Stephens Baker and Tho. Farris at 87 each. These are nearly all that remain of my own age and older with whom I formed an acquaintance when I first came to Beverly.

As it regards the competence to which I have referred, that has not disappointed me; inasmuch as it has enabled me to supply my own necessary wants, and to provide somewhat for the present and prospective wants of my children.

In raising up a family, I confess to the enjoyment of children, especially when they are young, healthful, playful and happy. But there is much abatement as they grow up to the trials of life; some to poverty, others to sickness and death.

As to Rank in my profession, I enjoyed it while my business lasted; but when a man's business and himself are laid aside, his name and fame are soon forgotten.

But leaving the moral point of my letter, which should have been last in order, I will turn to your good long letter of the 8 inst. I was very glad to hear from you and was much interested in all that you wrote.

I know the difficulty of doing easy things—such as can be done at any time and heartily sympathize with you in all your extraordinary efforts to do work of this kind. I was glad to hear that you and your family were all well and that your business was apparently rising up to its common level. I should think you would fall short in your Banking business.

Notwithstanding the severity of the soil and climate of New England from your letter, I should think it was not quite so hard on old folks as the West. My health is much better in cold weather than it is in hot. I was miserably weak and dyspeptic during the hot weather of last summer, and the summer before.

. . . . . .

I am glad to hear that Willie has made so good an exchange of schools. I heard a letter from him by way of Martha that was first-rate. It had the true ring giving very natural and minute account of his every-day life. He will make a good writer and a good living too especially if he continues to notice and count up all the small items of expense which he incurs. It has had a very good effect on Roland to exchange his school in Beverly, where in a large class he was only called upon to recite occasionally, for another school in Salem wherein in a small class he is called upon to answer questions ten times in a lesson, and where he is marked up by his teacher according to the quality of his recitations and the average of his marks sent home once a month to his parents for their inspection.

. . . . . .

This is probably the last long letter I shall ever write; and I send it to you, my dear Son, with this parting benediction—May the God of love and peace and plenty be and abide with you and yours from this time henceforth and for evermore.

Yours truly,
S/ W. C. Boyden

MIDNIGHT IN WINTER

Original Poem written by my Uncle James W. Boyden in 1834 while he was yet twelve years old.

How beautiful the silver moon,
With stars and planets shining;
As on this winter night she sits
In the high vault of heav'n reclining!
With the cold, bright snow reflecting
Her all transparent, silver light;
She from her lofty throne, surveys
The silent works of power and might.

Resplendent stars around her glow
Reflecting in their own fair light
The bright and brilliant beams
Of the great mistress of the night
While the earth in a pure robe clad
Of glittering and sparkling snow,
In solemn, lonely stillness lies,
In the deep blue air far below.

The gingling sleighbell's gladsome sound,
The lonely streets no longer fill;
Unbroken silence reigns around
The icy vale and snow clad hill.
While musing on such earthy things
The church bell strikes with hollow sound,
The hour of midnight it proclaims
And Echoe's answers yet resound.

Letters by my Uncle James Boyden, son of Dr. Wyatt, from Smithfield Va., (now West Va.), Cambridge, Mass., and Bell Haven on Virginia's Eastern Shore. On January 27, 1838 James was fifteen years of age, his sixteenth birthday to come in about four months. "Mr. West" had been principal of the Beverly Academy when James was a student there.

Smithfield near Charlestown,
January 27th 1838.

My dear father,

The letter handed me last Saturday by Uncle has been long expected;—when it came, and I found that others still remembered, and were kind enough to recall the images of the past, which never fail to create agreable sensations;—then I felt that I was not a stranger in the land of my birth, that friends still remained, the friends of youth, who like myself love to indulge in the recollections of the past.

. . . . . .

I had anticipated quite a different reception of my last letter to you; having read it once or twice after it was sent, I fancied there was too much boldness, and the style was not in accordance with filial relation; for which as I expected censure, I had resolved to be more careful for the future. Uncle has said nothing about the money. I do not know when he intends to send it.

Since my last, I have entered upon the duties of my new situation. Saturday December 16th 1837 Uncle took me to Dr. Scollay's; the Turnpike was very straight and an hour's ride brought me to Smithfield. We turned up the Principal street and soon arrived at Dr. Scollay's house.

. . . . . .

He is anxious for his son, a boy of 14; and Uncle having shown him my Plan and Diary, he has purchased a book for him also. He intends sending him to Harvard:—his sister Ann, 12 years old, is an excellent scholar, plays well on the Pianno, and is a fine little girl. There are two other little girls of 6 & 8 years.

I have three of my old scholars here, who formerly went to Uncle at Ch., they live half-way between us. A little boy and girl complete the number, nine.

The school is kept in a building somewhat remote from the house. I never have and never intend to make use of a ferule.

The Dr's son and myself have frequently rode out two or three

miles in the country, and returned before breakfast, which is always at 7½-o-clock.

I ride to Charlestown every Saturday and get papers.

The Dr's nephew, Mr. Hickey, is studying Caesar with me, we have finished the fifth book.

I do not think of anything farther in regard to this situation, except that I am very much pleased with it.

I am now studying Greek Reader, Virgil and Caesar, am seldom occupied less than four hours beside six in school.

I hope Joseph will never follow Jos. Turner's example, but live on shore, engaged in some honorable employment, which is far preferable to the sea.

I am glad that Charles is becoming a scholar, and hope he may learn more than his brother did, and not cause his father so much trouble.

Where is Albert, and how does he do?

Is Grandmother Boyden at Beverly? I am glad William has not forgotten his brother in "Ginny", I hope that he will learn to say Virginia before I see him. How are Grandfather & Grandmother Woodberry? I should like to see them very much.

Yr. affectionate son,
J. W. Boyden.

Smithfield, near Charlestown
March 18th 1838.

Mr. Thomas Barnard West,

My dear friend.

Your very kind letter, mailed March 3d, was received on the 8th.

For the very excellent remarks upon reading, the "practical illustration" of "study thinking", of carrying out an idea through all its stages;—and for your goodwishes, I offer the most sincere thanks and the deepest gratitude.

I am glad to hear that your situation, circumstances and prospects leave you far from being unhappy.

The prevention of the "Maladie du Pays", together with regular exercise of walking twice a day, is probably renovating your constitution, which you once said, had been injured by great application to study. I presume the salary becomes in some degree secondary, when you are surrounded by your friends, enjoying their company and contributing to their happiness.

The fine hand, in which your letter was clothed, is so *familiar*

to me, that I should like to see every letter, which I may have the good fortune to receive from you, written in that hand and as close as you please.

.....

Mr. Todd had already given me some ideas in regard to studying-reading, accordingly I have committed to memory several pages of the Manual; among them the 47th—138th-9th-40th-& 41st, 273d, and have endeavored to think them out on my way to Charlestown, and in several walks. I mention this not from any feeling of pride, on account of what I thought at the time very well done, but to let you know that your precepts in regard to time made a strong impression upon me, which is yet alive.

I believe it is true, that "there is no royal road to learning"; that John Bunyan's road is the only one which leads to the town, knowledge. I hope that as I advance in years, I may become more familiar with this road, and be able to reach the town in good season.

The "Maladie due pays", a disease to which you are subject, no doubt reigns in every bosom; it is as strong in me as in most anyone. As I have lain on a sleepless pillow, Beverly with her Academy; old schoolmates of both sexes; parents, friends, associations of former days have come up in order before me; and happy indeed those hours have been, sweetened perhaps by the consciousness that the period for my return is almost at hand. I believe I should not have been reconciled to leaving home had not the united judgments of my father and yourself been so strongly in favor of it.

You said in your letter; "it would give me pleasure to hear of those peculiarities of the scenery and society here, which must of course be unkown to me".

I can only give a description of some of the customs in the northern section of Va, as well as my very limited sphere of observation will allow.

A young man comes to town,—his friend immediately takes him round & introduces him to all his friends of the masculine gender. By the time the round is completed, his hand is aching and fingers numb with the hard squeesing inflicted upon it by the hands of his new acquaintances. Every one seems to aim at pleasing him, says innumerable fine things and as many pretty stories.

In the evening, he *must of necessity* visit some of the ladies,—with whom his acceptance is as gracious, as with the gentlemen. If he waits on them often, can think of pretty words, and sweet mouthsful of flattery & can occasionally make them roar with

laughter at some pretty little story; then he is a complete ladies-man (alias beau) for these are the qualifications, according to the Virginia Dictionary.

There is a very large Circulating Library in Ch. from which the ladies and gentlemen take out the precious bits and sweet morsels, which they devour without mercy, without even a thought of such a thing as "Chewing and Digesting". A novel is nothing more than a little pap to please their "relish grown callous almost to disease"; and they cry 'more more', continually.

The roads (with exception of two Turnpikes in this vicinity) are almost as bad as they can be; they are very much like John Bunyan's road, not straight, but crooked &c, with oak-trees around about and above you, to which as you ride along on horseback, frequent, and humble obeisance is to be made, or a hard blow across the phiz is often the penalty. Doctors do most of their business on horseback, as well as most other people. Ladies and gentlemen however ride in their coaches frequently, generally on Sunday.

.....

James W. Boyden.

Cambridge April 5th 1839.

My dear father,

I was very much disappointed last Saturday, when Mr. Peabody informed me that you had been here in my absence. I left Cambridge at 8 o'clock, A. M., and was in the S. J. Court Room till past ten. Thence I proceeded to the Galleries of the Senate and H. of Representatives & was in one or the other, till 1½ o'clock, *when* the Senate adjourned. I went to the City News Room in the old State House; and at 2 o'clock, visited E.R.R. Depot, and saw Capt. Charles Stephens, who came up in the train of 1½-o-clock. I then returned to Cambridge from whence I should not have departed in the morning, had not the fog and East Wind damped all expectation of seeing you. Mr. Peabody forgot to tell me that you were coming. The reason, I did not meet you in Boston several weeks since, is this.

I was not aware of your *intention* till two weeks *after* the *event.* Those who do not take boxes in the Cambridge Post Office, are subjected to much inconvenience from the miserable system of delivering the *News-papers.* A list of the letters lying in the Post office is hung out for public inspection daily. But the list of News-papers is made out *once* in three weeks, in one instance an

old one continued *three* months lacking five days. So I was ignorant that your Register was there till two weeks after you sent it when by chance a new list was made out, and I saw my name thereon. In future I shall ask every Saturday morning for papers, whether my name is or is not on the List.

. . . . . .

James W. Boyden.

Cambridge, June 14th 1839

My dear father,

I am sensible of having neglected my promise to write you, when that information was obtained, which would be the principal subject of the letter. You would have received this Thursday P.M., but, to save postage, I preferred sending it by Mr. Peabody. The time I was with you, but two weeks ago, seems like some long forgotten event. So much have my studies and recitations engaged my attention, that I have thought of little else. Few thoughts foreign to my duties have broken in upon me. But now that I take a pen to write home, a new light bursts upon me & most exhilarating, associations hover round me.

My recitations have been marked for clearness, force, perspicuity and rapidity of utterance. I have certainly made extraordinary efforts. Consciousness of a just discharge of my duties this week renders it one upon which I look back with much pleasure.

Four weeks more will close the term. The first two will require our ordinary amount of labor—afterwards we shall have little else to do, than attend Reviews and examinations. Four weeks from today, I hope to be in Beverly for a six weeks' residence. I have engaged a room in Divinity Hall for next term. As to a chum it is very doubtful whether I shall have one or not. The best scholars and with those only would I room, seem to prefer rooming alone.

Will you inform me about the East & West Farms' school. In case neither are engaged and I have the first, I should like to have the latter obtained for Hosea H. Lincoln of Hingham, an excellent young man of great promise.

He can have a school six or eight miles from Hingham, at $20. a month and board himself. If he can get $25 a month, and be boarded cheap at Grandsir Woodberry's, I think he would take the West Farms School. Will you please to inquire, if you have not already, and inform me by Mr. P. whether or not such an arrange-

ment is possible. Early information would be acceptable, as the term shortly closes, and certainty removes suspense.

I shall, no doubt, be benefited by keeping school, next winter, though I cannot expect such a school as I had in Virginia. Revival of elementary knowledge, sense of responsibility constantly influencing me—thinking and acting for others—the government of my own conduct would be highly beneficial, and their continued action for three months would impress their influence, so as to be permanently useful.

Please remember me to *Mother, Grandmother, Charles, George, Albert* and William, and *all* who may have the curiosity to inquire after me.

Yr. affectionate son
J. W. Boyden

Bell Haven Accomac County
Eastern Shore of Virginia.
February 1st 1841.

My Dear Parents:

I had long expected your Letter which was received last week. It contained more matter than any letter I have ever read, and I intend that it shall be often consulted. I will endeavor to follow its advice for to act as you recommend is both wisdom and duty. I have been compelled to delay this letter, well knowing it would be more pleasant to you to receive a Letter carefully written even one week later, than one hastily got up and as hastily thrown into the Post Office. Some matters relating to my school were unsettled and uncertain which in the lapse of a week are confirmed. I could have prepared a week ago a richly coloured description of my prospects; but I can now write that even these bright prospects, with which you might have been amused, are sober realities.

I have visited many fine families and become acquainted with as kind hearted and hospitable people, as a youth far away from his home and kindred would wish to know. And not only are the Parents kind and friendly but they lead me to their numerous children. This is more pleasant to me than all things else. I am satisfied that forty or fifty children can be counted in the immediate neighborhood of the school.

In my last letter I wrote that there was then a Contract between the Trustees and myself; they having agreed to pay me $400 & Board, or $472. per annum. By the advice of Col. Kellam,

Mr. Smith and others, I requested the Trustees to release me from this contract and I would take the school on my own responsibility, to which they consented. That this was a wise step it will be for you to see in another part of this letter.

In the meantime it will be proper to state that the finest built and most complete Academy, save one, on the Eastern Shore of Virginia was finished January 12th. The next day (Wednesday 13th) my school commenced in the midst of an overwhelming shower of rain with fifteen scholars. That number has steadily increased to thirty three and four more are expected. The Trustees wish me to receive no more, though there are a dozen who would gladly come. The Terms are $4. per Quarter in the English and $5. in the Classical department.

On these terms 5 Latin and 24 English i.e. 29 scholars are a little better than the first contract, for they pay $484 per annum. But I have 9 in Latin & 24 in English who by the present agreement pay $564 per ann. Of the 4 coming, 1 is a Latin & 3 are English probably. Add their Tuition & my income is $632 per ann, out of which I pay Board at $72 per annum.

In addition to 9 in Latin, I have 1 in Navigation a married man with two children—26 years old—and also 1 in Bookkeeping. I have 4 classes, the 1st attend to Arithmetic, Declamation, Geography, Reading, Spelling and Writing. The 2nd do except Geography. The 3rd read & spell & the 4th study the alphabet. We have Declamation twice a week and its good effects are visible not only in the improvement of the scholars in speaking, but also in their Reading, and in the pleasure it gives to the numerous visiters who have called since the opening of the Academy and witnessed the Exercises. I am glad to see them, for they express themselves highly pleased with the Order, Declamation and attention of the scholars to their Books; and more than that they electioneer with great activity and success to bring in more scholars. The novelty of the thing is however wearing away, and the visiting will not long continue for at the end of the Quarter we hope to get up a fine exhibition of the progress and improvement of the scholars in their studies and to circulate notices all through the "Two Counties" (Accomac & Northampton).

I have not yet carried any instrument of Punishment into School and think I can do much better without any. I endeavor to be always mild and kind; to praise and encourage much and to administer gentle reproof. The scholars, of whom eight are girls treat me with much deference and respect, are very exemplary in their conduct and study with remarkable industry. The prevailing

current of feelings is like that which I have seen in Mr. West's scholars at the Beverly Academy. So the hours which I spend in school are the most pleasant of the day.

The people do not know how long I may remain with them but are very urgent to have me stay 3 or 4 years.

Would you believe it! They think Trask is 23 years old and believe I am 25. We neither affirm nor deny but keep our ages to ourselves. The school has so occupied my every leisure hour that I have not yet begun my Junior Studies; but will do so before I write again. This was your own & Mr. West's advice.

The Registers always come to hand. I had much more to write but the news of the school I thought the most interesting, and I defer to another opportunity what I have to say upon the People, their Morals & Religion. Mrs. Smith sends her regards.

Yr. Affectionate son
James W. Boyden

Bell Haven, Accomac County
E. Shore of Va. April 25th, 1841.

My Dear Parents

. . . . . .

I have had a fine exhibition. Many Ladies and Gentlemen from a distance besides those of the immediate neighborhood were present. Every Scholar answered correctly and promptly. The Grammar & Arithmetical Questions, the Geometry, the Latin, French and Greek, the Declamation, etc. rendered the occasion one of considerable interest. Our Academy has won golden opinions.

Our Second Term commenced Monday Apr. 19th to close July 19th. If I can collect all the money due me by the 25th of July, I shall leave in the Steamboat on the 28th. In reference to exchanging my Va. money which is at 5 per ct. discount in New York, I have been advised to deposit in the Branch Bank of Va. in Norfolk and they will give me a check on some Boston or N. Y. Bank without premium. If they do so, I can go to Norfolk & return to Boston or Salem by packet. There are three other ways of travelling home. First, by steamboat at cost of $5.00 to Baltimore and thence home in a packet at cost of—? The second from Baltimore home by steamboat & railroad at cost of $25. Third by coaster from the E. Shore to N. York and thence to Beverly by packet. The latter will be the least pleasant. The coaster will be

heavily laden with wood and I should be sick in case of unpleasant weather.

. . . . . .

Some notice of the elections may be interesting. Accomac County with a Whig majority of 600 has elected Wise (Whig) to Congress & Two Locos to the Legislature. Here is a pretty piece of consistency and it is thus explained. One of the Whig candidates (Thomas Cropper) suddenly hearing Wise had been appointed Minister to Austria and had declined an election to Congress in consequence, offered himself as candidate to Congress; the report proving a false alarm he found himself out of the Caucas for there can be no opposition to Wise with any chance of beating him. The other Whig Candidate (Edmund P. Pitts) suffered himself to be insulted and interrupted by a Loco candidate (Gen. Baily) and neglected to show proper resentment or even to notice him, and the rumor was circulated that he was "a *Coward*" and so he lost his election, Gen. Bailey, a Loco Candidate, with a large property and much money due him, receives the votes of those who are in debt to him, and he does not push them for payment. The other Loco Candidate (who resembles me in the face and whose brother is like Uncle Joseph) James B. Aillworth, opened his store on the day of election, broached some hogsheads of Whiskey, invited everybody to drink and is elected.

. . . . . .

There is a church twenty miles from me, and two barns, called Chapels, where the Methodists preach. I have heard only one sermon since I left Beverly. I have not the privilege of a New England Sabbath. No church bells sound here on that sacred morning. No large congregations assemble within the holy walls of the Church to hear "the Truth as it is in Jesus".

Fox-hunts or any other sporting diversion at hand are common on Sunday. So for the sake of my morals as well as for other reasons I am anxious to leave in July next to enter College. Give my love to all who ask after me.

Yr. affectionate son,

J. W. Boyden.

Bell Haven July 4th 1841.

My Dear Parents,

. . . . . .

Last Sunday I listened to the second sermon I have heard since I left Beverly. A neighbor tells me he has not been to church for

seven years. Would it be unwise for the philanthropic missionaries to come to this place. The Church in which I heard the sermon almost baffles description. It has never known lath, nor plaster, nor chimney, nor paint of any kind. It has four windows with scarcely a respectable number of whole panes of glass. The congregation seat themselves on long, low benches. There are three such churches within eight miles in which there is occasional preaching by some travelling Methodist apostle. Many even of my Patrons are bold infidels. Is this then a place to cultivate morality? Dowling and I are of opinion not.

In a moral, intellectual, literary and almost every *really* good point of good the people are one hundred years in the back ground. Yet they are a noble hearted, wealthy, generous, hospitable people and in all that constitutes the elements of a gentleman they are preeminent. They live at ease and revel in leisure. Never have I enjoyed myself, and it is the same with Dowling, more than here.

Will you not write once before you leave for Tamworth?

Yr. affectionate son

J. W. Boyden

Harvard University
Sept. 22d 1842.

My Dear Parents,

I send you the Trunk today, and will tell you, in this Letter, how the world goes with me this Term. All other matters yield precedence to some account of my studies, and of my Recitations, during this, the First, Term of my Senior Year.

In Butler's Analogy we recite every morning, except Thursday, to Dr. Walker. I have only twice been called upon to recite. I know not what mark the Dr. allowed for the First, but I observed that he gave me the Highest, for the Second Recitation.

In Rhetoric we recite, Monday and Friday, to Prof. Channing. As the whole class, sixty eight in number, recite together and not, as Last Term, by Divisions, very few have yet recited more than once. I have been called upon once only, and received for the Recitation the Highest Mark.

I have long since concluded that if I am likely to excel in one of the College Exercises more than in another, it is in Recitation. I find myself destitute, comparatively speaking of the Faculties, natural or acquired, which constitute a writer, although I have gained in this respect.

My voluntary studies are four in number, the present year.

They were chosen with a view to the advantage likely to result from them, when I resume School Keeping. This motive will explain what might strike you as somewhat odd, that I am now Reviewing Virgil, the Greek Reader, Algebra and French.

A Dozen of the Senior Class recite every Thursday morning, half a book of the Aeneid to Prof. Beck. As many also are studying Prof. Felton's Greek Reader, which has superseded Jacob's, and is now required for admission to Harvard University. We recite as often as in Virgil. Twenty or more, read and pronounce French with Mons Veiant, three times a week, and the Mathematical Section recites twice a week to Prof. Pierce.

In Virgil I have recited once, and was so fortunate, (thanks to Mr. West's indefatigable pains) as to recite in a manner which elicited from Dr. Beck several ejaculations of "very well", and for which he allowed me the Highest Mark, which is twenty four in Latin.

In Mathematics I have recited twice, receiving in the first instance the Highest, and in the second, the next-to-the-highest, Mark. In Greek and in French I have been faithful but know not what marks have been allowed me.

In making up the Scale of Comparative Merit, all we obtain for Required Studies, and Half of what we obtain for Voluntary Studies, is credited to each. With respect to the Professors, each has treated me with as much kindness as anybody, and much better than some both during the past, and present, Term. I have no reason to feel anything but kindness and respect towards them, as well as to the President.

So in another Year, when I come to keep school, I can with reason feel able to fit students for College, or to keep a good Classical School, having faithfully reviewed Virgil, Greek Reader, Algebra and French, this year.

It would be a pleasure to me to receive, by return of Trunk next week, a Letter from you, and also one from Joseph, and from Charles, to which I promise to reply.

As to Boarding Place, I went to Mr. Heywood's about three quarters of a mile from the Colleges with the expectation of returning to Commons when the wintry weather sets in. Only *Five,* out of our Class of Sixty Eight, continue at my old table, each of whom declares his inability, from want of funds, to board elsewhere.

. . . . . .

Your affectionate Son
James W. Boyden

Disquisition read at Harvard Commencement by James W. Boyden upon his receiving the B. A. Degree at graduation in 1843.

THE ATTRACTION OF LITERARY ECCENTRICITY.

Though it would be unjust to join in unqualified censure of Literary Eccentricity, still it were easy to point out many errors and evils into which Literary Eccentricity has led the present age. These are seen in the restless curiosity of the reading and writing Public "either to hear or to tell some new thing". Amid the specious show of new Theories and new styles, there has been witnessed a painful neglect of the True, the Legitimate, the Useful and the Practical in the Literature of this and other countries. Mere Literary adventurers have sprung up who, impatient of restraint, dissatisfied with the rational and lawful enjoyments of life, have produced the monstrous evil of a Philosophy, Romance and Poetry, in which the Passions are allowed to rule the Heart, the Reason and the Conscience—a Literature which rebels against the Laws and the best Institutions of Society. The marriage ties are but a knot, which may be loosed at the pleasure of either party. Good and Evil are so confounded that they who are guilty of the foulest crimes seem absolved by the exhibition of the most shining virtues. The Robber is clothed with the attributes of Heroism. The Murderer and the Faithless are held up with such redeeming qualities that their crimes seem excused, as if committed under a pardonable enthusiasm of the Passions.

Among the minor evils of Literary Eccentricity are its utter disregard of simplicity, not to say elegance, of diction. Its independence of wholesome restraint in language and style is scarcely less than in sentiment. We look in vain to the Rules of Rhetoric, the Grammar and Dictionary, either for authority or explanation; and a Glossary would be found as convenient to some of its productions as to Spencer's Fairy Queen, or, I had almost said, to a work composed in broad Scotch or Irish! Yet so attractive have they been that they have gained favor and currency with a considerable number of Readers. They are found alike in the Parlor and the Bar Room—on the Student's Table and in the Steamboat's Library. So potent has been their influence that the Students in an Institution not a hundred miles off, are said to have become "one third Mystics, one third Skeptics, and the rest Dyspeptics", through the magic influence of a single discourse! Seriously, were we to look

only at the evil, intellectual and moral of Literary Eccentricity, we might justly denounce it, in the language of Byron,

> "As an awful chaos—light and darkness Mind and Dust—
> Passion and Pure Thought Mixed, and contending without end or order."

But is there nothing of good, it will be asked, which comes from Literary Eccentricity? Does it not comprehend whatever is peculiar in the Genius, singular in the Habits, or extraordinary in the matter or style, of the Writings of Men of Letters? Are there not many majestic Rivers which, by pursuing a devious course, traverse, water, fertilize and beautify a vast extent of field and vale?

Let it be freely admitted that Eccentricity goes hand in hand with Genius and Originality; and that to these high qualities we are indebted for much of the advancement made in Literature, in the Sciences and in the Arts—still they should be held within the bounds of Truth and Usefulness. Genius and Originality should be made to feel that, in the Literary, as in the starry, firmament the mild, serene and beautiful lustre of the Planet is far more to be admired than the Comet's eccentric, brief and fiery glare. Genius and originality should not be allowed to sport with Truth for the sake of attractiveness as Byron and Bulwer have done—nor to corrupt the Queen's English like Carlyle.

We admit that much of interest is added to Gibbon by the peculiar, exact, measured and classic style of his Decline and Fall. And Johnson, although he is said to have written in a language that nobody learns from mother or nurse; in which nobody quarrels, or drives bargains, or makes love; in which nobody, not even Johnson himself, naturally thinks; although he had a habit of padding out his sentences with useless epithets, using antithetical forms where no opposition of ideas was expressed; of wasting big words on little things; and of turning his sentence out of English into Johnsonese—yet that great writer is universally admired for the loftiness, energy, and picturesqueness of his style. Wordsworth, Schiller and Channing struck out new paths and warred against old errors, but they wrote, not for fame merely nor for self, but to enlighten and improve; to make Literature what it should always be, a bright mirror in which to reflect Truth and the Beauty of virtue.

Extracts from the diary kept by my Uncle Charles F. Boyden while wintering in Tamworth for his health. In November of 1845 he was eighteen years old.

The writing of this Diary will benefit me, I trust in some important particulars.

It will tend to cultivate habits of Observation, Inquiry, and Reflection, and also to improve me in the art of composition. A part of my time cannot be more advantageously employed than in attaining the above ends.

For various reasons, it will have a favorable tendency upon my life and conduct—like a charm, may its influence increase, as the records of each day are added to it. Ignorance and inexperience may excuse a part of the errors committed, although many of them, I fear, will be owing to carelessness and inattention.

Tuesday, Nov. 18th, 1845.

This is the day appointed for my departure from home.

The morning slowly and heavily dawned, forecasting a most uncomfortable day. A journey of one hundred miles was before me, not a small task, but a worthy object urged its performance. I was occupied in completing my preparations for the journey until the moment of departure. I rode to the Depot with George in the chaise. Soon, I was in the cars rapidly hastening away from Beverly.

I felt with their full force the ties of kindred and home at that time, yet I was glad to leave them. I reached Ames Tavern a few minutes before 10 o'clock at night.

Not being hungry, I had only to warm myself by a good fire in the Tavern and go to bed. The weather was rainy, misty, and chilly all day, and I took cold, but not a bad one I think.

Wednesday, Nov. 19th.

I rose a little after 5 o'clock, my usual time. I had an opportunity to ride to Tamworth sooner than I expected, with a man who had brought his son down to meet the stage.

I was kindly received by Uncle Bedee & family. The village appears the same as ever though I learned that a few local improvements have been made, which are the subjects of much talk and interest to the villagers.

.....

Thursday, Nov. 20th.

About ten o'clock, in the forenoon, I started with Aunt Nancy, in a waggon for Uncle Johns. My visits to Aunt Lucy's and Uncle Bedee's were very pleasant. I was kindly received and entertained at both places. I arrived at Uncle John's just before noon. They (the family) appeared glad to see me, and treated me with the cordiality I might desire.....

Friday, Nov. 21st.

I arose as soon as I awoke, but found no one up, but the old maid Sally Dockum. She spent the best part of her life in the service of the family, and now has a good home in her old age. She continues in her old habits, and among them is early rising. I have never known a aged person who was not an early riser, at least in youth. A person should arise as soon as awake. Then nature is satisfied and he should be "up and doing", otherwise he sinks into listless inaction and stupor which cannot but be injurious to health.

Saturday, Nov. 22d.

Cold water took the place of coffee at breakfast this morning. I read today some in Burns and Cowper. Joseph and Mary McGaffey called in the forenoon on their way from Fryeburg home.

Joseph was rather low-spirited, he said that school-keeping at the best was not an employment suited to his tastes, or his health, and the school at Fryeburg above all others. He would be contented with some active business and a fair salary to give up all ideas of a profession.

Having a collegiate education and one step only remaining to raise him to the point to which all his efforts have been directed, it is strange that he can willingly stop in his course.....

Sunday, Nov. 23d.

I did not attend meeting. The people who live at a considerable distance from the meeting-house, do not come home for dinner, and have consequently a late breakfast, and an early supper. While absent, they are well fed upon "the bread of life", which is served in a choice and pleasant manner by their Parson, as I understand. Although I remained at home, my reason was sickness, and I do not think I was more "carnally minded" than those of the family who went. The family seem disposed to make my residence here as pleasant and agreeable as possible. They treat me with whatever attention and kindness I might desire.

Monday, Nov. 24th.

The weather was cold and uncomfortable. I endeavored to pass the day as pleasantly as possible in the house. So far I have passed my time chiefly in the house and begin to feel the want of out-door exercise. I am glad that it is necessary to my present comfort as well as health. In the afternoon, for the sake of variety, which I can truly is the spice of life, I deliberately walked into the wood-house and sawed wood. I felt much refreshed and invigorated. Bye and Bye I shall have a plan *to do* something every day.

Tuesday, Nov. 24th.

.....Aunt Nancy had a wrong impression or seemed to have, in reference to certain matters relating to myself, which I endeavored to remove, whether I succeeded or not is of little consequence. "Truth is mighty etc."

In the eve. Jos. McGaffey went down to Elizabeth's. He said that he should not have another opportunity to see her, put on his coat and gravely departed—without asking the girls, or myself to accompany him. Immediately after, Julia, heaving a deep drawn sigh spoke—"There, who is perfectly polite?" and again she asked, "If any of us had noticed anything peculiar in his conduct?" we all said yes and gave the same answer. From this a conversation on politeness and good breeding sprang up. Uncle John gave a few examples of good and ill manners of which the latter were partly supplied from members of father's family.

Thursday, Nov. 27th.

Thanksgiving day has again come, a day which all persons should hail with joy. God is continually conferring blessings upon us—if we received them with a grateful spirit and a due consideration of our dependence, then all our days would be days of Thanksgiving. This day reminds me of home, always anticipated and reflected upon with pleasure.

It rained hard all day, and none of the family attended meeting, very unfortunate, I thought, for the poor. But Uncle informed me that no contribution was taken for them; although he approved very highly of the plan. In other respects, the day was celebrated as usual. The stomach performed its office and its part better, I think, than the head.

Friday, Nov. 28th.

Today I concluded it was time to make my visit to Aunt Mary's, if I wish to do so, while Joseph was at home. I started in the forenoon and arrived there at 12 o'clock. The wind blew cold and sharp into my face, all the way. I found Jo's at work, Grandmother as well and healthy as I have seen her for years, and Aunt Mary and little Mary well & happy. I was invited with Jos and Mary to a party at Mr. McCrillis's. I attended, though I would have preferred to have remained at Aunt's and spent the eve. conversing with Jos. Several of the neighboring young people were also present. The company were waited upon at the supper-table in a genteel manner. I retired to bed, after 10 o'clock.

Saturday, Nov. 29th.

.....Jo's started for the town meeting, and I, with him, for Tamworth. They would like to have had me stay longer, but I thought it as well for me to return.

Sunday, Nov. 30th.

I passed the day and evening in perusing Uncle's paper, reading Cowper, and conversing.

Munday, Dec. 1st.

The first day of winter makes its appearance, clad in a white mantle, bearing a cold chilling aspect. A snow-storm commenced during the preceding night and continued through the day. It is, of course, good sleighing. Uncle had a cow and two hogs killed, and has the same quantity to be butchered bye and bye. His family consumes about 3000 pounds of meat in a year, which at Beverly would average perhaps 5 cts per pound. Its cost then would be $150. Meat is considered here as cheap as anything—is eaten three times a day by the hired men.

Tuesday, Dec. 2d

My reading has been without much method or plan since I came here. I have read some of Cowper, but lately have been perusing Byron's Don Juan.

.....

Wednesday, Dec. 3d.

.....

Can I suffer, with so little effort and resistance the blessings of health, which include every other good to be enjoyed, to be wrested from me? I have not done justice to myself, in one particular especially, that is—exercise. I have not done anything as yet in regard to that important point. I mean, however soon to have a regular system of exercise.

I am pretty well suited with my diet—water has taken the place of coffee at breakfast. I make a good supper of bread and milk

.....

Thursday, Dec. 4th.

.....that I consumed the day mostly in reading Don Juan. This work though captivating is certainly not the best book I could read. Lofty genius and glowing poetry is entwined in a train of thought, and expended upon a subject, that perverts the imagination and has no useful tendency. I am so interested that I shall read it through. Then I mean to take some author better suited for me to read. When I have attained more useful, and practical knowledge, then will be time enough for such authors as Byron.

Sunday, Dec. 7th.

I was busily engaged in writing my Diary, with which I had fallen in arrears more than a week. I sometimes find it difficult to write a day's journal. So far, one day has differed little from another. The petty details of a day are common and uninteresting and cannot bear repetition. I might write today, and every day—that I awaked in the morning, arose at such an hour, that it was cold while dressing, that I went into the kitchen, washed, and then into the setting-room, then sat down, and in a little while was called to breakfast, that it consisted of potatoes, meat, bread, applesauce etc., that I then put on a clean collar, and then, and then—. My health will not permit me to attend meeting, although I think that I feel rather better than when I left home.

Monday, Dec. 8th.

.....In the evening, I read Don Juan. Julia commenced today, reading Virgil to me. This last will make a part of my time at least very interesting. I read Virgil two years ago, and the re-perusal of it now is—

Tuesday, Dec. 9th.

I finished my letter to Father today, and afterwards employed myself in reading. I feel better than before I left home. I look better, so all say. This encourages me much. I think it will be advantageous to me, to exercise as much as I can, without violence or exposure. The journey to Tamworth and other incidental exercise, since my arrival, has no doubt been of much service. I have done nothing with any fixed plan and purpose. I am now settled, and feel at home. I begin to think I did not come here for the sole purpose of sitting about, dressed up, with a clean collar, and "act the gentleman". By so doing I make a fool of myself. Work is necessary for the advancement of my health. Shall I hesitate to do anything however irksome, which shall favor me in this respect? Upon health depends all that I am, and all that I hope to be in this life. "Eat to live" should be the maxim of a man; the contrary is the practice of a hog. Unless I do so, I might as well have been killed sometime ago!

Thursday, Dec. 11th.

After breakfast, I wrote the two preceding days' diary. In the forenoon, piled wood and did a few other chores, for the exercise. I read some in Don Juan. The principal topic of conversation was—Julia's departure to Beverly to again keep school. She hesitates and wavers between duty or her best good and her feelings. It is uncertain which will preponderate, almost a straw may decide. The thrashers are here. Uncle will have a very moderate crop of wheat, 25 bushels, and 40 or so bushels of oats. I feel better for exercise.

Friday, Dec. 12th.

Uncle has been thinking of going to Whitefield; I wished to accompany him, as the jaunt might be beneficial to my health. I wished also to see the White Mountains.

He concluded to start today and to take me with him. In the morning, the weather appeared pleasant; but, the wind blowing from the north into our faces, we found it very cold and uncomfortable.

At Hoyt's corner, we stopped a few minutes to warm us. By the way, I passed the residence of Mrs. H. A hut or cottage (of the Jim Jennings order), and a barn like the house, except it was chimney-less, surrounded by woods, and no house in sight—is her home. A bushel of wheat, the same quantity of corn, a pound of tobacco and a few pipes, *perhaps,* constitute her supply of the

necessaries and luxuries of life. "Where ignorance is bliss, etc." . . . Six or seven miles further on, we passed through the Sandwich Notch. Our way lies through a woody and uncultivated tract, for the most part. The sight is bounded on all sides by mountains; as fast as one is distanced, another rises to view. The tavern where we put up is in the township of Lincoln, in the woods, three miles from the entrance. I was cold and hungry when I arrived there, and heartily eat of the supper for I had eaten nothing since morning.

Saturday, Dece. 13th.

We continued our route through the woods for six miles, then came to the Franconia Notch House.

The mountains, on each side, do not approach each other nearer than a quarter of mile. These mountains are much higher than any I have ever seen before, but owing to their corresponding bulk, it is difficult to realize their height. They are more than a thousand feet high, five times the height of Bunker Hill Monument. Now I think of it, Mt. Washington is six thousand feet high—thirty times that Bunker Hill Monument. The Old Man of the Mt. appeared smaller than I anticipated. It is situated on the side, and near the summit of the Mt. The snow had disfigured the countenance so that only the chin was recognizable. That did not seem to reach more than 10 inches from the neck, yet it is in reality 12 or 15 feet. A side of one of the Mts was perpendicular, presenting to view an awful rocky precipice of 1000 ft. Six or seven miles further on, we passed through Franconia Village, the coldest place in New Hampshire. Five miles beyond we come to Lyttleton. I never saw so handsome a village as this, of its extent. The houses extend along the main road more than a mile. They are beautiful, some of the cottage-stamp, nearly all new—and painted white. We travel ten miles more, through the woods, and come to Whitefield. We arrived thereabout 3 o'clock. I noticed the further northward we proceeded, the inhabitants are fewer and the villages smaller and also "far between". Yet taverns increase, for where the houses are several miles distant from each other, they are generally taverns. We staid at Mr. Montgommery's.

December 14th, Sunday.

I went to meeting in the forenoon, the first time for more than a year. A Freewill-Baptist, vulgarly a Frewiller, preached. Singsong and cant were exhibited to perfection. Amidst it all, I could perceive with difficulty a few thoughts and sensible ideas.

Oh's and *Ah's* I should judge by their repetition and the stress of voice upon them, were the most important and weighty words in the discourse.

On the way back, Uncle stopped at an acquaintance, B. Johnson; I came to Mr. Montgomery's. He did not return today.

Monday, Dec. 15th.

It snowed all day, consequently I was confined to house. Uncle did not return today. The family are very pleasant, sociable folks. They are simple, straitforward and unrefined in their manners. Mr. Montgommery is certainly one of "Nature's Noblemen—with his heart in his hand".

Honest and frank, they speak forth their thoughts without reserve.

Tuesday, Dec. 16th.

.....Crawford Notch, what a wonderful work of Nature. An excavation of two or three rods through solid rock, just admits a passage for a carriage. Everything of course is barren and dreary. If ever I have an idea of mountain, of *Alpine* scenery—it was at the Notch. It all surpasses description, romance or picture. The streams upon the sides of the Mt. were congealed in their course to ice.

The Willey house remains, well repaired, converted to a Tavern, and an addition of 50 feet is in process of erection.

All the public houses here are liable to the same catastrophe. At night, we stopped at a house 12 miles below the Notch. A miserable, dirty one it was, and we went to bed supperless, fortunate that we had had a good dinner.

Wednesday, Dec. 17th.

We recommenced our course about 8 o'clock. We passed through the towns of Bartlett, Conway and Eaton; the two former lay in a beautiful and extensive intervale. We arrived at Uncle's about 6 o'clock.

Thursday, Dec. 18th.

Today I find myself wearied, and suffering some the effects of a cold. By the way, Uncle wore two great-coats throughout the journey, and I only a thick sack. I finished Don Juan today. I shall take up, I think, Rollins Ancient History.....

Saturday, Dec. 27th.

I do not recollect my employment on Thursday. The next day I went to the village to get Henry shod and sharpened. Took dinner at Aunt Nancy's. I did nothing of any consequence on Saturday, though I read some in the Waverly Novels, which I have borrowed from Uncle David. They are very interesting.

Monday, Dec. 29th.

Uncle started early in the morning for Portland. I passed the day in reading "The Fair Maid of Perth" one of Scott's Novels. My health is on the whole improving. The end, which I have in view, is worth, when realized, far more than I can possibly do to attain it—let me ever so careful.

Tuesday, Dec. 30th.

In the afternoon, I went into the woods with Fifield. While there, I found the need of an axe to keep me warm, supposing I did no good with it. I shall take one with me in future. I like to go into the woods *very* well. Fifield first falls a tree then cuts into logs sled length, that is about 14 feet. This is done very quick. The time is chiefly consumed in teaming. The cheapest way would be, I think, to chop a great quantity first and then haul.

Friday, Jan. 2

I weighed today 142 pounds, having gained in six weeks about 17 pounds, at the rate of nearly 3 pounds per week.

Saturday, Jan. 3

I rode to the village in the forenoon, with Uncle John; and dined at Aunt Nancy's. Uncle delayed starting for home until dark and I then concluded to stop and attend a Negro concert, which was to come off in the evening by 4 musicians. It consisted of songs, interspersed with the jocose conversation of the Negro. I came home with David Miller, who had also stopped.

Monday, Jan. 5th.

My forenoon glided away in the woods. I passed the afternoon in reading. My health I feel, is much better and is improving. Let me then be doubly careful & provident of my health. "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, neglected, all the voyage of life"—I forget the rest, nevertheless, the import is plain.

Tuesday, Jan. 6th

Uncle John started for Portland, not having obtained at the last trip all the minor articles for family use. I worked in the woods all day with Fifield. In the afternoon, while chopping, I had touch of the chest difficulty—otherwise, was well. I sometimes think of Joseph—doubtless he is by this time nearly home. I am well contented and have no desire to return home at present. If I continue to improve in health, I shall not wish to see home for a long while.

Thursday, Jan. 8th

Today about noon, the storm ceased, and the men in the district all turned out to break up the roads. The team consisted of eight yoke of oxen, and a sled having a beam fastened transversely to the forward part. This has been a severe snowstorm; the walls and fences are generally covered with snow. I remained in the house, reading all day.....

Friday, Jan. 9th.

In the afternoon, I went into the woods with Fifield, after a load of wood. I am not quite so well as usual, on account of a cold.

Saturday, Jan. 10th.

I went upon the Gilman hill with Fifield and Uncle David, who were going after hay. When I arrived home, I found Uncle John who had been there but a little while from Portland. Mrs. Miller, a quaker, and David Miller's mother was visiting at Uncle's. The quakers address persons by their given names. Aunt Martha introduced Grandmother Boyden to her as—her Mother Boyden. Therefore Mrs. Miller had to ask Aunt Martha what her mother's given name was before she could enter into conversation with her. Speaking to me she said "Charles is thy, etc." Uncle John brought with him a cask of raisens. (This is the first time, he told me he ever bought so large a quantity, usually buying them by *the keg*), a chest of souchong tea, a bag of coffee and various minor articles such as nutmegs, allspice, cinnamon, cloves etc. Of course it is a day of jubilee. Old and young were treated to a handfull of raisens apiece. Uncle David even took *two*. Little Mary was furnished with a nutmeg extra.

Monday, Jan. 12th

In the morning, I concluded my letter. Afterward went into the woods with Fifield.

Tuesday, Jan. 13th.
I worked in the woods.

Wednesday, Jan. 14th—I attended a court.

Thursday, Jan. 15th—I attended a court.

Friday, Jan. 16th—I worked in the woods.

Saturday, Jan. 17th—I worked in the woods.

Monday, Jan. 19th.
I gladly repaired to the woods today. I can use an axe to good advantage, that is—I can take off a pretty smooth chip. Chopping wood is a nice and skilful operation.

Tuesday, Jan. 20th.
I employed myself in the woods. The one continuous strain of going into the woods repeated every day—is a burden under which my Diary trembles. What else can I write? I read in the Waverly Novels. My health is improving.

Monday, Jan. 26th
....."In the afternoon Uncle brought me up to Aunt Mary's."....

Thursday, Jan. 29th.
I chopped wood some, also, read Waverly Novels, and played checquers.

Tuesday, Feb. 3d.
Since taking up my new abode, I have enjoyed myself well. Aunt Mary's household affairs are conducted sui generis. Living almost out of society, she is not bound by rules, for———— and customs. She generally arises after 7 o'clock, a considerable after sunrise. The hour of breakfasting varies from 8½ to 9 o'clock, consequently I am apt to lay abed late. We eat dinner from one

to two o'clock, and supper at six. I pass the time variously employed—sometimes chopping wood in the woods or at the door—at others reading Waverly Novels playing at backgammon and checquers. By this doing I have almost lost sight of my Diary. Amusements cloy. Nothing but the practice of duty can confer contentment.

Friday, Feb. 13th.

I passed the day in the house. Here, in the country, those who are fortunate enough to own a farm, however deficient in other respects, such as—a poor house to live in, poor cloathes to wear, poor schooling for children, poor books to read, or except the Bible and Watts' Hymns, no reading at all, yet, so far as I can judge, they have a good living. Aunt Mary who is here considered more than independent, always sets a good table. I would not wish to live better.

Saturday, Feb. 14th.

I read all day in Waverly Novels—and in the eve. played checquers till after 10 o'clock.

Tuesday, Feb. 17th.

I finished the Waverly Novels today. I am not sorry. They are interesting, charming, but they do not leave the mind better than they find it. Unlike Rasselas, they do not "point a moral". I shall now read something of use and profit. I shall not be likely to read so much as I have. But I shall be more benefitted. Which is the most nutritious a hard crust of brown bread, or the soft of a hot roll?

Saturday, Feb. 21st.

The storm has passed away, leaving a pleasant day behind. I chopped wood in the forenoon and afternoon. Next week, I mean to chop all the time I can. I consider myself doing well in regard to health.

Sunday, Feb. 22.

"A change came over the spirit of my dream." I walked down to Tamworth with John Mc., expecting to get some papers from home. Started at 9 o'clock—the travelling is bad, owing to the late storm—arrived at Uncle John's a few minutes before 12 o'clock.

On my way called into Uncle David's where I learned that Uncle Frederic was up—that I was sent for to go home with him. The first part of the information was agreeable, as I wished to hear from home etc; the latter part very unpleasant, because my health is improving, and in a fair way to improve more. I considered that I was not well enough to study, and should be *much better off* here than at home. I had not the slightest idea of returning home before next fall. The third part of the story which I afterwards learned at Uncle John's, put a new face upon the matter. I am glad to go. In the first place, I shall be employed upon easy work and have handsome wages. Next my business will be interesting, and will afford full scope for curiosity and study. Lastly, I think it will be subservient to my health. Uncle Fred appeared in good spirits—though thin. I rode back to Aunt Mary's with Uncle F's horse and sleigh intending to return tomorrow afternoon.

Monday, Feb. 23d.

After dinner, I packed my cloathes, harnessed the horse into the sleigh and bade adieu to Aunt Mary and family. I have enjoyed myself well here. The family have all been accommodating to me—and I have endeavored to be so to them. We part with mutual good feeling towards each other. In about an hour, I arrived at Uncle John's.

Sunday, March 1

.....

My health is much better than when I came here. I have been generally careful of myself. My health has been the load-star to guide my actions since my arrival. I am very glad that I came up.

In looking over my Diary, I see many imperfections. The state of my feelings and my conduct is reflected pretty well in this book. I have been sometimes negligent—as is apparent from the shortness of some of the days' journal. On the whole, I think it has answered a good purpose.

April 24, Monday.

It is washingday, consequently I did not attend to my studies as soon as usual.

In the afternoon, I went to Dr. Piersons' (of Salem) to examine his skeleton. He permitted me to visit his office, at the request of my Father, and when I arrived, welcomed me to remain, as long

as I wished. He has two offices, one in the front part of the house, which is occupied as his own study. The other is in the back chamber for students. Hear I found the skeleton. His own study is an elegant room.

Few physicians furnish themselves with so ample a library and apparatus of surgical practice. .....

From now on Anatomy with Dr. P. Industrious and Intelligent. 4 and 5 o'clock occasionally at the Farm.

DEAR HEART, SWEET HEART.

By Ernest McGaffey.

Dear heart, sweet heart, your baby hands
Have touched and passed this floating world,
Have loosed their hold on life's frail strands
And now upon your breast lie furled,
Twin blossoms of eternal peace,
Like lilies on untroubled streams
When the rude winds have made surcease
And summer's glory drifts and dreams.

Dear heart, sweet heart, your waxen lips
Shall never touch my cheek again,
For they are steeped in an eclipse
Which lies beyond my mortal ken;
And that great sphinx of death who keeps
His silent vigil over all
Has left thy face as one who sleeps—
Save for the bosom's rise and fall.

Dear heart, sweet heart, thy tender eyes,
With all their depths of wondering,
Are closed for aye; as droops and dies
The first sweet violet bank of spring;
And their far look of thought unthought
Shall never come again, or be,
Since this remorseless change was wrought
That closed the gates 'twixt thee and me.

Dear heart, sweet heart, the lonely way
Seems doubly steep since you are gone,
The dawn has faded out of day,
The rose has faded out of dawn;
And I, alas! must needs go down
My hand unclasped by any child,
To wear the cross without the crown
And walk through life unreconciled.

Dear heart, sweet heart, 'mid hopes and fears
I bend and kiss you thus, and thus;
Mine eyes are dim with brimming tears,
My lips with grief are tremulous;
My baby boy—that you should die
And out into the darkness go,
Beyond my broken-hearted cry,
I loved you so, I loved you so.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE

of

JOSHUA AND HANNAH (SCRIBNER) HOAG.

(From the original document hanging, framed, on the wall of the Silas Fry House. Presented by Alice and Sara Hall.)

Joshua Hoag Son of Enoch Hoag of Sandwich in the County of Strafford and State of New Hampshire and Judith his wife, and Hannah Scribner Daughter of Benjamin Scribner in the town afores[d] and Huldah his wife having Declared their Intentions of Taking each other in marriage before Several monthly meetings of the people called in Sandwich afores[d] according to the good order used among them their proceedings after Due Inquiry and Deliberate Consideration thereof were allowed by the s[d] meetings; they appearing Clear of all others and having consent of parents: Now these are to Certify all whom it may Concern that for the Full accomplishment of their s[d] Intentions this Twenty Third Day of the Twelfth month in the year of our Lord one Thousand eight hundred and two; they the s[d] Joshua Hoag and Hannah Scribner appeared at a public assembly of the afores[d] people and others in their meeting house in Sandwich and the s[d] Joshua Hoag taking the s[d] Hannah Scribner by the Hand Did openly Declare as followeth Friends I take this my Friend Hannah Scribner to be my wife promising through Divine assistance to be unto her a Loving and Faithful Husband untill it shall please the Lord By Death to seperate us and the s[d] Hannah Scribner Did then and there in Like manner Declare as followeth: Friends I take this my friend Joshua Hoag to be my husband promising through Divine assistance to be to him a Loving and Faithful wife untill it shall please the Lord By Death to seperate us or words of the Like import and the s[d] Joshua Hoag and Hannah Scribner as a farther Confirmation thereof have hereunto Set their Hands She after the custom of marriage assuming the Name of her husband.

(Joshua Hoag
(Hannah Hoag.

And we whose Names are hereunto subscribed being present at the Confirmation of their s[d] marriage as witnesses thereunto set our hands the Day and year above Written.

(Signatures below marked * are not identified with certainty. A.B.)

Enoch Hoag
Judith Hoag
Enoch Hoag Jr.
Stephen Hoag
John Hoag
Joseph Varney
Cyrus Beede
Elijah Beede
Joshua Prescott
David Felch
Nathaniel Shannon
Elisha Marston
Elisha Beede
Elisha Beede Jr.
Jonathan Beede
Judith Beede
Ruth Beede

Benjamin Scribner
Sam'l Scribner
*Abigl Gould
*Eb'n Sinkler
Paul Bunker
*William Gould
*Joel L. C. Brown
Luther Cook
James Eastman
*Andrew Bean
Peace Bean
Sarah Scribner
*Hannah Gould
Thankful Scribner
Nathan Beede Jr.
Lydia Beede
Anna Beede

LETTERS FROM IOWA

(From Benjamin Fry, my Great-Grandfather.)

Oskaloosa Mahaska Co. Iowa 2d mo. 25th 1855.

— Much regarded family, Sara, Moses & children, all as one— I do not feel like attempting much, but keeping house as we aged, very infirm parents are, all the rest gone to 1st day meeting, perhaps I may tell you that yesterday was our quarterly meeting day at our monthly meeting house 5 miles distant, it is held there 1/2 of the time, the other half 50 miles off at Pleasant Plain— we aged could not attend the quarter, all the rest did; they called it large indeed—they got home before night. After about the 1st of this mo we had more than 2 weeks of real winter weather with 2 inches of snow, then a few moderate days & the snow disappeared —soon after, cold winter weather again, continuing to this time, with 5 inches of snow, more than all we had before this winter— we wish to be told how the winter is with you, we learn it has been desperately severe, with great depths of snow in many places, persons found frozen to death—while considering as I have to, that probably we must *never* see our dear children more, who so often stepped in & with an endearing smile, revived our very drooping spirits, I can do no less than mourn, & yet, notwithstanding all that has been & is, we have abundant cause thankfully to acknowledge, that we have many evidences of the Heavenly Father's still continued favorable notice, regard & the merciful extention of his preserving presence; may we be preserved in his fear to the end— 3d mo. 1st still winter weather—we 2 aged are again keeping house for the rest to attend preparative meeting—we, day before yesterday, had a choice visit of 2 dear friends, William Pickerel & wife Mary from Pleasant Plain, who came to attend quarterly meeting—they were accompanied to see us by Wm. Pearson & wife, members of this meeting, dear friends of ours—we prized the visit—a good many friends hereaway are already endeared to us in the fellowship of the Gospel, meetings have often been favored seasons—some living ministers—your mother & I not able to attend of late—my distressing humor & a severe cold are very exercising indeed, you may well suppose. I have asked Abigail whether she would join with thee, Sara, & each of you write every other week, so that such of us as may live may have something to read from the pens of dear children every week, if possible to enable to hope on a little longer thro thick & thin—would it be too

great a burden? whether I may live to see it is uncertain if not unlikely—I do not look for much more time in this conflicting scene—we were glad of whatever has been written us by any of the family, even the children—I wish to know how the girls succeed in & finishing out, their schools etc. The children have always been so respectful & attentive to us, that I may truly say I love them heartily & sincerely desire their well being every way, & if we should live a little longer I beg them to write & tell all the particulars, will you do so often? considering we are away off here in this far West & cannot possibly see your faces—Be just such good children as you know you should be—I must close, bidding you all a most affectionate adieu; your very poor, infirm, exercised father & grandfather,

Benjamin Fry

Please forward the enclosed.

Beef & pork as good as anywhere else, & our deep, neatly stoned well of most excellent water, much use made of it at our meals—the well has a windlass, rope & bucket as good as need be—such a well is no small privilege to a family & found on the place when coming to it.

The fire place & stove require a large portion of fuel to be prepared for them.

(From Benjamin and Lydia Fry.)

Oskaloosa, Mahaska Co., Iowa, 9th mo. 12th 1857.

Dear Amy

We received thy truly acceptable letter, which we are bound to acknowledge without much delay.

. . . . . .

Thy grandmother & I have made out to attend meetings considerably the past summer—she attended much more during the winter than I could—thy grandmother & I attended in the fore part of last mo. the select preparative meeting & the next day I think we *all* attended the monthly meeting at Spring Creek some 5 miles distant, where those meetings are constantly held—We both attended select quarterly meeting the 21st & the next day the quarterly meeting I believe we *all* attended, at Spring Creek, where it is held in 2d & 8th months.—I think it was one of the largest quarterly meetings I ever attended—a favored season too.

The rest of our family are favored to be in usual health, diligently pursuing their necessary business—we have been much visited by ministering friends from different, & some from very distant parts of the country, both in our meetings & families, to good satisfaction, a favor indeed if the counsel shall be well regarded, & if not it must add to our condemnation.

I would willingly be told whether thou & Ann constantly support that part of our testimony, the plain scripture language in all companies, never at any time applying the plural pronoun, you, to a single person, which that very learned man Robert Barclay says is a lie. I hope, & may I not say, trust, that you both sustain the character of consistent friends in this as well as all other respects, I have not heard anything to the contrary—some members have neglected this as being a minor testimony, so small as to be not worth notice, but being a *part* of the great whole, small as it is, in that it is *a part,* it is of real importance—this simily as well as many others may illustrate it, vis—what would a watch be as a time keeper without that very small part, the hair spring, or the last little pin which holds the whole together?—it would no more answer the purpose for which it was made than would a bit of iron, lead or wood, tho' every other part might be ever so well made & ever so costly, tho' it lack but that very little, the whole design is frustrated. I mention it as an encouragement to you both, whom I tenderly regard, to endeavor, constantly to support *all* our testimonies & be consistent friends, to the comfort of your own minds & to the consolation of your parents & other concerned friends—Love to all as ever, we bid thee a most affectionate adieu, & are thy very infirm grandparents, thy hearty well wishers,

Benjamin Fry
Lydia Fry.

P.S. As a part of the foregoing seems to be addressed both to thee & Ann thou wilt let her share with thee in the encouragement in well doing. Will both of you write often?

(From Judith, wife of Daniel Fry)

Oskaloosa, 3d Mo. 3d 1861

Dear niece A. L. Boyden

Dost thou almost conclude from our long silence that we have all forgotten thee? we hope not. Thine and William's kind letter to your grandfather in twelfth month last was duly received and read with interest by us all. A multiplicity of cares in addi-

tion to my incapacity for writing letters have quite detered me from using the pen for three months or more past. I have used all our deār distant friends and relatives alike and felt that I was doing *them* a much greater kindness than *myself.* Last night during my wakeful hours in which as I not infrequently do, I heard the clock strike one, two and three—my mind visited thee and was strongly impressed that if today should afford me any time I would write some poor and worthless as it might be to assure thee thou yet hast a place in my heart. Yes, dear Amy, I have always loved thee and doubt not I always shall unless I should grow so wicked and coldhearted as not to love any lady. I am quite alone this afternoon in our kitchen and thy grandfather also alone in his room. Thy Uncle D and the boys are at The Thorndikes to attend the Bible meeting or Bible reading (I hardly know which they call it). Henry's folks have quite a number of boarders and other scholars also are near them. They think it not an unprofitable way to spend first day P. M. in reading the Bible. It is not confined to scholars; all old or young who can and wish to, go in and join with them. We all went to meeting today. Thy grandfather has been favoured to get through another winter even much more comfortably than many previous ones with the exception of one cold has been well, (as we term it) well for him or any one of his years and infirmaties. As his years increase his second childhood becomes more conspicuous in some respects but for the most part his mental faculties seem to retain their full vigour. I often crave that *some* of the family circle can come here and see him once more. Shall I be too inquisitive if I ask why *you,* with such a fine salary as $1,000 per year cannot come and see not us only, but this fine country in which we live. A railroad is expected to be completed to Oskaloosa this coming summer and then it will be but a light journey to reach us—when may we look for you? The anniversary of the death of thy dear grandmother has just past. My heart still deeply mourns the loss of her previous society and sympathy, and Oh! that I could be more like her, self sacrificing and quiet, under every privation, what a perfect pattern she was and how applicable the language "she being dead yet speaketh."

"17". Two weeks since the above was written but I have had no chance to finish writing. It is quite cold today although a bright sun. We have all been to meeting. We have to wrap thy grandfather up like winter. The traveling is now dry and dusty as in summer. Well, it seems we have a good President* at last but

* Abraham Lincoln was to be inaugurated the day following.

what the distracted state of affairs will lead to remains to be known. I doubt not many prayers are and will continue to be raised from Christian hearts for a continuance of the peace and prosperity with which this nation has so long been blest.

Thy uncle Daniel sits here doing nothing (just now) so I will let him finish this or rather fill the remainder of the sheet. I have some recollection of how William looks but not much. My respects to him if he wishes to enrol such a poor affair as I am in the family circle. Please write to us.

In love thy affectionate

Aunt Fry.

John & Pliny send love.

(From my mother's Aunt Hannah, wife of Alvin Hoag)

Oskaloosa 4th mo 1861

My dear Amy

Feeling somewhat lonely this evening as Alvin has gone out, I thought I would write to tell thee how glad we are to hear that thou and thy William contemplate visiting your Iowa friends this season. We are anticipating much pleasure if blessed with good health and I now ask thee to write seasonably just what time you will probably be at Oskaloosa and we will meet you there or some of the men will and I stay at home to prepare supper as you will get in towards night. We are thinking whether thy mother will not accompany you and we will have a good time generally. Now we live in an awful old cabin that looks very repulsive as one approaches it but we will try to make you comfortable. Daniel's folks live much further from town than we do so you must come here first. I have never acknowledged the receipt of thine and Williams very acceptable letter which it was to us and thought by the tenor of W's writing that we could easily get acquainted with each other. We are having a very dry spring, it seems almost useless to put seed in the ground until rain comes. Wheat has got started some, looks quite green. Alvin has been quite unwell much of the winter, is better now as warm weather comes on. The boys have had the measles *for the first time* and diptheria; attacks of it two or three times so that my work was rather hard for a while.

I hear thy father has sold his old place at last. Wish they would move out here. Thy Grandfather attends meeting almost constantly and has something to say either in supplication or other-

wise, calls himself very feeble, always "just able to be here". We call up there this winter and saw him with a great stick of wood on his shoulder bigger than younger men want to carry. Judith seems very well. John and Abby live in a part of Jonathan Miller's house, seem quite happy. Mary Elizabeth Johnson has been boarding with them and going to school.

I am afraid Ann will be displeased with me for not writing to her but I don't write half I ought to, to my friends It is about time for me to close so excuse that niche in the corner—I did not see it till one page was written.

Farewell

Hannah.

Kiss the baby for Aunty, I want to him.

(From Benjamin Fry, at this time 86 years old, 92 at the time of his death.)

Oskaloosa Mahaska Co. Iowa
9th mo. 20th 1862

Respected friends Albert & Huldah,

At my advanced age & under the heavy pressure of increasing debilities, I this once more, & doubtless for the last time, barely make the attempt to let you hear from me by the silent traces of the pen—I have had a lengthy, very interesting, sympathizing letter from my dear, sorely bereaved, infirm, daughter Mary since she returned to her solitary home at Winthrop—informing that so many of you attended such a good yearly meeting—& that there & on the way going & returning & at N. Berwick before & after yearly meeting & at Winthrop she received abundant attention & kindness from her friends & for all of which she felt very grateful—& I feel so for her & sympathize with her in her tribulations & hope she is endeavoring to bear it all suitably, as designed for her good at last. I still heartily desire that the little few constituting N. Berwick monthly meeting may so abide under that which only can prepare any of us for service in the Church, that the monthly meeting may be reputably continued—may the right minded be willing to be deepened in the Truth—may I receive a response to this without loss of time if I should live a little longer & retain some sensibility? It often seems that I may soon go hence & no matter how soon if I may but be ready; & for which

I fervently pray—my writing plainly shows that my hand is unsteady, but hope it is readable, if so it is enough. In love affectionate to you & all others who may be willing to share in it, I bid you farewell, your very poor friend,

Benjamin Fry.

How distressingly affecting is the condition of our loved country—& OH! that friends may conduct consistently & be prepared to meet every emergency & patiently bear deep sufferings—doubtless our principles will be severely tested—I think it will be seen who are real friends, the followers of Christ.

DIARY KEPT BY MY FATHER WILLIAM C. BOYDEN

(Less than a month before April 18, 1848 he had passed from twelve to thirteen years of age.)

April, Tuesday 18th, 1848

After Breakfast, with Albert, piled wood, which had been laying about in the yard for some time.

Reviewed Latin Lesson, to be recited immediately after the opening exercises of the school.

At school read in Luke. Recited Caesar on Labienus' victory over the Venetii—well.

After Recess looked over lessons, in French and Greek Grammar, preparatory to recitation in the afternoon.

P. M. Parsed English Grammar—correctly—recited French Grammar, with Greek both correctly, and so did my class mates.

After recess, studied French, and Greek together with Latin and recited Algebra lest I should lose my knowledge, by omitting to attend to it, with the class.

After supper worked again piling wood, and then read "Tales of the Ocean", in the evening got my Caesar, read till 9 and then retired.

Wednesday, April 19th, 1848.

This day to me was one of uncommon interest. Snow had unexpectedly fallen during the night, and continued to fall until noon. Of course no work out of doors. Reviewed my Latin Lesson, and went to school—recited Latin, and attended to Reading, and Writing the usual business of Wednesdays, and Saturdays. These are emphatically the days for the school-boy, as there is no school in the afternoon. At 10 minutes past 1 o'clock I was alarmed by the cry of Fire!, and the ringing of bells. Briscoe Hall was in flames—caught in burning the chimney owing to some defect in the brick-work. By the prompt action of our people, and those of Salem, and Danvers, with their engines. The fire was at length with much difficulty subdued. Some persons distinguished themselves by their daring energy, on the roof of the building, particularly Capts. Porter, Driver, Lovett, Briant and Jonathan Briant. In the evening got my lesson, and retired at 9 o'clock.

Thursday, April 20.

Before school studied Latin Lesson. At school recited Latin first, with the class, and we were complimented by several ejaculations of very well from the teacher.

After recitation in Latin, studied French, English Grammar and Greek preparatory to recitation in the afternoon.

In the afternoon parsed English Grammar correctly. French recitation followed—better than usual. Next followed Greek-adjectives—recited well. After recess Algebra supplement. Then studied a piece from Websters Plymouth centenial address, to be spoken on Saturday A. M. This is a celebrated speech and I intend to read it when I get an opportunity. Also studied Greek and French.

After supper, read, and retired.

Friday, April 21st 1848.

After breakfast, studied a portion of Caesar. It described band of men called Soldurii. These were bound to Adcantuannus, a Gallic leader, by the strongest ties, having pledged to him their lives, property, and sacred honor.

The condition, upon which they held this title of Soldurii was that if the person to whose love they were attached should fall in battle, they were to avenge him or die in the attempt. It happened that the town in which Adcantuannus lived was beseiged, and nearly captured when he with six hundred devoted soldiers sallied out to meet the enemy. But he being killed the Soldurii cried for "quarter". It was said that this was the only instance in the memory of man that one of these Soldurii his friend being killed had refused to die. At school studied the same lessons Forenoon, and afternoon as yesterday except a Latin translation. After supper read, and retired.

Saturday, April 22d

In the morning reviewed several sections in Caesar; in which the Veneti were conquered by a stratagem of Sabinus; he hired a shrewd Gaul to go over to the enemy under the pretence of a deserter. The Gaul represented Sabinus as a coward, and said that in fear of them on the following night he was going to march his army to join Caesar. Induced by this, they sallied to attack Sabinus, and were easily conquered.

Crassus also vanquished the Aquetani and the band of Soldurii, belonging to Adcantuannus, as related in yesterday's diary.

At school went through the usual exercises.

Afternoon worked on wood and carraiges, and at night went in pursuit of Dandelions.

Wandered down to Capt. Whitney's (This, I think, was the William Michael Whitney place . . . . A.B.) country-seat. This is a beautiful place. The grounds in rear have been recently set out with fruit-trees, and between the house, and street, with forest-trees, elms and maple intermixed with evergreen, and shrubberry.

Sunday, April 23d

Our breakfast this morning consisted of Brown-bread, and Beans, the usual repast of the inhabitants of Beverly on Sunday mornings. Afterward read in one of the volumes of Parley's Cabinet Library. I remained at home with Martha this forenoon all the rest of the family having gone to meeting.

During meeting-time, read, sang, and amused Martha by showing her pictures. In the afternoon with my sister Mary went to take a view of the school house which was burnt on Wednesday. At meeting the words of the text were from Job, "I would not live alway". He said that man had too strong an affection for the cares of this world, nor did he mean to infer that the world should be despised, but it should not be so strong that when the messenger of Death should arrive, he should be unwilling to leave it. In the evening read in John and the Psalms.

Monday, April 24th

Today is washing-day. Studied Caesar in the morning. It related that Crassus had drawn out his forces, but the enemy preferring a siege to a meeting declined battle.

After recitation in Latin at school I persued the study of Greek and French.

Afternoon. Recited English, French and Greek Grammar. Between school I set out some strawberries in a bed which had been recently dug, and prepared by myself.

Strawberries to me are better than any fruit of the kind, and I also admire to cultivate them. After Greek and French wrote until half past four. Played till supper, after supper read about "Animals", got my Latin, and retired.

Tuesday, April 25th, 1848.

In the morning attended to my Caesar. In which the Roman soldiers were inspired with greater zeal for a battle, because they thought the enemy were afraid to march out against them.

The officers, and soldiers urged Crassus to make an attack upon the enemy in their camps. He at last consented.

After Latin went through the same routine of studies as yesterday. Between schools attended to my strawberries, of which I have quite a bed. After school watered them. After supper wrote my diary, and retired.

Wednesday, April 26th, 1848.

Before school attended to Caesar as usual. The Romans having attacked the enemy as intimated in yesterday's diary gained with difficulty a complete victory. After recitation in Latin, read in the "Common School Reader" on the subject of Rhetorical and Oratorical pauses, and then wrote in my Book-Keeping.

Wednesday afternoon. No school.

Charles and I cleared the garden of rubbish and conveyed it to the beach in a waggon. Then I set out current bushes, the ground having been dug up with the spade. Then slips were cut from the old bushes and stuck down into the soft ground about 18 inches apart. This process of getting bushes to grow without setting out the roots was quite new to me. I believe it is not every shrub that will sprout, and grow set out in this way. It is necessary however to set the slips with some buds below the surface of the ground from which roots will spring. I am told the willow and quince will sprout this way. After supper studied Caesar, and retired.

Thursday, April 27th.

Reviewed Caesar. After this victory most of the nations surrendered. Only a few remote states trusting to the protection of the season (it being winter) neglected to do so. After this worked in the garden. The garden improves daily.

Charles shows some agricultural taste, the consequence of having seen four months service on the Farm last year. At school recited. Then studied English and French and Greek. After dinner with Albert washed up the dishes in good style, and prepared the table for tea. We are without a girl and the house-work is to

be divided all the members of the family, in this way wages and board will be saved, and we shall all be benefitted by the care & excercise of household operations.

Mary is sick today in consequence of too much exposure to the East winds. A bad climate this in the spring of the year. Afternoon attended to the usual studies, and in the evening studied Caesar and wrote this diary.

Friday, April 29th 1848.

Rose at half past five, and prepared the breakfast according to an arrangement previously made. Then cleared away, washed dishes, and set the table for dinner. Next studied Caesar.

In few states who had not surrendered, and who still kept up an unfriendly feeling towards the Romans, Caesar had sent an army and conquered them notwithstanding they laid in ambush to cut him off. At school recited as usual. At noon worked in the garden which by the good attention of Charles has made first-rate progress.

In the evening had an attack of "colic" caused by eating too freely of dry ship-bread. I was releived however in the course of the night thanks to mothers kind and skilful attention.

Saturday, April 29th 1848

Feeling indisposed on account of last nights sickness, Albert was my substitute for the morning's work. As I had suffered from previous indulgence, I made a spare breakfast. Afterwards helped clear away breakfast. Then wrote Latin and reviewed Caesar. At school attended the usual Saturday exercises. P.M. Worked in the garden, the digging and raking of which are finished. Next week we shall trim up the alleys and then it will be prepared for the reception of seed. After this with Mary & Martha the afternoon was jollified by making and eating "Molasses Candy".

Sunday, April 29th.

In the morning the sky lowered but the clouds soon passed away, and disclosed the clear blue sky, and the bright rays of the morning sun, the usual harbingers of a pleasant day. At 9 the pealing of the bells the chimes of which are to be heard only on the sabbath-day sounded in rich, solemn tones. Now I prepared my-

self for meeting. At 10 those bells were heard, and responded to by the throngs of people for repairing to their respective houses of worship. The subject of the sermon was "unity, and love", he said although we were united as members of one church that he feared we did not act as one. In the afternoon read, and went to meeting. In the evening went to meeting for the third time.

Monday, May 1st.

Illustrious, and long-wished for day! Welcome to the admirers of "May Flowers". I arose at half past 4 early to greet this happy day. But did not go a Maying, for breakfast demanded my attention.

Afterwards got my Latin in which Caesar determined to cut down the forests in which the Morinii and Menapii were concealed but in consequence of heavy and frequent showers he was obliged to give up the attempt and march back into winter quarters. At school usual studies. After supper got Caesar, and retired.

Tuesday, May 2d 1848.

Arose at half past five. This morning it took some time to get the breakfast along because the fire was not prepared to light the night before as usual. But "labor vincit omnia" and the breakfast was soon on the table smoking hot. Afterwards attended to Caesar. We have now arrived to the fourth book.

The argument of the first half a dozen sections was the war with the Usipetes, and Tenchtheri. At school recited.

Afterwards got my French, in which we have progressed very much. We are now studying verbs, and expect to get to reading next week. Then got Greek.

We are now studying pronouns. It is rather hard, but I do not suppose there is anything advantageous to be obtained without study or labor. Afternoon recited English, French and Greek Grammar.

After supper got my Caesar, and wrote this diary.

Wednesday, May 3d.

Rose at quarter past five. Thought from appearances (it was raining) we were to have an unpleasant day, and so it proved. Prepared the breakfast as usual. Afterwards studied Caesar, in which the manners and customs of the Suevi were explained. About eight o'clock Father was called upon to go to the Farms, and as he wished some one to go with him to drive, I offered my services, which were accepted, and I was soon ready. I had a very pleasant ride to the Farms about 5 miles distant from our house. On arriving found Mr. Mason (the man who conducts the Farm) had been uncommonly industrious for nearly all his things were planted, and he had peas, and other things up, and growing. Then went to the barn with George Mason, and played on the hay, we then looked after hens-nests of which we found a great number all of which were setting. I asked George the reason, he said that in the spring of the year they generally had 12 or 20 hens set. Came home took off some accounts for Father. After supper got Caesar.

Thursday, May 4th.

Rose at 5 o'clock, and prepared breakfast. Afterward cleared away, while Albert wiped, and put them away. Then studied Caesar in which the Germans had driven away the bordering nations from their territory, and their 600 acres of land lay barren, also that the Ubii were their nearest neighbors with whom they had made war, and reduced them to a more weak & humiliating condition than before. On going into the garden found a carpenter making a new fence, the old having gone very much to decay. This fence is built of red-cedar posts, boards plain, and matched.

The carpenters say such a fence will last 50 years if this be true few of us will live to see the end of it. Capt. Foster says chips from the heart of red-cedar will keep off moths.

Friday, May 5th.

Rose at 5 o'clock, and as usual prepared the breakfast. Then attended to Caesar, in which, it appeared the Usipetes, and Tenchtheri, were united, and fighting for the same reason, also that they were oppressed by the Suevi, whose yoke they were attempting to shake off.

Afterwards wrote yesterday's diary, which owing to the lateness of the evening I was not able to do last night.

At school recited Caesar. Then studied Greek (which is getting harder) and French. At noon cleared the table, and washed the dishes. At school recited English, French, and Greek.

After supper studied Caesar, and wrote this diary.

Saturday, May 6th.

Rose at 5, made the fire, and prepared the breakfast. Afterwards Mother attending to Mary who was unwell, I cleared away and swept. A little after 7 Albert started for Tamworth to bring down Fanny, a horse which Father had sent up country to winter, and I went with him to the Depot.

As the train came to the Depot I was somewhat interested in the manoevers of it.

On my return reviewed Caesar. Did not go to school in the forenoon because Mother required my services, in taking care of Mary, who as said before was not well, it being baking day. Then cleared away, and helped Mother nail on a carpet in the Front-chamber. This afternoon met with an accident playing at ball, while I was standing tick a boy slung his bat around and struck me a severe blow on the bridge of my nose. This accident, with others I occasionally meet with, admonishes me that I am naturally too fond of play, and too reckless in pursuing it. This disposition to play intereferes too much with that careful attention to study, and reflection which is indispensable to the attainment of high scholarship.

Sunday May 7th 1848.

On awaking this morning I had considerable pain in my nose, and my eye was somewhat inflamed and swollen.

Nevertheless I got the breakfast as usual. Then cleared away. I was not able to attend church today on account of the inflamed appearance of my face. In the forenoon staid in the Kitchen-Chamber, with Mary and Martha (who have both been troubled with a severe cold) amusing them by finding pictures with which they were very much pleased. We did not set any table for dinner because not any of us were hungry enough to pay for the trouble of setting it. The afternoon was passed pretty much the same as the forenoon. After supper read in the Bible.

Monday, May 8th.

Rose as usual, made the fire, & prepared the breakfast. Did not go to school today partly because my eye was so much inflamed, and because Martha was very sick with the "Lung Fever", and had my eye been well Mother would probably have kept me home.

After breakfast with Mary's help cleared away, and took care of Martha while Mother was engaged.

About 11 o'clock made the fire put some water in the kettle, and set the table for dinner. Afterwards cleared away, & amused Martha. About 4 got supper. Then wrote my diary.

Tuesday, May 9th.

Rose at 5 o'clock, and prepared the breakfast, and cleared away. Studied Greek which I recited to Charles before dinner. At 11, made the fire, and helped get the dinner.

After clearing away, by permission went to the circus at Salem. As Father was going to Salem on business I obtained a ride over.

I was greatly amused by the remarks, and jests of the "clowns" who (to me) are the principal actors of the circus. I was also amused by the figures made by a man denominated the "India-Rubber" man, who putting his feet and hands in peculiar shapes made the most grotesque figures imaginable.

The last scene was also a beautiful one that of a camp out in Arabia the camels with their burdens deposited, were eating their hay, while the Arab leader slept, and all the others except the guard. Walked home, on arriving felt considerably fatigued, after eating took care of Martha, and retired.

Wednesday May 10th.

Rose at 5½, rather later than usual, on account of setting up late the preceding evening with Martha. Prepared the breakfast. Took care of Martha while Mother ate her breakfast.

I did not go to school today but spent my time chiefly in studying Latin, French and Greek, getting the meals, sweeping, &cc. After supper read, took care of Martha, and retired.

Thursday, May 11th.

Rose at 5 o'clock, and prepared the breakfast. It rained all day.

I did not attend school. After breakfast took care of Martha. In the forenoon studied my Latin-Lesson, also French, and Greek, in the latter we have got to the conjugation of verbs which is pretty hard. At 11 made the fire, and prepared the dinner.

After which, I went with Pa who was going to Salem on business to take care of the horse when he should get out.

I had a pretty good ride considering the circumstances which were not extraordinary.

On arriving home took care of the horse. Then made the fire again to get supper. Afterwards read the Salem-Register.

Friday, May 12th.

After preparing breakfast, took care of Martha. In the forenoon, staid with Martha most of the time, while Mother got the dinner. Then cleared away, and took care of my strawberries, which are in a flourishing state.

Afterwards read in the "Tri-Weekly-Gazette" in which there was foreign news of considerable importance relating to France, and England.

At 4 o'clock prepared supper, and cleared away. In the evening had the ear-ache severely, which continued until I was relieved by that delightful God "Somnes".

Saturday, May 13th, 1848.

On awaking my ear pained me pretty bad, as I slept late in consequence of having been disturbed. Mother prepared the breakfast.

After dressing myself did not feel very well, had the headache some which with all my other aches, and pains put me in some confusion.

I did not eat any breakfast.

After clearing away took care of Martha who though rather peevish as most persons are when convalescent is in reality much better than ever. In the afternoon studied my lesson. After supper wrote my diary.

Sunday, May 14th

Rose at 5, and prepared the breakfast, afterwards cleared away.

At 9 prepared myself for meeting, and at ten went. The text was in Genesis, "Am I my brothers keeper".

We did not set any table, therefore it was saved the trouble of clearing away.

Martha is much better today. At two again went to meeting.

I succeeded in obtaining a very instructive book, the title was "Ellen, or forgive, and forget" a tale proving that innocence will triumph, and the wicked be found out.

Monday May 15th

Rose a little before 5 this morning, after making the fire, set the table for breakfast. Having been absent from school all last week I went today.

I found that in Latin I was a little in the arrear one section which I have since made up. In Greek a little in advance in French up with the class.

After studying these I attended to English Grammar. At one I examined my strawberries. We had a Gentleman at dinner Capt. Rand formerly of Beverly, now of Illinois.

In the afternoon recited English—French and Greek Grammar. After supper took care of Martha and retired.

Tuesday, May 16th.

Rose at half past 5, and prepared the breakfast. It was not ready as quick as usual for want of previous preparation in the fire.

My absence from school last week breaks off the connection of the Caesar translation, therefore I now commence at the 11th section 18th book.

The Suevi, a German tribe had provoked Caesar to make war upon them.

In a small skirmish with the cavalry, he was obliged to retire, although his forces amounted to 5000, while the enemy had but 800.

At school recited the usual lessons. In French I have read the first reading lesson.

In Greek we have got to the passive voice of the active verb "Bouleno".

Wednesday, May 17th.

After breakfast studied Caesar in which an instance of a brothers love was shown Piso a man of great valor seeing his brother surrounded by the enemy dashed amongst them, and rescued him, but was not able to save himself, was therefore slain.

When his brother whom he had rescued saw this he dashed among them, killed a great number and was slain.

After recitation studied my reading lesson. After recess read and wrote.

In the evening I was invited to a party, we had a very pleasant time, and separated at 11 o'clock.

Thursday, May 18th 1848.

Rose at 5½ later than usual because I retired late last night.

Then attended to Latin in which Caesar had determined owing to the treachery of the enemy (in beseeching him not to fight and the next hour to commence a battle with the horsemen) not to receive any ambassadors, or to accept any terms, or conditions of peace, but on the other hand to prosecute the war with great vigor.

In the course of the day a multitude of Germans collected around the camp who wished for a battle on the next day. After their departure Caesar marched with all possible speed to their chief town. We get along very well in French. I like it very much, I also like Greek. We have got to the Middle voice of the active verb "Besedeva" (?).

Friday, May 19th.

Rose at 5½, and after preparing the breakfast attended to Latin in which Caesar after arriving at their chief town had surprised them, and fought for a long time between the wagons, and baggage.

At dinner we had a Gentleman Dr. Knapp he is a very polite man, and I like him very much.

Today it is exceedingly.

In the afternoon recited the usual lessons.

Saturday May 20th.

Rose a little after 5, made the fire, and prepared the table for breakfast. Afterwards reviewed several sections in Caesar, for today's lesson, the substance of which may be found in my diary

of last week, also prepared my Latin Translation on the subject of the Carthagenian war.

Then worked on wood until it began to rain when I left off and prepared myself for school.

I recited my Latin very well, so did all my classmates.

After dinner, as the rain had discontinued I again worked until 2½ when I stopped. After supper read in my last week's Sabbath School book.

Sunday, May 21st.

This morning we had the usual Sunday breakfast, Brown-Bread, Pork and Beans. After clearing away although it was rather early I began to prepare myself for meeting.

Mother told me she did not know but that she should go in the forenoon, and let me stay with Martha, but the ground was so damp that she concluded not to go. We had a cold dinner Rhubarb Pies, Brown & white bread, and butter. In the afternoon Mother attended meeting, while Pa took care of Martha.

The words of the text were "I will not let thee go without a blessing".

He contended that whether misfortune or prosperity should fall to our lot we should cling to it until it conferred a blessing.

Monday May 22d 1848.

It rained all day. After breakfast attended to Latin in which Caesar had completely routed the Germans, and had given leave to some of them whom he had before retained, to depart. But they on account of some injury they had done to the Gauls, in laying waste their fields, preferred to remain to which Caesar consented.

Recited unusually well. After recitation studied English, French and Greek Grammar.

In the afternoon recited the above lessons.

In Greek we have got through Bouleno, and for tomorrow have a synopsis, and review of it.

Tuesday May 23d 1848.

Prepared the breakfast as usual. Afterwards cleared away and attended to Latin.

Caesar having finished the German war to his own satisfaction, determined to build a bridge across the Rhine to which the Germans very strongly objected in these terms which I think very reasonable; "That if Caesar did not think it proper for them to cross into the territory of the Gauls why should he cross into theirs."

Wednesday, May 24th.

After breakfast attended as usual to Latin. The Ubii were the only nation who had sent ambassadors to Caesar or had desired peace.

These being oppressed, and harassed by the Suevi, had sent messengers of peace in hopes of obtaining aid.

It was also partly owing to their urgent suggestions that Caesar determined to cross the Rhine.

In the forenoon before recess I recited. Then studied my English, French, and Greek Grammar, preparatory to recitation in the afternoon. Recited them in the afternoon. After supper, read some, and retired.

Thursday May 25th

Today is mother's 43d birthday. After preparing breakfast, which was rather early I was very agreeably surprised by a birthday gift in the shape of a cup-cake from my mother. It was made very nice, and tasted equally as well.

Today's lesson in Caesar the master tells us is the hardest section in the book. It is a description of the building of the bridge by Caesar, nevertheless it was all subdued, and conquered in due time.

Friday, May 26th

Rose a little before 5½ and prepared the breakfast. In the forenoon Pa went to Marblehead to secure a place for Albert he expects to start next week.

The lesson today is the finishing of the bridge I spoke of yesterday, and what happened after Caesar crossed it.

It is not very pleasant.

Saturday May 27th

In the morning attended to my lesson. It is a review of last weeks lessons which can be seen by referring to my diary.

In the afternoon, I visited my company under the appellation of "Beverly Juvenile Artillerry".

Sunday May 28th.

After breakfasting on pork, beans and brown-bread which owing to mothers care were baked extraordinaryly well I prepared myself for meeting but did not go as Mother wished me take care of Martha in her absence. In the afternoon the text was from Matthew 5th Chapter 14th verse "Ye are the light of the world".

Monday May 30th 1848.

Rose about 5, and prepared breakfast. Albert started for Marblehead this morning. He is to work on a farm owned and occupied by Mr. Erastus Ware. He is 15 years old, and thinks it is time to be doing something for a living. Attended to Caesar, in which he had crossed the Rhine, and caused the Germans much fear, he had also revenged himself upon the Segambri.

When he heard from the Ubii that all the Gauls had collected into one place in the middle of those regions, to await his coming, and attack him, he instantly decamped, recrossed the Rhine, and cut down the bridge, probably thinking he had obtained enough glory that time.

After recitation studied French also Greek, we have to get a part of Augment for tomorrows lesson.

In the afternoon recited the above lessons. After recess got some of my Latin, and attended to the class in Geography as the master had requested the school to do.

I was very much pleased with it.

Tuesday May 30th.

Rose rather early this morning. After attending to my usual morning duties, I studied Latin.

Caesar, although winter set in early in Gaul determined to cross over to Britain because in the Gallic wars they had troubled him considerably, by furnishing aid.

For this purpose he collected several merchants, but was not able to obtain any information concerning them.

After recitation studied my French, & Greek, the latter of which grows much easier. At noon assisted Mother.

In the afternoon recited English, French and Greek.

After recess studied my Latin some, and assisted a boy in doing some sums.

Wednesday, May 31st.

Election day has come at last. Rose at half past four, and prepared the breakfast in much haste.

At half past five everything was ready for the reception of its guests whoever they might be. Then went down to the Academy and found the members of the company who had assembled there had been very busy, and had raised a tent for our accommodation in eating a treat which had been provided for us by the girls attending the school to which we belong. But alass vain were our expectations, for just as we were returning from a long march we learned the tent had fall down.

In the afternoon attended a party. I was very much pleased.

A great many of my schoolmates, boys, and girls attended.

Thursday, June 1st.

There was no school today. Rose a little before 6 and prepared the breakfast. Afterwards cleared away. In the forenoon assisted Mother by taking care of the children and doing chores. Also read in the Salem Register. There was a story, entitled "The Changed and the Unchanged" which I pronounced very good. Also attended to the harnesses.

In the afternoon our company met, and marched through the principal streets until about 3, when we had a treat to which we all paid attention.

Then marched again. When we were dismissed I should guess all were pretty tired.

Friday, June 3d.

After breakfast attended to Latin. Caesar had sent Caius Volusenus to ascertain their numbers, power, and their harbors of the condition of which nothing was known.

He had also commanded all the ships to assemble, also the fleet he had employed in Venitian war.

In the forenoon I did not go to school because Mother required my services very much, Mrs. Hildreth being here to assist Mother in making a dress, and she would necessarily be detained considerably. I kept Mother supplied with wood, and did considerable many chores. Also carried Martha to ride. In the afternoon recited the usual lessons. After recess studied Greek, French and Latin.

Saturday, June 3d.

After preparing breakfast attended to Latin. We have a review of several sections most of which are new to me. In the forenoon recited very well.

After recess read. In the afternoon staid at home, and assisted mother. We had our hands full in making pies, gingerbread, brown and white bread.

As a reward in part for my services mother made me a pie in a small sized plate.

Sunday, June 4th, 1848

Albert arrived last night from Mr. Wares, he likes very much and intends to stay there all summer. He keeps several hired men.

I did not go to church this forenoon. In the afternoon, I attended. I liked the idea of going to Andover, and Lawrence a ride which has been promised me by my Father. We intend to start tomorrow, and leave Charles to take care of the house.

Monday, June 5th.

Rose at four, and a half, and prepared the breakfast, which was ready by quarter or half past five. It was rather foggy in the morning, nevertheless Father determined to start for Andover, as had been agreed upon, in company with Capt. Foster.

The carriage was very well loaded, and soon after we started, it began to rain, and it continued lightly all day.

On arriving at Middleton, we stopped a few minutes. Immediately on entering Andover, we directed our course for Mr. Peabody, a very intimate friend of Fathers.

We dined here, and then started for New-city, or Lawrence, where we arrived about 2½. Then I visited the machines, with which I was very much pleased.

I have a cousin at work here he intends to be a machinist I believe.

Then I went to see some Fishermen haul Shad in a net. Retired a little after 9.

Tuesday, June 6th.

On waking I was somewhat confused and did not know for a few minutes where I was.

The Breakfast Bell rang soon after I was dressed, to which I attended. We had some very nice rarities, and some delicate morsels I should think for all who partook of them. There was first on the list Salmon, Beafsteak, then Shad, and Hash, also Sausages. Salmon is something the like of which I have never seen, or tasted it is similar to Mackrel.

Wednesday, June 7th.

I rose about half past five, and attended to the usual duties of the morning. It rained all day.

As near as I can recollect we have had but 3 fair days for as many weeks.

Thinking I was behindhand in Caesar I made up three sections, but as I afterwards learned on inquiring of the class we were reviewing the 3d and 4th sections. Studied my reading lesson.

After recess read, and wrote.

In the afternoon made up all my Greek lessons, and read the Salem Register, and other papers.

Monday June 10th 1848.

Rose about half past five. As we have a girl now I do not attend to the breakfast as I have been accustomed to do. In the morning attended to my Latin, in which Caesar had met with a storm and lost a great part of his ships.

Also assisted mother by doing several chores. Recited my lesson very well. Afterwards reviewed Arithmetic.

We have taken Miltons splendid poem on "Paradise Lost", for parsing. Also studied my Greek. Mother, and Pa went to Gloucester. The stockholders of the Eastern Railroad had a meeting, and Pa was invited to attend.

Tuesday June 11th 1848.

This morning rose at 6 o'clock. After breakfast attended to Caesar, and wrote Monday's diary. In my Latin lesson Caesar having lost many ships, and being greatly in want of provision, the Gauls had rebelled, and attacked him.

In reciting the teacher made several remarks about the verbs. After recess studied my Greek we are studying the irregular verbs estemi, and ithemi also didoni.

In French the exercises are chiefly on common subjects.

Wednesday, July 12th 1848

Pa, and Mother with the two girls start for Amherst this morning. As the cars leave Salem at 5-¾ we all rose pretty early.

I got up at 4 o'clock. At 5 the horse was harnessed and stood prepared at the door.

We arrived before the cars did. On my return I studied my Latin lesson. After recess read, the exercises appeared funny.

Thursday July 13th 1848

Rose about 5½. We did not set any table but breakfasted on bread, and Milk. Afterwards, wrote Wednesday diary which I omitted the night before. Also studied my Caesar in which Caesar had repulsed the enemy. In the afternoon recited my English Grammar and the other usual studies.

Friday, July 14th 1848.

Rose pretty early did not eat any breakfast. At school recited the usual studies Greek, French, English Grammar etc. In French we had an exercise on the taste it described good taste, bad taste and depraved taste also that good taste was the power of discerning the beauties and of the defects in the arts. That bad taste in food consisted in not being able to make a dinner without all kinds of choice seasoning.

In Greek we have got four irregular verbs, and for tomorrow have a review of them.

Saturday July 15th 1848.

Rose about half past five, and eat my breakfast as a matter of course. Afterwards attended to Caesar in which Caesar had not done anything of moment.

After recitation studied Geometry, and Reading lesson. After recess recited them. In the afternoon at half past 2 I started with the horse for Salem Depot to bring the Family home. But I found I had taken the wrong track, and did not bring them after all.

Sunday, July 16th 1848.

Rose at my usual hour. Owing to Mothers not being at home we shall have dry bread, and butter to subsist upon. At dinner we managed with great difficulty to obtain some greens together with corn beef soup.

After breakfast I prepared myself for meeting. The text was "Thy Kingdom come". The sermon was very good. In the afternoon the text was "bare the cross". In the evening read in the Bible, also read a prayer.

Then retired.

Monday July 17th 1848.

Rose about half past five. Now our girl has gone away the business and care of getting the breakfast devolves upon me, but Mother was a little before me and she had the fire made when I came down. I immediately washed me, and set the table for breakfast. Afterwards cleared away, and washed the dishes.

Then studied my Latin lesson in which Caesar had had considerable of a skirmish with the Britons which had nearly extirpated the seventh legion but for his timely aid.

At school recited the usual lessons.

Tuesday July 18th 1848.

Rose 5-¾. Assisted Mother in preparing the breakfast. We do not recite either French or Greek today. After school took a walk to Mr. Dexters, he has an elegant house.

Wednesday July 19th

Rose about 5 o'clock, and prepared the breakfast. Afterwards studied my Latin lesson in which "Caesars soldiers had been attacked by the Morini, and Menapii but that they had been obliged to retreat at the appearance of Caesars horsemen". At school recited Geometry, and read.

In the afternoon went in the water it was very warm.

It seems that young William Boyden was not the only one to look with favor upon Amy Hoag.

Madison Nov. 2, 1855

Miss Hoag

Perhaps as I expressed myself quite familiar while we were at Effingham, you thought I might have at least, offered some *explanation* of those expressions, when I was at Tamworth.

Being almost an entire stranger I wished not to create subject-matter for prating people by an unasked for visit to you while at the school-room—so I thought it proper not to stop.

Without any further rabbling explanation or preface, allow me to again say, that it would give me much pleasure to become more intimately acquainted with one who not only holds a high place in my estimation, but of many others. For this purpose I should like to hear some expression from Miss H.

Yours very respectfully,

H. C. Hammond.

For Amy,

It has long been the custom for the young folks of our Village to write Valentines to their loved ones on the 14th of February. I did not know anything of it, so that I felt very bad, when I found it was too late. But I was speaking of it the other day, and some one told me that any time in February would answer; so you may be sure I wasn't long about getting to work. Now I have got a preface (as I believe they call them) I don't know what to say next. If I only had some love-letters to copy from, I'd send lots of love done up in a neat style, as you'd want; but I've got to depend on myself, and as I aint at all used to this business, I am afraid I shall make a bad piece of work of it, and for fear that I should, I believe, I shall leave off here, signing myself

Yours ever,

S/ Samuel.

George Ayer to Amy L. Hoag, dated Haverhill, Nov. 28, 1857.

"Friend.

Without doubt you will consider me bold in asking the question which I am about to ask. Nevertheless I shall be honest in whatever I ask and shall expect an answer to correspond. The question is this: Are you engaged or are you keeping company with any gentleman; if not would you be willing to correspond with me, considering me at the same time as keeping company with you? I am the gentleman you saw at Exeter last Spring to the Teachers Institute. Not Mr. Piper by any means but the one that came home with you on that rainy night. I shall expect an answer favorable or unfavorable.

George Ayer
Haverhill, Mass."

Miss Hoag

Notwithstanding our short acquaintance, there has been awakened on my part, a degree of interest and feeling, that I should be most happy to have enlivened, if not objected to on your part. If it may not be asking too much, please wear this ring till I may see you again which I hope may be ere long.

Most Respectfully Yours,

H. E. Harmon

Also a tiny booklet, elegantly bound, entitled "Flowers", containing much delicate sentiment on that topic, the front page inscribed

Amy L. Hoag
from J. H. Knowles.
August 10, 1854

Letter from my mother, Amy L. Boyden, to Augusta A. Stevenson. The Heywood brothers referred to in this letter were first cousins to Dr. Wyatt, and Levi was a special friend of Wyatt's. The "little boy, Levi Heywood Greenwood" afterward became Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. It will be recalled that Dr. Wyatt was born in Gardner.

Beverly Sept. 29th, 1876

Dear Augusta:

Fathers long desired visit to Gardner is accomplished. I went with him, Mother keeping house for me.

We left home Tuesday morning at 7 o'clock. Taking the Fitchburg route from Boston. The regular Hoosac tunnel express. We passed thro' many pretty towns, Waltham, Watertown &c only stopping at Concord & Fitchburg until after passing Fitchburg when our stops were a little oftener. We arrived at Gardner at eleven, and were cordially received by Mr. Levi Heywood and his daughter (Mrs. Helen Greenwood) who keeps house for him. Mr. Heywood is 76 years of age, in good health and very active for a man of his age. He is a small man but in his looks resembles uncle Eben. I will send you his photograph, which is a very good likeness of him tho' you do not get the resemblance to uncle Eben, because it is in the expression more than in the features. He has always carried on an immense business in the manufacture of chairs, and with wonderful success. His brother Seth has always been his partner, tho not an equal one. The business has steadily increased until it amounts to $800000.00 annually. Three sons of these brothers and two sons in law are now actively engaged in the business, and are partners. At the time of the war the Heywoods lost $100000.00 and soon after had a disastrous fire. But the years following were very successful and they soon recovered. Their profits one of those years amounting to $100000.00. They now import their own stock, make all their own tools, and have made a good many inventions which they have patented. They have large stores in New York, Philadelphia & San Francisco. They also export chairs to many foreign countries.

The present state of Gardner compared with its appearance 60 years ago as Father remembered it gives a good idea of the public spirit of the Heywoods. It was then an ordinary farming town of 600 inhabitants. It now has 4,000 inhabitants—many of the houses are magnificent, having all the modern improvements—gas water &c—while all are neat and comfortable. The school houses stores town hall Bank &c are all modern, and fine looking

buildings. There are four churches Universalist Catholic & two Orthodox churches. These two societies have lately united, and are abt building a new church to accommodate all. They have built a parsonage for Mr. Herrick their minister and besides pay him a salary of two thousand dollars.

A small sheet of water called Crystal lake is now—*as it was of old* the pride of the town. On one side of this is a beautiful Cemetery—Laid out with walks and adorned with handsome shrubbery and flowers. And farther on, is a hill shaded with pines abt 40 acres of which has been clear'd up & laid out for a picnic ground which with the lake is very attractive. From the highest point of this picnic ground Monadnock & Wachusett mountains are seen in the distance. There is a pretty steamboat and numerous row-boats on the lake, which afford choice amusement to the many who assemble here for a days recreation—through the warm season.

Mr. Heywood has stocked the lake with black Bass and several of the brooks abt with trout. He makes quite a business of trout raising—and keeps one man employed feeding 40 lbs of meat to them daily—and caring for them generally. Some of the younger Heywoods have a trotting park and are much interested in horses.

Father visited his birthplace, and the graves of his grandparents. I took home some names and dates which I will enclose and also a sprig of green taken from the grave of your great grandfather. Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood were very pleasant and did all they could for us. She has one little boy named Levi Heywood Greenwood. She is a very sprightly pleasant woman & nice housekeeper. She suffers from Hay fever which attacks her invariably on the 12th of August and makes her very miserable until the first frost, when it disappears. There are two brothers at home one a great invalid, and the other rather unsteady. The other son Charles, the president of the bank and very prominent in all the business, is married and lives near. He is smarter even than his father I believe. He has been in the Legislature Representative from Winchester where he lived several years at one time. We called at Seth Heywood and saw his wife and four children, two sons & two daughters. One daughter is married and lives at home. One son is married and lives opposite his father. Walter Heywood a brother to Levi & Seth is a large chair manufacturer in Fitchburg. He is also a fancy farmer, keeps thirty cows &c.

There were more cousins and more of their children that I cannot begin to remember. We were there just 24 hours—and we enjoyed it very much. We were amazed to see what enterprise and money, united, could do & came home feeling small.

We came home by Worcester. The branch from Worcester to Gardner is a Heywood enterprise, Mr. Levi Heywood having put it through the Legislature and put $80,000.00 into it.

We staid at Gilberts Wednesday night and reached home yesterday at noon. I enjoyed the trip very much but I almost felt as tho' Aunt Nancy or some of the cousins should have been in my place.

These people whom we saw were all modest people, and put on no airs. I saw no strutting and heard no bragging.

I have taken pains to write this long account, thinking it would be a satisfaction to you to know what blood you had in your veins. My observations were very hasty and I have written hurriedly. You will therefore excuse any mistakes I may have made. One point must be true that they had everything about them that money could buy. I shall hope to hear from you very soon. I am very glad always of Tamworth letters. I wish somebody would do as much for Tamworth as the Heywoods & chairs have done for Gardner.

Affectionately yours

Amy L.B.

THE MOUNTAINS

BY

WILLIAM C. BOYDEN

(This and the "Ossipee Falls" sketch which follows were published in the Beverly newspaper of their day.)

Stevenson Hill, Tamworth, N. H.
Aug. 28, 1883.

Up in a corner of New Hampshire—in a bowl, of which Whiteface, Chocorua, Red Hill and Ossipee mountains are the edges—is the pretty town of Tamworth, named for a famous old English borough, and settled in 1772 by a race as sturdy and worthy as that of the mother country, from which it derived its name.

A raised map of this mountain region brings into bold relief the outline of hills and valleys, showing this whole section to be one vast upheaval of some day long passed, second in interest only to the White and Franconia mountain ranges farther north.

The valleys seem only sufficient to give shape and beauty to the mountains. These tower far above us, clad in a dense foliage, in great variety of outline and color. Mountains they are indeed of God's handiwork. More truly of them than of Bunker Hill, can it be said, "let the earliest light of the morning gild them, and parting day linger and play on their summits." And when Bunker Hill shall have mouldered into dust, the everlasting hills shall remain, emblematic of the repose, the strength, the vastness of God himself. Like the Psalmist of old, we go unto the hills, from whence cometh our help and our inspiration.

All day long the cloud shadows chase each other on the hill sides in fantastic shapes, answering to the snowy billows of the sky, and, at night the mountain tops seem like a mighty framework upon which the firmament with all its starry host might rest. When all is hushed and still, how eloquent are these silent sentinels that with outstretched arms and majestic presence guard the plains below! How do they soothe our troubled spirit—how "glide into our darker musings with a mild and gentle sympathy that steals away their sharpness ere we are aware"—how do they speak of the wisdom and power of their and our Creator, in whom we and they rest!

The mountains are a source of inspiration for mind and body. They have touched the poet souls, of our own and other lands, as

with a coal of fire from heaven's own altar. The genius of Whittier has lent a fadeless charm to this beautiful landscape. Because of his noble verse and lover-like praise, Ossipee stands the prouder, and the Bearcamp sings a sweeter song as it threads its joyful way through field and woodland. The sources of this beautiful river and the musical brooks which everywhere abound, are in the hillsides and mountain. The mountains gather up in numberless springs these waters and pour them forth in a generous flood to rejoice the heart of man and to refresh the thirsty land. These glad waters, in rivulet and brook and lake, make perfect and ideal the scenery of this magnificent mountain region.

A DAY AT OSSIPEE FALLS

BY

WILLIAM C. BOYDEN

Is an event long to be remembered. We left Stevenson Hill, Tamworth, at 9 o'clock, a jolly party of twelve, our big horse, "Jumbo," taking the lead, the colt next and "Bones" bringing up the rear. The day was fine. Recent rains had laid the dust, freshened the grass and foliage, and the whole country was at its best. As we wound our way up the sides of Ossipee Mountain, over Moultonboro' ridge, magnificent views opened in every direction—the Whiteface range in our rear, Red Hill at our right, and in between was an immense valley in every variety of landscape, dotted with forests and farms, nestling houses and pretty villages.

We reached the falls, 750 feet above Winnepesaukee Lake, at noon, after a final ascent of a mile, over an easy, well graded road. As we ascended, we caught glimpses through the trees of the beauty yet to come. But when we reached the Lodge in Ossipee Park, and the Observatory at Crow's Nest, a scene of wonderful grandeur and beauty burst upon us. The Ossipee range still towered high above us, while at our feet lay the Lake, its waters glistening in the sunlight and gently lapping the shores of its 365 islands. The steamers Mt. Washington and Lady of the Lake were lazily puffing in the offing. On the farthest shore, the Gilmantown mountains were clearly outlined against the sky, and in the dim distance, Old Kearsarge lifted up its head. A good glass swept the Lake and the whole country round—a scene of surpassing beauty.

But who shall describe the Falls and the Brook ramble, the glory of Ossipee Park? Nature has here been lavish of her gifts. Three-fourths of a mile above the lodge, and 1000 feet above the Lake, is a rare spring of ice-cold water, bubbling and boiling from four fountains, rushing in great volume and with mad speed down the mountain side, as if rejoicing in its beauty and power. The windings and turnings and plunges of this beautiful brook for nearly two miles baffle description. Such an excess and superfluity of beauty is nowhere else to be seen—high and densely shaded banks —a bed of polished granite, or smoothly worn stones, or richest moss—curiously formed basins, whose foaming waters seem vexed and fretted with their fruitless chase—rare and quiet pools, Bethesdas for weary minds and feet, in whose silvery waters glori-

ous trout safely swim, unvexed by line or hook—long, sweeping curves worn under the solid, overhanging rocks—and waterfalls in endless succession, in fantastic shapes and richest coloring. Now caught between narrow ledges, the brook foams and frets with increasing violence, then, as if in answer to its beseeching, the way opens into a wide and placid basin, and the tired waters purl and murmur their pleasure as if glad to rest. Thus ever changing, yet always the same, does this charming brook run its merry course, as if glad to minister to our joy and sharing in it—itself a thing of life and joy, of heart and soul, of sweetest voice and gentlest expression—and then, like a playful child, having gambolled to its heart's content, there remains only for it to throw itself away in complete abandonment over the Upper and Lower Falls. Gathering itself for the final plunge, it rushes in solid mass down a steep precipice of fifty feet, and weary and exhausted sinks to rest in the deep basin below. Here are towering rocks, natural bridges, deep caves, which furnished a safe retreat during a short shower,—in fact a combination of the Giant's Causeway and the Flume.

This gem of a brook has a beautiful setting from Nature and Art. The Proprietors have shown excellent taste in supplementing nature's work by winding, shaded paths, tasteful rustic bridges and arches, in great variety of design and finish, fountains supplied by the trickling water on the banks, natural curiosities resembling men and animals—all indeed that art could safely do has been done to bring this brook ramble to perfection. The buildings in the Park are few in number, very pretty and appropriate—a fine commodious house for the owner's use—a convenient Lodge, Observatory and stable. Everything about the Park bears the marks of judgment and taste. Several thousand visitors enjoyed these views and rambles last season—and still they come. The community are greatly indebted to Mr. B. F. Shaw and his brother, the Superintendent, for their skill in the preparation of these beautiful grounds and their hospitality in opening them to the public.

The minor events of our trip would fill many a page—the satisfying lunch on the mountain side, the changing incidents of the day, the rattling ride down the mountain and home in the light of a glorious sunset, flooding hill and valley with a marvellous beauty, the nine o'clock supper, prepared by thoughtful hands, the sound sleep, pleasant dreams and kindly memories filling up and completing the picture of a rare day's sport.

Written by William C. Boyden for the Two-Hundredth Anniversary Service of the First Parish Church, Beverly, October 2, 1867.

Two hundred years ago our Church was formed,
An outpost of the Army of the Lord—
His pioneers the wild, primeval cleared
And raised His banner on the virgin soil.
Thanks to the fathers of our Church and blood—
Battling, *without,* the elements untamed,
The stealthy, hostile Indian—and *within,*
The secret foes that e'er assail our peace;—
They sowed the fruitful seeds of Liberty
In tears—We reap, in joy, a harvest free.

The Century waves close o'er the flowing years
With scarce a ripple—and their gathering depths
Conceal the golden sands of life well spent—
And dross alike. Yet, from the good and true,
An influence sweet exhales. Still, as of old,
Their angel spirits hover o'er our path—
To brighter worlds allure—where faith is turned
To sight—where hope her full fruition meets—
And life, here lost to self, is found, renewed
In all the beauteous grace of sacrifice.

Two hundred years our house has stood—its spire
Pointing heavenward, whither it would lead—
Its base firm planted on the solid earth,
As if that men might lean thereon and rest—
Inviting entrance, on each Sabbath morn,
With friendly, open doors—the gate of heaven
We trust to not a few. Within and out
Six busy generations pass—and find,
Beneath this hallowed roof, a peace and strength
To cheer and brighten all the walk of life.

Two hundred years! Our fancy busy grows
And fain would pass again, in long review,
The forms that sought these seats in ancient time
And took sweet counsel with the pastors, old;—
The elders, with benign and serious air,—
And they, in manly prime, who bore the heat
And burden of the day—and vigorous youth
Succeed—and maidens, radiant with the bloom
Of life's fair morn—and matrons grave, with flocks
Of happy children, join the reverent throng.

A change comes o'er the spirit of our dream—
The busy Reaper gathers all—and time,
With tooth remorseless, spoils the landmarks old.
A breath of modern Art sweeps o'er the Church
And, clothed anew with rare device and skill,
It shines from turret to foundation stone.
And faces which the founders never knew—
And pastor, young and strong,—have met today
To bless their honored names and holy work,
Which follow them with never ceasing praise.

This picture soon shall fade—and we, in turn,
Shall act our several parts—and haste to join
Their forms receding in the dim, weird past.
Let us so live that when the summons come
Our work may be approved of God and men.
He only changeth not—nor knoweth He
The shadow of a turn. Let us abide
In Him, alone immutable and sure,
He shall preserve our going out and in
From this time forth and e'en forevermore.

Gold Rush Correspondence in '49. Charles, George and Joseph A. Boyden. Joseph McGaffey and W. H. Peabody

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Hanover, Jan. 5th, 1849.

My dear Parents,

Mr. Blake asked me this morning to pay what I owe him, as he is under the necessity of raising a sum of money. I have been with him 9 weeks, and owe as follows;—

Rent—9 weeks at 33-⅓ cents per week—	$3.00
Board—2 weeks at $1.75 " " —	$3.50
" —5 weeks at $1.42 " " —	$7.10
" —2 " at $1.50 " " —	$3.00
Wood half a cord $1.42	$1.42
	$18.02

I will be obliged to you to send the amount immediately on the receipt of this. Dr. Peaslee will probably soon call for his Term Bill, which will be $15.00. There are other expenses occuring from time to time; so that, if it would be more convenient to you, you can send a larger amount at once.

I should like to hear when Joseph arrives home.

As to George's going to California, I would say that while Clerks &c are leaveing for that place, there are good offices left behind, which it would be well to look to—yet, if *under all the circumstances and remembering the truth*—"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune; neglected, all the voyage of life is shipwrecked.", he thinks it is best to go—*I say, go.* Give my love to Grandmother.

Hoping you are well &c, I remain

Your's
C. F. Boyden.

Hanover, Jan. 16th, 1849.

My dear Parents,

I have just received Pa's letter, and paid the Bill to Mr. Blake. Dr. Peaslee has notified the Class to pay their bills. I am therefore under the necessity of "asking for more". I need at present $25. I know that I am using principal, and that the principle is bad, both as to morals & money. The Dr's term closes in three weeks after this. I am obliged to you for your care of my money and your advice; I hope I shall profit by both. I should think

George would learn something of the value of money, for the way he has taken to get it is full of labour, anxiety and danger.

There is a Company organizing here to start about the first of March, and go by land. Please answer this immediately upon its receipt. Give my love to friends.

I am,

Your Son,
Charles F. Boyden.

Sunday, January 21st, 1849.

My Dear Parents,

I herewith send you the "Constitution and By-Laws of the Granite State Trading, Mining & Agricultural Company."

I have some thoughts of going to California.

If it is advisable for me to make good, or more than good, the inroads upon my principal necessary to be made in the attainment of a Profession, this plan of doing it suits me better than any other I am aware of.

It is true, there is hazard of success and also of life. But my health is not very good, and it may be beneficial. Besides, I broke down last winter in keeping school, and I don't wish to do it again. Hardly anything less than necesssity would induce me to keep school again. I should not intend to be gone more than a year, and having returned, I should wish to commence again my studies, Providence permitting.

This Company organized last evening with just the number requisite, some members residing at a distance of 30 miles from this place. There will be likely to be as many more at least before they start, as they are becoming more widely known. The Originators are substantial men of Hanover & Labanon. Thus far there are men towards 60 years of age, the majority being from 30 to 50 years old, none under 21. They have families, occupations & ties in this state, which will control all their movements & they will not intend to be gone any longer than their interest demands. They intend to ship stores of food &c about the 1st of February, while the Company will start about the 1st of March. They intended at first to go by way of Missouri, but are now considering the expediency of the route by way of Vera Cruz & Mexico. As to the Constitution, it can be amended by a 2/3 vote in any particular. As to the $10,000 clause, it is to be paid out of the first success of the Company, and, even in failure of that, it will fall lightly upon a Company of 50 members. I should like to receive your opinions upon the project, and your assent if you

can give it & thus I shall be left with freedom to act my judgment. If this Company does not suit your idea, there may be other ways which offer better.

I should not wish to be gone any longer than necessary, because of my studies.

Please write an answer this week, as the Company meet Saturday evenings.

Your Son,
Charles F. Boyden.

Hanover, Jan. 25th, 1849.

My Dear Father,

I have just received your letter dated yesterday. Your 1st objection is the insufficiency of my health for fatigues & exposures.—I think I could not, indeed, plunge into real hardship safely—I could not do an able-bodied man's work at very many kinds of manual or mental labour, e.g., my experience in farming and school-keeping. I shall probably be reminded of the frailty of human nature, wherever I am and in whatever business engaged, as long as I live.

And after all, life is uncertain at the best state of health, in the most propitious circumstances. A journey by stage, rail-road, steamboat & horse to California does not appear to me to be a hardship; but on the contrary, a pleasure. I have no doubt but that proper care will secure health to any one.

As to my going with the Salem Company, it ought to depend upon the point—which company offers the best inducement to an individual? The members of the N. H. Company are, I presume, generally smart men, who do what they set out to do, if they can. They are practical, and will, doubtless, be a band of friends to each other. I should like to know *all* about the Salem Company, before deciding.

I would have you let me know their laws, their time & manner of going, staying & returning; and finally your opinion of the two Companies. I should like very much to go with Joseph McGaffey.

If the gold business is not used up this year, circumstances may take place, which would put it out of the power of individuals obtaining wealth with the facility which is now. Now is the time. If I should not go in the course of a few months, it is not likely I should go at all. As to the fever, it must be kept out of the system by strict regimen, and trust in Providence.

Sunday, Jan. 28th.

At the meeting last night, after the obtaining of some signatures, the spectators were invited to leave the room. But I have learned from one of the members some particulars. The Directors find it difficult to raise money, as contemplated in the Constitution. The members are divided as to the expediency of raising the $10,000. and sending provisions by sea. Some think it best to buy provisions there; others, to send. The latter party wish to increase the fee of each member from $200. to $400, so that they can send a $100 dollars worth of provisions by means of $100 freight money. In this condition, two Companies may be formed, the one paying $200, & the other $400 from each member. They would go out together & be a mutual protection. The Route is not decided, but the Mexican one appears to have the best chance. They hope to be able to start by the middle of March.

To conclude—which of all the Companies is the best?

My regards to all.

Write soon to

Your's

C. F. Boyden.

P.S. The Dr's Term closes this week. If I go in the Salem Company, I shall come home at once.

I owe in all, I suppose, about $25. The expenses of going home are about $5.

Your's

C.F.B.

Hanover, Jan. 31st, '49.

My Dear Father,

I have just received your letter; from its date I presume you had received my last. Having paid my debts, I have some more than $2.00 in my wallet. I am sorry for your sake that I have not altered my mind. If there is no encouragement to join the Salem Company, I intend to join this one, though I shall not sign the Constitution till I have heard from you again. I advise my Beverly friends to join this Company.

The Class finished dissecting to-day. Dr. Crosby commences, I suppose, in about ten days. I shall not, of course, join his Class, but what medicine I study, shall do so privately.

I shall come home before long in order to get ready for going to California.

Please write soon to Yours

with affection

C. F. Boyden.

P.S. Please send in the letter $5.00.

Hanover, Febr'y 5th, '49.

My Dear Father,

The N. H. Co. have altered the $200 clause in their Constitution to $400, in consequence of having given up the idea of raising $10,000. But they have inserted another Article, by which any person can be a member, by paying $200, having equal facilities with the $400 members *till the Company arrive* in California. The $400 members intend to send provisions around the Cape, while the $200 members will have to buy in California. The $200 members are the most numerous; they have the facility of investing any small sum of money, which they can spare, in provisions & sending & then receiving their due proportions when in Cal. Those members who send any provisions by vessels, will hand in their amount of money for that purpose on Saturday February 17th. The Commissary will immediately send the provisions & at the same time clothes &c. which could not be conveniently carried by themselves.

They intend starting by the 15th of March at farthest from Boston to Vera Cruz by vessel, thence to Mexico then to Masatlan & thence by vessel. I think there be of them between 30 & 40.

I am satisfied with this Company; the Constitution secures to each one equal rights & the liberty of leaving the Company any time after the debts are paid, if he thinks best. It is a likely Company in my opinion, and has the countenance of the first men of this town.

As to the Salem Company—I should like to know—what sort of men compose it, especially its leaders?—*its regulations & laws?* —*when they mean* to start?—in what kind of a vessel & from what port?—Do they send provisions in advance?—expenses, &c.?

I should like your opinion of the merits of the two companies, i.e. in which should *you* prefer to go?

Please write an immediate answer & also send $5 or $10. as I am on expence & shall have to come home before long to get ready, whichever company is selected.

Your son

Charles F. Boyden.

P.S. You will see by the above, that I must decide at once as to the Companies so as to prepare. I might add that I think that a person's health depends chiefly upon his management of himself; and, as far as external circumstances are concerned, is more likely to be benefitted than injured. Marauders are said to be afraid of a small body of well armed Americans.

Encampment at Corpus Christi.
March 25th, 1849.

My dear Parents—

The John W. Herbert, of between 90 and 100 tons burthen, manned by 1 Capt., 1 1st mate, 2 sailors & 1 cook, and containing 31 passengers, left East Boston on *Saturday, Feby 24th ult.* At night, she put into Nantasket Roads on account of the weather. On *Thursday, March 1st,* at about 9 o'clock she weighed anchor, and by the next morning had passed through the South Channel which lays between Nantucket Shoals & George's Bank. *Saturday, 2 o'clock a.m.* entered the Gulf Stream, where the water was milk-warm. *Sunday, 4th,* strong breezes & squally; in the evening had a light gale. *Tuesday 6th.* Symptoms of a calm. *Thursday 8th.* We have a head sea & sail hard upon the wind; in the eve. the wind suddenly altered in our favour & we altered our course a little. *Friday 9th,* in the morning a calm; about 9 o'clock, heard the glad sound—Land ho! in the afternoon, a shark was caught—in the night we beat beyond Abaco Light. *Saturday 10th.* Steady head winds in the forenoon, 3 vessesl in sight, saw a Dolphin & flying fish, 1-½ oclock Berry Island hove in sight. *Sunday 11th.* Arrived on the Bahamas Banks which have from 3 to 6 fathoms where we went, of fine blue clear water through which the bottom was visible. Meeting Services were held as usual. We got off the Banks at 3-½ o'clock of *Tuesday morn* at night spoke a vessel; also spoke with a vessel on Wednesday, the 14th. *Friday 16th.* a school of porpoises came under the bows. *Wednesday 21st.* In the morn the heavy winds and sea which we had experienced all night rather increased so that the Capt. put out to sea for fear of a storm, but the wind becoming more moderate and fair, he put around for Port. At noon, by calculation, we were 88 miles from land. At 5-½ o'clock, I had the honor of crying from mast-head Land ho! to the expectant passengers. In the eve. anchored but the anchor broke in a flawey place so we lay "off & on." We were off Corpus Christi Bar, but the next day the Captain found by going on to the island that it was necessary to go about 25 miles farther up to Aransas Pass, because the water was too shoal at the Bar.

Thursday night the Pilot was aboard & *Friday noon* put us through the Pass where the vessel anchored & we embarked with baggage & store upon a lighter for Corpus Christi; we arrived at the wharf about 9 o'clock. Most of the Company went into the town for oysters &c. Capt. Waters among the rest. Capt. Waters (I believe I will not write what I was going to on second thought). *Saturday, 24th,* we put our stores into a store-house & pitched our encampment. In the morn, however, the Company breakfasted at Corpus Christi hotel upon meats, eggs, flap-jacks, bread, honey & coffee, for which 50 cents a piece was paid. They have no money here less than a five cent piece. Things are dear. Corpus Christi is a small place having not more than 400 votes; the houses are low. The wealthiest persons live in handsome 1 story houses. The manners of the people are very different from those of New England. The people ride much on horses, of which there are thousands upon thousands a few miles back in the country. They live pretty easy I should think. There is a vast quantity of liquor drank here. The country is handsome to view. Col. Henny (according to pronunciation) owns most of the land about here & will doubtless be of great assistance to us. Capt. Waters consults chiefly with him. I *expect* to have to leave some of my baggage. Mules are higher than we calculated upon. Capt. Lewis was not very popular with the Company although I do not see but that he fulfilled his contract & treated folks as civilly as his disposition and habits would admit of. The schooner was an excellent sea-boat, so the Passengers thought. I felt thankful when we arrived on shore. It is uncertain when the Company leave here & I will now lay this sheet one side in hopes to write in it some more information.

Yours affectionately,
C. F. Boyden.
Friday, March 30th.

The Company expect to start tomorrow morning by way of *Mier* to Masatlan. I expect to be able to carry all my baggage by dint of perseverance & exertion &c. Jos. has sold much of his.

Yours,
C.F.B.

Camp near Laredo, Apr. 17th/49.

Dear Uncle,

It is my painful duty to announce to you the sudden death of your son Charles. In consequence of heavy baggage our journey from Corpus Christi was tedious and slow; for some distance back

we were obliged to pack our horses and walk. The last day was through a dry country, with the burning sun pouring down on our heads. At night a violent "norther" sprung up accompanied with rain, the first rain for 8 months. We were very much fatigued, our blood thin. Many eat a hearty supper of stewed beans. We were obliged to make these long and hard marches to obtain water for ourselves and animals. Most of us took a violent cold. In fact we hardly suffered more from cold at any time in N. E. This chilled him through. On the morning of the 15th he got up, looked very badly, vomited once and purged frequently. He was also seized with violent cramps all over him. I administered 2 grs. Calomel & one of Opium, and sent to Laredo for a Physician —the Army Surgeon. He continued the Calomel & Opium doses— a large quantity of Calomel & 10 drops of laudanum 3 times in as many hours, in order to prevent billious discharges. Charles was then easier and slept a little. The Dr. then administered Rhubarb & Camphor 3 powders. He continued to grow weaker and at 4 o'clock Monday Morning 16th April he died. You will perceive from this short statement that his disease was the Cholera. Another of our number, Mr. Parker of Lynn, was taken down Sunday A.M. and in 20 hours died. We had coffins made, and they were buried in the American burying ground with the usual religious services. A stone with the initials C.F.B. marks the place where he lies. Thus in about 24 short hours 2 of our comrades were struck down by the sudden hand of death. When the fatal messenger comes upon our little band so suddenly—it is terrible. They had every care taken of them that could be rendered. Capt. Waters & I staid with them sixteen hours and retired to obtain some rest. We left them in the hands of those who took good care of them. I know of nothing more that could have been done. The physician has had much experience with the cholera. Capt. Waters said it coincided with the treatment of the English Physicians in Asia.

I counted his money in the presence of Mr. Grant, the Treasurer, and found $100.55. It is impossible to sell his clothing here as much is woolen and Cal. Companies passing through here have completely supplied the market.

In company with 3 others I have bought an extra pack mule & shall take his most valiable clothes along. One or two others had a touch of the cholera, but not severe and recovered. We have disposed of all but one light waggon & taken pack mules, in this way we can get along much faster. We shall now soon cross the Rio Grande & hope in a short time to be upon the highlands of

Mexico. My own health is very good indeed. I feel much better than when I left, but how soon it may be my turn I know not. We are very careful about exposure and diet, to eat what is easily digestible. Charles was very rugged until he arrived at this place. I thought there was no one of us more healthy. The cholera is before us and behind us and the quickest way to get out of it seems to be to go on as fast as possible to the highlands of Mexico. All the effects of Charles I shall take good care of.

I have written this in great haste as the company are getting ready as fast as possible to start.

Your affectionate Nephew,
Joseph McGaffey

I forgot to mention that I applied large mustard poultices to the pit of his stomach, also to his feet, with injections of rice water and rubbed him all over with rum & cayenne pepper, but nothing in our power could arrest the fatal disease.

J. McG.

Monclove, May 2d, 1849.

Dear Uncle,

We arrived here yesterday. We have met with much delay in consequence of sickness. I wrote you from Laredo informing you of Charles' death. The dreadful cholera made sad havoc among us. Eight of our number died before we left the valley of the Rio Grande. Men in full health & strength were laid low in death in 12 hours. It was a dreadful scene, such as I pray God never to witness again. We lived in the expectation that before another day we should be numbered among the dead. We were very careful about diet and exposure. My diet was a little coarse bread toasted with a little coffee for breakfast, a moderate dinner of toasted bread & tea, and a little tea and a bit of bread for supper. I lived in this way for two weeks, until hunger and faintness compelled me to take more nourishment. We have had no new case for eight days and have arrived among the mountains where we have pure bracing air, and pretty good water. The water on the Rio Grande was brackish, limy and most every other bad taste. We have had a general washing out of all our clothes and undergone a regular fumigation, and are in hopes we have left the cholera behind us. For myself I was never more regular and healthy & was only weak in consequence of spare diet. I was as much exposed and assisted as much or more in taking care of the sick than any other one. Mr. Prince had a severe attack of the cholera and was the only one that recovered. He was sick nine

miles this side Laredo. After he got better we carried him in to Laredo where he was going to stay till he entirely recovered, when he would return home. Mr. Copeland of Salem accompanied him. I had a strong inclination to accompany him but we were 150 miles from Corpus Christi, all a cholera country. I hesitated for some time but finally thought best to flee to the Mts. of Mexico. Since Mr. Prince left us three have died. We came from Laredo 180 miles in 6-½ days. We now make from 25 to 30 miles a day with ease, and if nothing should befall us we can arrive at Mazetta in about 20 days. This part of Mexico is the most dry, sandy, limy, barren country that I ever saw or imagined. Scarcely any of the land is cultivated or inhabited, except where it can be easily irrigated by the streams from the Mts. The sun pours down his fiercest rays on these hot burning sands and our train of horses and mules kick up no small cloud of dust We have to carry corn for horses, and bread for ourselves. We have found only two places between Laredo and this place where we could buy corn or bread, corn $1.00 per bushel, bread very high. Corn at Monclova is .50 per bushel. It will take about 7 days to Parras. We shall have to take provisions for ourselves, and nearly all the corn for horses that we shall need. We travel from 6 A. M. till 11 & from 6 P. M. to 11 P. M. We have met with no difficulty from the Mexicans or Comanches. It was impossible for me to carry Charles' baggage through. It would cost double its worth. I disposed of it as well as I could, and will render a true account of it and send the money, when I have a good and safe opportunity. Perhaps that may not be till the Sterling goes. The names of those that have died are, C. F. Boyden, David E. Parker of Lynn, Stephen Jones of Boston, J. C. Walton, Wm. E. Cox of Lynnfield, Galen Dresser of Salem, Charles Robinson of Lynn, and Lewis E. Taylor of Westfield.

I have not time to write more. My health is very good and the company are all well. We shall go out of town this evening, and start for Parras tomorrow. I have not time to write more. Give my love to all the folks. Let my mother know that I am well. In great haste

Your aff't nephew

J. McGaffey.

San Francisco, 1 July 1849

Dear Father,

Thinking you would like to hear what success has attended us, I shall proceed with the account in as few words as possible

having little less than two hours to spend in writing. We left home at 3 o'clock P. M. 1st Jan'y with light breezes from the Wd. which continued till 3 o'clock at night. When it commenced severe gales & heavy snow squalls, which lasted till the next day. The snow squalls subsided, but it blew very hard for several days. We were 34 days to the equater, & 60 to the Cape. Had a very hard time round. *Fifty-four* days, we had, of as strong gales & heavy squalls, as I ever want to see again. We were constantly shipping large seas, which struck sometimes as though they would carry all before them. One sea struck us, which carried away the Bulwarks, Stanchions, & Rail, the whole length of the quarter deck. I was in the house with the passengers. It did not strike the house very hard but frightened us some. The Capt. then told us we had better go below, if we did not want to be washed overboard.

Fortunately that was the only sea that did any damage of consequence. It was always cold and uncomfortable with a gangy frock & great-coat on. We had a very good passage except round the Cape. From the Cape to the equator we were 31 days, & from home to San Francisco 6 mos. to a day. We spoke several vessels this side of the Cape & one the other side. Feb'y 1st we spoke the ship Houqua of, & for N. Y. 66 days from Canton. I suppose he reported us all well, as the Capt. desired him to.

All the green hands in the Cabin were sea-sick except Nourse. One of the Lynn passengers did not get out of his berth to stop for nearly a fortnight. I began to feel sick about 5 o'clock the afternoon we sailed and was sick enough till the next morning but one, when I ate my first meal aboard. I ate nor drank nothing but a little Indian meal gruel, and that but three times.

The passengers are all very agreeable companions & I like them well.

We came to an anchor in the Harbor of St. Francisco about 7 o'clock & 30 minutes in the morning. After we furled the sails and ate Breakfast, an officer of a man of war came aboard and gave the Capt. the regulations of the Port.

He said board was about $14 per week. Flour $5 only per barrel. The prospect of lumber selling was very good, & that there would be a Steamer start for the States to-morrow.

The mail closes to-day at 12 o'clock, you will see I had hardly two hours to write. I shall not have time to speak of the Capt. or crew, except that I like them all very well. We have had all hands instead of watch & watch as was promised us. Is Jos. McGaffey in Beverly now. I promised to write to him & shall want to know where to direct my letter. I suppose there are a

great many mistakes in this, as I write without having time to correct. The officer who told us the above news told us also that the Gold was as plenty as one could wish. In my next I shall let you know about the Gold diggings, lumber sales, &c. I should like to receive a letter from Home soon.

from your aff. son
G. H. Boyden.

P.S. Nourse wants you to let his mother know that he is well & will write as soon as he can learn something of the place.
G.H.B.

Sacramento City, 23rd July '49.

Dear Father,

We were in San Francisco when I wrote before. I shall now give you some description of the place. It has about 600 or 800 buildings in it. Part are houses built of wood, some are made of canvass, some are crockery crates & others built of brush. The soil I should think is poor. I saw nothing but wild trees growing. I believe one of the passengers saw a garden but I do not know what was raised there. The principal business is gambling & drinking.

Every other building has a gaming table, & where there is a table there is a grog shop. We remained in San Francisco till the 5th and arrived in Sacramento City on the 6th making the quickest passage up the river, having sailed only 16 hours.

Every vessel coming up this river has to come to an anchor in the night on account of the snags. In less than 24 hours after we anchored the crew left us all but one man, who has been sick the most of the passage. He got ruptured the 1st night out & nobody on board knew what was the matter with him till we arrived in Francisco.

He went to a Doctor there and got a truss & was then able to do a little. He soon got tired of staying here & shipped as steward at $250 a month on board a vessel bound down the river. We have sold all the lumber at about $370. per thousand. Few of the other things have been sold. The people here live in tents, or canvass houses. There are however a number of wooden houses, stores & one Hotel raised & will be finished before long. There is nothing as yet but wild trees growing. The Capt. planted a few seeds a day or two ago and we shall know before long whether anything will grow or not.

One of our passengers died about a fortnight ago. They had started for the mines, & had gone about 5 miles when they sat

down to rest. One of them fell asleep & slept about ten minutes. When he awoke he was crazy as he could be & remained so about two hours when he died. He was probably sun-struck as the sun is very hot here. We generally get up about 4 o'clock & work till 10 A.M. then lay by till 5 P.M. & work as long as we have a mind to, generally till 8 o'clock. This fellow that died was buried at Suters—

Different accounts are given of the Gold Diggings. Some go to the mines & dig a month or two & then come & hire out by the day in the city.

Others get from 1 to 3 or 4 oz. per day, this pays very well. I suppose we shall remain in the vessel three or four weeks longer when it will be cooler & then go and see the Elephant. The Company is broken up therefore we shall dig each one for himself without we make some arrangement among ourselves.

Labor here is high, a Carpenter gets an ounce a day & found, other workmen $10 a day & found. Pork is worth $60 a bbl. milk 50¢ a qt. potatoes from $10 to $15 a bbl. Ship Bread 20¢ a pound. Bakers loaf $1.00. the loaves here are the same size as Dodges domestics. Everything is high except Salt Beef which cannot be given away. I believe I have told about all that I can think of now.

from your aff. son
Geo. H. Boyden.

P.S. Foster hurt his right hand today & will not be able to write. The Capt. I suppose will give his Father all the news & it will not make much difference.

G.H.B.

South Fork American rivers
Sept. 23d 1849.

Dear Uncle,

You have probably learned of our arrival at San Francisco. We proceeded directly up the river 160 miles to Sacramento City where I found the Sterling. She had been there about four weeks.

Capt. Galloup had sold nearly all the cargo, provisions &c. The crew left the vessel upon her arrival and went to the mines. Briand and Foster were on board. Boyden and Nourse remained with the vessel whilst there was work to do and then went to the mines. They remained about ten days and returned before I left. I remained there two days waiting the return of Capt. G. I thought it of no use to stop longer as the company had broken up and the Capt. was not carrying on any mining operations. The teams of

the Salem Co. were about starting and I threw my pack on to their load.

After they had reached the mines they broke up, as most companies do. The machinery that they brought out at great expense was worth just nothing. Almost every Co. from the East bring machinery,—all sorts of Yankee contrivances, but they throw it all aside for the simple cradle or rocker. Imagine a riddle or sieve placed on the head of a common baby cradle, beneath this is an apron inclined so as to carry the washings to the head of the rocker. One person picks up the earth and puts it into the riddle, while the other, with one hand rocks the cradle, and with the other, bails on water. The rocker is lower at the foot so that the sand and earth washes out while the gold being heavier works down to the bottom and is prevented from washing out by a cleat across the bottom of the cradle. The rocks that are left in the riddle are thrown out. Many that have come to California are disappointed. They curse the country and everything else, because they cannot pick up the gold by the handful and are quite unwilling to work hard for a small quantity of gold weighing ¾ of an oz.

Great numbers will return soon as they get money to carry them back. You will doubtless hear of much sickness at the mines, but considering the exposure to wet, want of proper food and almost everything comfortable, I only wonder that there is not more sickness than there is. Many take cold, and it often ends in diarrhoea or dysentry. Lately we hear of many that have the fever and chills. A man in these mines cannot endure the same amount of hard labor, exposure &c. that he can at the east, but very few deaths have occurred here, in proportion to the population and amount of sickness. Thousands of people now throng these rivers, on both sides men are digging into the banks and washing out the earth. I think they do not average more than ¾ of an oz. a day. After all it is a matter of luck and chance. If a man strikes into a good place, he will exceed his ounce a day. We have to pay here $2. per lb. for saleratus, 50 to 60 cts. for pork, 1½ dolls. pr foot for boards, fr. 6 to 10 dolls. for a tin pan, 40 dolls. for flour pr bbl.

When the rainy season comes on we intend to go to the dry diggins where the gold has been found in much greater abundance. In almost any place we can find by washing a pan full of earth some specks or scales of gold. The soil of the whole country lies on a bed of granite from 6 to 12 feet deep. In the dry diggins they go into the ravines and low places and dig down to the granite and find coarse gold. It is here where *"the lumps"* are found.

It is wonderful to witness the good order and quietness which prevail amongst this confused mass of men. I have heard of no quarrelling, no thefts nor anything of the kind. Property of all kinds is left exposed and might be stolen, but it remains unmolested. There is scarcely any work done on the Sabbath. A few go to the stores and get drunk and that is the worst I can say of them.

We have meetings about two miles from our encampment, at Mormon Island. The clergyman is a young man who has been settled over an orthodox society in Weymouth, Mass. He was in debt for his education—works hard six days, and preaches three excellent sermons on the Sabbath. He is a talented man and is an excellent extempore speaker.

My health has been remarkably good and I have hardly lost a meal of victuals—unless when I had none to lose—since I landed in Texas. Nearly all of the Salem Co. have had ill turns, but I have not had mine yet. If my health continues good I know not how long I may stay in this country. I am contented for the present to work for $12 to 20 worth per day. We have opportunities to send home every month by steamer. Money can be remitted (insured) for 7 per cent.

As soon as I can I will remit to you the money that Charles left, also to pay my bills.—If I had time I would write to Aunt Lydia. I was very glad to receive a line from her and will at some future time answer it. Give her my best regards, also to the children and all enquiring friends. I would give "an ounce" to see Mary & Martha and the rest of you.

Truly your Nephew
J. McGaffey

Sacramento City, 25 Oct/49.

Dear Father,

Yours of 2nd April was duly recd. Jos. arrived here 11 Aug. bringing the melancholy news of Chas. death. I was not a little surprised to see him in this country. The particulars of the Salem Company's journey I suppose you have heard.

The clothes have been recd. but the most of them are worthless here. The pants & coats are valuable but the white shirts & dickeys, & sheets are good for nothing. Jos. came down from the diggings yesterday. He has had pretty good luck & has come here for the purpose off buying an ox team to carry his provisions up to another part of the diggings about 60 miles from this place. He has been about 25 miles up before this. Freight is so high

now that if a person has a load of goods it is cheaper to buy a team of his own.

Nourse, Bryant & Foster, have gone to the mines. Nourse has gone with his brother in the Taloe Co., Foster with his brother-in law Howlett from Cincinnati. Bryant was going with Jona. B. but the day they were to start Jona. was taken sick. He has recovered and will start soon. I think I should have gone to the mines before this but I was sick the first of this month with Bilious Remittant Fever & had a small bill of $62 to pay the Dr. & apothecary. The Dr. charges $12. a visit but as I was a son of a Doctor he took $10 off from the bill. I am now as well as ever I was in my life & shall go to the mines with Jos. There will be nobody left with the vessel but the Capt. Provisions are very dear, pork is worth from $40 to $50 per bbl. & Flour was sold yesterday for $30 per bbl. If a person goes to a store he cannot get a bbl. of flour if he wants that article alone, but if he wants a number of things he can get Flour. This has not been till within a few days & probably will continue but a few days longer as there is more or less comes up the River daily.

I shall try and fill up the sheet in answer to mother's.

Your aff. son
Geo. H. Boyden.

Dear Mother,

Your letter I was glad to receive & as you say we shall have to owe the most of the letters we get to you as I know it is rather hard work to get Father to write. I hope that Wm. will write sometimes & Albert too. I wrote a short time since to James & Mr. Weston & hope to get answers before a great while. The drawers and undershirts you sent for Chas. I shall take as I am rather short of the latter, the other articles I shall keep till I get ready to come home, which I am in hopes will be in the course of 2 or 3 years from the above date. The papers made me think of Mondays and Thursdays at home. We get New York papers every month but the Register comes nearer home. I hope Aunt Vesta will get better soon. William I suppose is quite a dancer by this time. Albert I hope will like at the Bank & that Mr. Weston will like him. I rather think some other business would suit him better. I heard that Mr. Walker's wife & Mrs. Howe were dead. You wrote that you would like to see some of the big lumps. If you don't see some when I come home it will be because I have not dug them out. I believe I have written about all that I can think of at present.

From your aff. son,
G. H. Boyden.

P.S. If any one out of the family wants to see a letter from California show them Jos. *not mine* as I do not think it good enough to be passed around.

G.H.B.

That is not fair, I won't agree to it, let them have all the news that they can obtain from us.

J. McG.

Jos. has got hold of this letter & you see he was not content with other folks reading his own without having an inferior one to make his appear better.

G.H.B.

N. C. (nuff ced) J. McG.

Sacramento City, 25 Nov/49

Dear Father,

Once more on board the old Brig. After I started for the mines with Jos. Mac. & Mr. Jos. Hale of Salem one afternoon about a fortnight since we made out to get about four miles. Here we encamped for the night. This was my first night under the shelter of the waggon. Here I slept as sound as though I was on a feather bed, or in the vessel. Before daylight the next morning we were again on the road, we wanted to get twenty miles if possible today; but towards night one of the oxen gave out & we were obliged to halt at 7 o'clock within two miles of grass & water. Here we laid down under the waggon till one o'clock when we yoked the oxen and about 2 o'clock got to the grass, here we slept till morning. Our team proved to be a very poor one and we got about 6 miles today. The next day we got along very well till about 5 o'clock in the afternoon when we had two of our oxen on the ground completely tired out. We made out to get about 26 miles in three days.

The teamster thought it best to stop here 2 or 3 days to let the cattle rest. The next morning we went to look for the oxen and found one of the good ones down in a hole unable to get out, here he remained about 36 hours before we could get him out. But upon looking round for the rest of the animals we found two of them mired. We got two mules attached to them and hauled them out, but in the course of the day they died. The next day two more of them thought they had done enough hard work; & for this reason or some other they died. Here we were left with two odd oxen, but in the course of the day a man came along & relieved us of one by paying forty dollars. The load was taken by another teamster to the diggings for the other ox and the cart.

Fortunately my provisions were not on this load & I came back to wait for better travelling and then start again. I have waited now ten days and the roads grow worse instead of better. I shall not therefore go to the mines this winter.

Nourse got back a few days since and the party he started with are on the way, they came back on account of the roads being so bad. All miners that are in the city now will have to remain till Spring as it is impossible to get a load of provisions there. Probably there will be a great many die in the mines this winter on account of not having a sufficient quantity of provisions. In a month the roads will be impassible for a man and consequently those there will be obliged to remain and live the best way they can, or die. Nourse and I are now going to open a commission store this winter and shall probably do a good business. We shall locate at Vernon, 25 miles farther up the river, or, at Fremont directly opposite. These are new towns building up very fast. We shall go to one of these places & establish ourselves. Being among the first to open a store we shall secure the best of the custom. And now we have commenced for ourselves we should like something a little more profitable.

To come to the point, we want to know if you can get a vessel & load her with a cargo & consign them to us at half profits. Nourse is going to write to Mr. Clarke & if you & he with some others could send a cargo to us we can realize a handsome profit from it.

The vessel to send here should not be worth more than $4 or $5000, the cargo about the same. We should want one large frame 50 ft. square, also from 5 to 10 frames 20 feet by 40; two stories high, with 4 windows & two doors; two windows in front & the same in the back, the same number of windows in the second story. Two doors below one in front & one in the back, also a door over the back door in the second story, shingles, doors, window sashes & lights, latches, locks, &c., a few rough boards, plank, the balance of the cargo to consist of siding boards, eight inches wide. The frames do not need to be so heavy as we have at home; for farther particulars enquire of Mr. Rideout who has been employed the whole season in putting up buildings.

To make stowage there might be some Pork, Hams, Pickles & Preserved Meats put in.

There will be no risks on the above named merchandise except the dangers of the sea.

You can ask Mr. Rideout and he will give you any information

you may wish, concerning the prospects for two or three years to come.

Please answer this by return of mail so that we may know what to depend upon.

Your Ob't son,
Geo. H. Boyden.

P.S. If Foster's or Briant's folks ask about them tell them they were well & on their way from the mines the last that we heard.

G.H.B.

Dear Mother,

I have written this sheet about full so I shall not have much room to say anything. Give Mary and Martha a kiss, & tell Wm. & Albert to write. I should like to answer another letter from you.

Sacramento City, 23 Jan'y/50.

Dear Father,

In my last I wrote that I thought of opening a commission store at Vernon. Fortunately however, we put it off on account of the stories of the Freshets that were liable to overflow the country. The place at present, as well as this, and all others within fifty miles are under water from 2 to 12 feet. The water commenced rising a week ago last night. The next morning could be seen in all directions hundreds of boats, rafts &c. for the conveyance of passengers or collecting together of merchandise &c. swept from the stores and buildings by the rapid current. The charge for passengers from one street to the next was $1.00 per head. It is impossible to estimate the loss suffered by individuals in this place. McGaffey and I with two other men bought a boat for the benefit of the boarders and all others who would give us the dollar. It was manned by the others and what they picked up was brought to our house where it was kept till the owner called for it. When he called and proved property he could take it away by paying ⅓ for salvage and storage. Some things were not found by the owners therefore the finders would reap the benefit.

Richard Wilkinson was drowned on the same night the water rose. He with two or three other young men of the same cloth were living on board the Brig Charlotte of Newburyport which was moored on the opposite side of the river. Sometime in the evening (about nine o'clock I believe) they started for the vessel. There was considerable sea, & the wind was blowing a gale. They were advised not to attempt to go on board that night but they thought

they could manage well enough. They reached the vessel in safety and one of the men got on board with the painter to make fast the boat. Wilkinson got a slight hold of the man-rope and was attempting to get up the ladder when a sea took the boat from under him. He lost his hold and fell between the boat & vessel. A man jumped in after him and with difficulty saved himself. The current is very rapid running at the rate of 7 or 8 miles per hour. He was carried down the river 20 or 30 miles probably before morning.

McGaffey and I are now keeping a Hotel. The house we occupy was brought out and is owned by the Sterling, the man to whom it was rented was obliged to leave on account of ill-health & McGaffey & I took his place. We shall probably remain about 3 months longer. If we do well we may continue the business, if not, we shall try something else. We have at present about 16 boarders. The transient customers help us along considerably. The price of board is $25. per week, $1.00 for single meals and lodgings $1.00. Provisions are rather high. Butter is $1.50 per lb. by the keg. Beef from 25¢ to 37½¢ per lb. Sugar 37½¢. Pork $40. to $50. per bbl. Boots are about $25. per pr. I have known a pair of boots sold for 4 oz. $64, by a storekeeper; they cost about $5 or $6. in the states. I have written about all the news I can think of at present & remain

Your ob't son
G. H. Boyden.

Dear Mother,

As I neglected to write by the last mail I ought not to send this without filling it up, & at the same time answer yours of 18th Sept./49. I received a letter from James dated 28th Sept. in which he spoke of his second daughter and the good looks of the elder. But tell Mary & Martha I don't believe they will come up to them by a considerable. You mentioned in your letter that Albert had left the Bank. I expected he would for I knew he would not like the business very well. I think going to sea would be a good thing for his health. I like it very much and I think that when I come home I shall follow the sea for a living, if I don't make a very large pile out here. I hope you will give me a good lot of news as often as possible. Tell Albert & Wm. to write and I will try and answer them. Give Mary & Martha a kiss for me and tell them I suppose they will be so large when I get home that they won't give me a chance myself. Jos. McGaffey sends his love to you & wishes to be remembered to all enquiring friends.

Your aff. son
G. H. Boyden.

P.S. The Barque San Francisco has arrived & is on her way up the river. The winds at this season are unfavorable. She may be up here within a week & it may take her much longer. I want to see the folks very much and get some letters.

G.H.B.

Sacramento City 25th Jan. 1850.

Dear Aunt,

We received your letters of Nov. 10th this evening. The mail closes very soon and will go down the river early to-morrow morning. As only one of us have an opportunity I write a few lines for George and myself in answer to yours. I should as soon thought of my mother making an apology for writing to me, as you. It gave me great pleasure to hear from my friends in Beverly—that they remember and inquire for me. I suppose the scholars are all growing out of my knowledge. Some of those good girls will be large enough to make me a wife, by the time I get ready to return from California. Some of your long standing courtships are being brought to a close. I suppose it will be a great relief to the anxious community. When they all get in the circle of the married what are you to do for *young folks?* There are enough probably to answer that question. I have but little to write in addition to what has already been written. I wrote to Mr. Phillips, also one to each of my sisters. I have written home every month since I came here and have only rec'd mother's while at Beverly in May. This is indeed discouraging. I hope you and others in Beverly will write as they may have opportunity. From my intimacy with George I have the privilege of seeing his letters & vice versa. It is natural that much anxiety should be felt in regard to his health, morals &c. His health has been so uniformly good with one exception that he is not sufficiently careful of himself, perhaps he would say the same of me. I sometimes have turns of the bowel complaint but contrive to regulate myself by diet. I have to be systematic, deny myself wholly of fresh meat, live on flour bread, bacon, ham, bread & tea. Speaking of George, I assure you I see no disposition to indulge in any dissipation or vicious habits of any kind. He is prudent and in short, more of the *man,* and less the boy than before he left Beverly. I would like to spend this evening with you, Mary on one knee and Martha on the other, but those pleasant domestic scenes exist only in memory. Imagination scarcely ventures on the future. I hope it is the will of Providence that I may yet return & pass my days in New England. Kiss Mary & Martha many times for me. Do

they look as they did when I left? how much do they weigh? how much have they learned? Please remember me to all enquiring friends, to Mr. & Mrs. Thayer, Miss Lucy Baker and other young ladies who were my associates. Also to Mrs. Weld & family. I would congratulate James on the accessions to his family. What a blooming family group he will soon have; give them my very best regards and wishes that the blessings of Heaven may be multiplied upon them.

I remain as ever

Your Affectionate Nephew,

J. McGaffey.

Sacramento City, March 5th, 1850.

My Dear Uncle,

Another terrible affliction has fallen upon your house. May God in his infinite mercy sustain you in this severe dispensation. He gave, and has taken away, and blessed be his name. Your Son George in no more in the land of the living, his spirit has taken its flight to the eternal world. Little thought I when I wrote you a short time since that I should so soon send this message, but we know not what a day or an hour may bring forth. My situation in regard to Charles & George has been peculiar. My feelings overwhelm me and I can hardly write. We have been together constantly out here, our attachment to each other was that of *brothers*. His loss I shall deeply feel while I remain in California.

At first he had the diarrhoea, he also took a severe cold and had a bad cough. A violent Billious fever set in, for some time, not even cold water would remain on his stomach a moment.

Dr. Deal, his old physician, first came to see him and left him medicine, but being elected to fill a vacancy in the legislature he was obliged to leave, and recommended his partner Dr. Bryarly. I know but little of Bryarly's treatment, except that he gave quinine to check the fever & a small pill of blue mass and morphine night & morning. George could take hardly any nourishment and declined very rapidly under the fever. Towards the last we called another physician but it was of no avail; he sunk away and died after an illness of about two weeks.

He died on Monday eve. March 4th about 8 o'clock. I closed up the house a few days before he died on account of his sickness and waited on him all the time, was with him when he breathed his last, he died very easy with only a few gasps and struggles. He talked but little but always to his last day kept up good cour-

age that he would be well and out in about two weeks. I don't think he had an idea that he should die. Capt. Gallop was very kind to call round often and render any assistance in his power. G. F. Nourse assisted me much in taking care of him. Capt. G. procured the coffin and kindly took all the care and responsibilities of his funeral expenses &c on his own hands to my great relief, and has done everything that you could desire. Geo. had always been on the best of terms with him, and he was much attached to him, he and all the rest of us mourn his loss deeply. The Capt. wishes me to say to you that he deeply sympathizes with you and would write a line but cannot, his feelings are entirely averse to it. George will be buried this P.M. at 2 P.M. I am writing this on board of the Sterling. Capts. Howe & Leach have just come in. The Bazar is at San Francisco. I expect Joseph will be up here before long. I shall go to the mines in about two weeks. I hope then to enjoy better health than in this filthy place.

I remain Truly

Your Affectionate Nephew
J. McGaffey.

Mar. 6th.

When I wrote the above I thought the bearer was going immediately to San F. but he stopped over a day. In the confusion of thought and hurry I forgot to mention that mustard poultices were applied to his abdomen, calves of his legs and wrists. Tonics were given to sustain his drooping spirits. His funeral services were held at our house yesterday. All the Beverly folks from the San Francisco, Christiansen & Antares, and many others attended, and followed his remains to the grave. Capt. Gallop will put up a board planed & painted with his name & age cut out, this is all the monuments California affords. Capt. G. says if you wish for anything more you can send out grave stones & they will be put up. I have written to Joseph informing him of this bereavement.

Yours &c.
J. McGaffey.

San Francisco, March 21st.

Dear Father,

As I am about to leave here for a short time I must close up my letters ere the steamer arrives.

I must write you the melancholy news of George's death, which occurred on the 4th of March last, his disease was Bilious Fever. Joseph McGaffey will write more particularly about him. I have

not seen him. But I recd. a letter from him yesterday in which he informed me that he had been unwell, but was now much better, and should probably leave for the mines in a few weeks.

I have left the "Bazar" but don't suppose that I ran away; for I did not, nor was I ever guilty of the trick.

I have shipped on board a little Brig bound down the coast, her trips are generally about six weeks in length, which will give me ample time to go to the mines if I wish, which I shall probably do if the Capt. does not come square up to the mark, in regard to wages. And a seaman's pay must be up very high this summer, in my opinion, as there are a great many ships here, and men are pretty scarce already, but from all accounts there are a plenty now coming.

I saw Charles J. Lovett a fortnight ago, he is doing some kind of business in Marysville, he is well. He says Capt. Galloup tells him that he keeps his owners informed of his proceedings. And it would be hard for me to find out anything about his sales, which he probably keeps to himself. And probably if I were to ask him about it he would be very likely to say it was none of my business. As to George's part I shall most certainly see about that, as particularly as possible, the first time I see him.

The accounts from the "diggins" seem to be about the same and expeditions are fitting away for a tributary river where *it is said* to be found in abundance, in the beds of the river but owing to its having rained for the last two months most of the time and the snow melting at the same time makes the river very high, and the Indians are said to be of a rather hostile nature. There is no sale for lumber, of any kind. Frame houses sell here for a trifle. Ships that come out here consigned to houses here are obliged to sell their goods and lumber to pay themselves, as the consignees will not receive their goods and pay the freight on them. Two houses, two of two storys, all complete, were sold here a few days ago at $450. And a large two story house now on board the Argonaut will be sold to any one who will pay $350 for it, and hundreds of ships are in the same situation. This Ship Harriet Rockwell was sold a week ago with her full cargo, consisting of everything almost, for $10,000—she was owned by a Company. There is not a single company that came out here that has stuck together for three weeks after arriving here. Vessels of all kinds are advertised for sale and can be bought for about one half, and one third of their real value. Schooners of from 30 to 100 tons are the most valuable kind, drawing as little water as possible. Capt. Carew was offered $60 per M. for 100,000 ft. but he would

not take the hatches off for it, nor has he sold a single board since he got here, and we arrived on the 15th of February, and there is no prospect of it. All the vessels that arrive that do not draw over 13 ft. go straight up the river without stopping except for a day or two.

I have not seen or heard of but three Beverly people since I came here but they are at Sacramento. I have had two or three letters from McGaffey but he says not one word of them, but I take it for granted that they are getting ready for the mines. It costs $30 to go up to Sacramento and the same to come back so I have not been up there as yet. I understand that about three million ft. of lumber have gone up the river the last month, and I think it is true enough.

I expect a letter from you by the steamer but shall not get it this month I suppose, or at least till I get back. But shall try to write you by the next. Remember me to all enquiring friends and believe me to be

Your aff't Son,
J. A. Boyden.

I shall say a few words to Mother to finish off with, as she always helps towards writing me. I am sorry to hear of your ill health and hope that ere you receive this it will be perfectly reestablished, but the cold of winter and the east winds of summer are both bad. Now if you were here you would find the east winds the pleasantest by far, but perhaps you would not think it would be worth while to try it nor do I think it would either. Keep the girls reminded that they have a brother Joseph, will you? Remember me to Grandmother Woodbury and all my friends.

truly yrs,
J.A.B.

San Francisco, 31 Mar.

Dear Uncle.

I wrote you by the middle of last March thinking that it wd go at that time concerning George's death. The letter you will probably receive as the Gentleman was the son of an ex-mayor of Lowell & was going home at the earliest opportunity.

I have had the diarrhoea 3 months. Since the first of June I have grown so weak that I could walk but a very short distance. I have come down to this place to take the sea air. This disease is bad in this country if it is long seated. I was satisfied that unless the change of air would do me good I must soon be in my grave. I feel better & stronger since I came down here. I

could not have written five lines when I arrived. I was very sorry that I was not able to write you more about George. If the bearer of that letter has not gone home he will send it by the mail as he knew the circumstances and occasion of the letter; he also had other letters from friends.

George wrote you a draft of a letter in answer to your inquiries respecting Capt. & the Brig. Afterwards he said Nourse ought to share part of the responsibility of sending home these answers, and he concluded not to send the copy you will receive but said that he & Nourse would make a statement together. It is the last letter he ever wrote. I gave it to Joseph and he will send it to you.

I am very sorry to hear that Aunt Lydia's health is so poor; hope she will be better the next time I hear & and that you will hear that I am better by the next mail. My usual weight is 150 lbs. now I weigh 125. My flesh has run off fast within a month. I think the sea air will benefit me. I have not time to write more as the bearer is waiting.

My love to all your family, James, and best regards to all who may enquire for me.

Your affectionate nephew

J. McGaffey

Dear Father,

I had expected to have been gone ere this but have been detained. Joseph (McGaffey. A.B.) came down yesterday. I had no knowledge of his sickness when I wrote you.

I have a pretty good situation here on this Brig. And if I can make fair wages shall not go to the mines as the accounts are anything but good.

This letter you will receive from George I think I had better send to you but think you had better disclose as much of it as your judgment sees fit.

This letter goes by Mr. Bates of Boston. He came out in the Argonaut,—has been to the mines, stopt. a fortnight—came down and leaves tomorrow on the steamer. The mail closed last eve. so if he had not been going you would not have had this. I hope your health continues good and feel anxious for news of Mother's health.

Yrs,

J. A. Boyden.

Benicia, May 30th/50

Dear Doctor

It has become my painful duty to write you of the sickness & death of your Nephew, Joseph McGaffey.

He came to me about the middle of April sick with chronic Diarrhoea. He had been suffering since Dec. last with this disease. I could not, when he came, give him any encouragement; nor did he seem to expect it. If I checked the Diarrhoea, night sweats would come & prove as injurious to his strength as the disease itself. He suffered very little pain. The last forty-eight hours of his life he could not be said to have his reason. He breathed his last in my Hospital on the 25th inst. at about 12 M. During his sickness he spoke frequently of you, but his heart seemed more entwined about his mother. Of her he could seldom speak without tears. I of course did all I could as Physician to heal & alleviate. As a friend I trust I made his last days comfortable. He said but little of death, but did not seem at all to fear its approach & looked to it as a means of relief from sufferings. I have written to Sacramento to learn something of his affairs of one who has authority to see to them. He had with him no money to any amt., no clothing. The latter he left in Sacramento City. Of the former I heard nothing from him.

Permit me to condole with you on the sad experience you have had of California. Joseph McGaffey told me of the death of your two boys, & now I am compelled to convey another pang. I regret that I did not have opportunity to extend the offices of friendship to your son, George, in his illness. His Father's kindness to me & mine demanded it of me & I would gladly have done so had it been in my power & had I been aware of his illness. Of the pecuniary affairs of your Son & McGaffey I am entirely ignorant & it is inconvenient for me to leave this place as I have a small practice, but anything in my power I will cheerfully do for you in regard to their affairs. To Joseph's Mother I can only say, your son had my best care & I am sure was well cared for in all respects. I am certain I inflict much pain. For so affectionate & kind a Mother could not lose so dutiful a son but with anguish.

I shall be glad to give any farther information you may desire, Please present my regards to Mrs. B. as also to my Beverly friends, the Woodburys, Mr. Endicott, Rantoul &c.

Very truly yours &c.

W. H. Peabody

Voyage of Barque Undine; Boston to Holland, Sumatra, Holland again, Sweden, Portugal, Savannah.

June 1847 - May 1849

Ships Company

June 19, 1847—John F. Roundy, Master, Age 21.
June 19, 1847—Joseph A. Boyden, mate, Age 24.
Sept. 18, 1847—Josiah Parks, second mate, Englishman.

Log kept by
Joseph A. Boyden

FIRST LOG-BOOK (*abstract*)

June 19, 1847. Taken into stream by Steamer General Lincoln.

20, 1847. "One of the crew jumped overboard with the intention of swimming ashore and came very near being drowned. Another of the crew went ashore and did not return."

21, 1847. "Trouble with pumps. Sent ashore for pump-maker. Came to in President Roads at 7 P. M."

22, 1847. "Pumps not working. Hoisted them up and found dirt and chips in them." Opened a Bbl. of Beef. "End of Harbor Acct."

24, 1847. Got under way again. Went out through Broad Sound. Boston Light bore SWly dist. 5 miles. Opened a Bbl. of Pork.

25, 1847. Boarded by a Spanish Brig bound for Boston.

July 2, 1847. Spoke a schooner from Ireland bound for Nova Scotia.

5, 1847. On the Banks. Fishing schooners.

6, 1847. Opened a Bbl. of Beef.

7, 1847. "Pumps well attended to."

9, 1847. "Some of our cargo was found to be badly stowed, about half way between the fore & main hatch. Noted that the water that was pumped up was mixed with molasses and honey. Tasted it and found it sweet". "Strong gales".

July 10, 1847. "Strong gales, the vessel laboring hard and shipping a good deal of water. Pumps well attended to. The vessel steering horridly, 10 pts each way. Pumping up sweet water".

July 11, 1847. Heavy gales.

July 12, 1847. Weather more moderate.

July 16, 1847. Spoke the Spanish Brig Norman(?).

July 17, 1847. Boarded a Spanish brig and supplied her with a Bbl. of Beef and bread.

July 23, 1847. Opened a Bbl. of Pork.

July 24, 1847. Spoke the ship Dorothy of Boston 60 days from New Orleans for London.

July 27, 1847. The Lizard Light-house 10 miles dist. Was boarded by a Portsmouth Pilot. Made the Eddystone Light. Also made the Start(?) Light. The bell of Portland and the Light. Isle of Wight and St. Catherine's Pt.

July 29, 1847. Was boarded by a Deal Pilot. Beachy Head Light. Dungeness Light. Dover Castle and the South Foreland. Opened a Bbl. of Beef. Goodwin Lightship.

July 30, 1847. Calais Light.

July 31, 1847. Opened a Bbl. of Bread.

August 1, 1847. Took a Pilot.

August 2, 1847. Two P.M. made fast alongside the Catherine Jackson of Baltimore. Crew ashore on Liberty.

August 3, 1847. Discharge cargo. Many of the casks in bad order. This morning the Capt. started for Amsterdam. Discovered a small hole in the stern above the copper. (The log does not say what port they docked at except for a page-heading "in the port of New Dieppe".) Discharging cargo, repairing pumps, taking ballast etc. (I do not find anything about taking cargo. Crew evidently a bit careless about getting back to the vessel, particularly John, the Spanish man.

At this point the page-heading changes to "in the port of Nieuvedick, it being difficult to make out the precise spelling. It may be a Dutch form for New Dieppe, though I hardly see why anything of that sort should be called for. It may be the correct name of some port in Holland just as spelled. It occurred to me that it might be intended for Nieuwendam which is a small port just off the Zuider Zee on a little river just opposite the City of Amsterdam, so situated that it might easily be a part of the port of Amsterdam. A.B.)

August 15, 1847. The ship "Richard Anderson" sailed today, (taking aboard a variety of stuff, a good deal of which would seem to be ordinary ship stores. Whether or not it was "cargo" I am not sure. A.B.)

September 17, 1847. Comes in heavy gales and squally. In the night a Norway barque carried away one of our Timber heads and he lay with his chain across our counter for some time. This morning Mr. J. Parkes came aboard as Second Mate (the original Second Mate had been in the Guard-house, presumably on shore. A.B.) Gives the bearings of "the sternmost church on Texel".

October 1, 1847. Got under way with the Pilot. The next page heading is "From Nieuwendick to Sumatra."
October 2, 1847. South Foreland Lighthouse dist. 7 miles.
October 3, 1847. Dover Castle and Dungeness Light, Beachy Head. For several days the cook was sick.
October 15, 1847. Hendrick Jacobs put in Irons today for not obeying orders.
October 18, 1847. Hendrick Jacobs still in Irons.
October 27, 1847. Cook still off duty.
October 28, 1847. Made the Isle of St. Anthony. Saw a small fishing boat, indications of being near shore.
November 4, 1847. The cook returned to duty.
November 6, 1847. All hands at work taking cargo from the hold and stowing between decks.

The page-heading at this point reads "Holland to Sumatra".

November 10, 1847. Cook off duty again with his old complaint.
November 13, 1847. Passed a Barque.
November 15, 1847. Showed colors to an English Barque.
November 16, 1847. Passed an American Barque.
November 27, 1847. Showed colors to an English Barque.
November 28, 1847. I went on board the English Barque. It was the Britannia 80 days from London to Sidney. Procured some wood.
November 30, 1847. English Barque still in company.
December 1, 1847. English Barque—a long distance astern. Cook still off duty.
December 8, 1847. Passed a large quantity of kelp.
December 9, 1847. Sea irregular and vessel rolling very heavy. The main topmast std. sail haliards parted and the sail was lost with the boom. Sent down the long fore topmast and sent up the short one.
December 13, 1847. Jessie Courtman sick and off duty.
December 20, 1847. Jessie Courtman turned to.
December 23, 1847. Caught two albatross.
January 2, 1848. Spoke the barque Pollie from Glasgow for Bombay.
January 5, 1848. Caught a large porpoise.
January 11, 1848. Joseph Standley sick and went below.
January 12, 1848. Joseph Standley turned too to his duty.
January 18, 1848. Obtained observation of Jupiter and the Moon, the latitude deduced was etc. etc.
January 25, 1848. Got the anchors up from the lower hold.
February 1, 1848. Analaboo Pt. on port bow about 12 miles.

February 2, 1848. Let go anchor in 16 fathoms of water. Analaboo Pt. dist. 10 miles. Sent boat ashore for provisions.

February 3, 1848. Came to anchor Pulo Vico (?) Pt. Soosoo Pt. Furled sails and had some Malays aboard. Capt. on shore part of day. Overhauled the water casks and found many in bad order. (Page-heading "On the coast of Sumatra." A.B.)

February 6, 1847. Took on board 183 bags of pepper

February 8, 1848. Took 90 cuttys yams and 230 bags of pepper.

February 9, 1848. 2 boat loads of pepper from Soosoo and 1 from Pulo Vico.

February 10, 1848. Took wood, water. Sent on shore powder and pigs of lead.

February 11, 1848. Made final settlement with Soosoo. Sent on shore 3 kegs of powder, 5 pigs of lead, 1½ boxes of opium and some cloth. Got under way with the sea breeze and stood down the coast.

February 13, 1848. Asselas (?). Lamport, (?), Tuan Pt. Qualah batoo.

February 15, 1848. Plenty of Malays on board. (These days making bags, sending them ashore, taking pepper etc. I get an impression that 182 bags of pepper weighed about 70 lbs, but may be wrong.)

February 18, 1848. Took a small quantity of pepper from a proa. The King made a present of a goat. Sent on shore 5 kegs of powder.

February 19, 1848. Sent on shore 2 bales of cloth, 1 piece lead, 40 cattys opium, 20 kegs of powder and $250.

February 21, 1848. Now have on board 1491 piculs of pepper.

February 22, 1848. Recd letters from home. Taking large quantities of pepper from day to day.

February 27, 1848. Sent on board 1 cask of carpenters' tools and cloth.

February 28, 1848. Pepper from Asselas, Rasselas and from boats on shore. Sent all our boats on shore. The first boat that was weighed (meaning the pepper in it was weighed) was swamped in the surf and pepper lost.

March 3, 1848. Got under way for Soosoo. Tarpal Tuan Pt. Read letters from home, that were left at Tarpal Tuan 2 days since by Capt. Leach when he left the coast. Have taken about 3300 piculs of pepper here. The Rajah made us a present of a young bullock.

March 4, 1848. Came to off Mungin (?).

March 5, 1848. Came to in Soosoo Roads. The Eclipse came in just from home 145 days passage.

March 6, 1848. The Barque Hull came in today 117 days from New York.

March 7, 1848. Getting ready for sea. Took aboard wood, fowls and vegitables.

March 8, 1848. Joseph Standley sick and off duty.

March 9, 1848. Standley off duty. (Page-heading changes to "Sumatra toward Europe." A.B.)

March 10, 1848. The Hull went to Qualah Batoo. We got under way. Capt. Felix. Standley off duty. Cook taken sick today.

March 11, 1848. Analaboo Pt. Standley and cook still sick.

March 12, 1848. Saw the ship Duxbury and went on board her. She was leaking 350 strokes per hour. (Page-heading becomes "Sumatra for St. Helena". A.B.)

March 17, 1848. We have been beating about here for a week, and are now no farther from where we started than we were the first morning after our departure. Concluded to run down and go out the Flat Island passage as the wind is so squally and the barque so crank that we are obliged to douse everything to them. Daylight saw an island E. by N. Supposed we had a southerly course and that was the Cocos. Kept off South, but at noon found our error.

March 18, 1848. Saw the High Land of Sumatra.

March 20, 1848. Cocos Islands 15 miles dist. also Hog Island.

March 23, 1848. Jos. Standley and the Swedish boy sick and off duty.

March 27, 1848. Caught a shark.

April 4, 1848. Today went on allowance of water, two quarts a man for drink. All the rest for tea, coffee and the other cooking, not to be considered as allowance.

April 25, 1848. Had a bit of skirmish with Jessie Courtman, a German, he being very impudent. I took him in hand and gave him a bit of a dressing. However, he is but an ass and no sailor though he shipped for one. It is not the first time he has given me his jaw.

April 26, 1848. Looking out for the Island of Roderique.

April 27, 1848. Made Roderique 10 miles dist. It appears by this island that the chart 90 miles or 6 minutes out of the way. Plenty enough to run a ship ashore on a dark night. But the Capt. did not place any confidence in it so we were on the lookout for it.

May 11, 1848. Noticed that we pumped up pepper from the larboard pump.

May 14, 1848 Was boarded by a boat from the English Barque Rochester full of oil, (doubtless whale oil).

May 17, 1848. Land on the larboard beam about 4 miles dist. Cape Receffe (?).

May 18, 1848. Obtained latitude by the moon. It was 34° 47′. Got another altitude of Alt. ..... (a star ?) the latitude deduced as 34° 50′.

May 21, 1848. Saw land, probably Cape Lagulles (?) Sundry references were to Cape Lagulles, Quoin Pt.

May 24, 1848. Pumped up some pepper from the larboard pump.

May 29, 1848. Land to the S.E. (Page-heading becomes "Sumatra to St. Helena", but the next page reads "Sumatra to Bremerhaven". A.B.)

June 11, 1848. Got the anchors on the bow and chains bent.

June 12, 1848 The Capt. from the whale ship Cadmus came on board. He has been out 8 mos. and has 700 Bbls. oil. A sharp lookout for the island of St. Helena. At 2 A.M. saw land. Stood off until daylight. Procured a bbl of Beef from the Cadmus. Came to off Jamestown with the small bower and 80 fathoms of chain. Was boarded by the health boat. Capt. went on shore.

June 13, 1848. Got 75 lbs of white lead and 2 gals. of paint oil from an English Barque. Recd. from shore 5 sacks of potatoes, one dozen bunches of vegitables and some other small things and one ton of wood. Left Jamestown.

June 16, 1848. Got away in co. with the Barque Cornelia of New Bedford and the Rochester of London. Got the anchor in and chains below. (Page-heading "St. Helena for Bremerhaven." A.B.)

June 18, 1848 Rochester still in Co.

June 19, 1848 Caught 15 dolphins.

June 20, 1848 Hendrick Jacobs sick and off duty. Same shoals of dolphins in company.

June 21, 1848 Joe Standley sick and off duty with Hendricks Jacobs.

June 23, 1848 Ascension Island 5 miles dist. Steward tumbled into the cook's coppers and scalded his feet.

June 26, 1848. Steward still off duty, also Hendrick Jacobs.

June 27, 1848. Jessie Courtman rather incorrigible. Struck Second Mate and has twice. The seamen John Watson and carpenter had a fight.

June 28, 1848. Crossed the line.

July 4, 1848 Hauled up the best bower and chain and stowed it aft to trim ship.

July 5, 1848 Put all hands on an allowance of Beef, 12 lbs for 24 hours. The Steward was put in Irons for direct disobedience of the Capt.'s orders, he actually refused to do what he was told by the Capt.

July 8, 1848. Saw five vessels.

July 9, 1848 Boarded an English Brig from Bahia.

July 10, 1848 Let the steward out of Irons and he went on duty.

July 16, 1848. Hendrick Jacobs still off duty.

July 28, 1848 Caught a dolphin measuring 4 feet in length. Boarded the schooner Edmund (?) of Antwerp from Rio Janeiro.

July 30, 1848. Stopped cooking supper on account of scarcity of wood or other fuel.

August 6, 1848. Boarded the Brig Camana of and bound to Liverpool from Calso (?) and the Barque Eliza from Pernambuco to Falmouth. Procured a bbl of Beef from the Eliza.

August 11, 1848. This is the last entry. All later pages of the log torn off and gone.
Lat. abo. 45′ 54″
Long. ″ 25′ 05″

(These figures for Lat. & Long. place the Undine about West of France, pretty well out in the ocean.)

(At this point the log notes that the vessel is "152 days out". A.B.)

(The Salem Gazette reports "Sailed from Cowes, 24 August, 1848, Barque Undine, Roundy, from Sumatra for Bremen", and "Arrived at Deal 26 August, 1848, Barque Undine, Roundy, from Sumatra via Cowes, reported for Amsterdam"; also "Arrived at Bremen 29 August, 1848, Barque Undine, Roundy, from Sumatra via Cowes. The Undine slipped by the blockading squadron without being pursued." A.B.)

SECOND LOG-BOOK

Sept. 21, 1848. The Pilot came on board. Got under way with a fine breeze. End of Harbor acct.

″ 22, 1848. Discharged the Pilot. Passed the Outer Lightship. Got the anchors on the bow. Heligoland bore N.

″ 23, 1848. A number of vessels in sight. Sharp short sea. Vessel rolling considerably. Saw the Nore light NNE 10 miles.

" 24, 1848. Strong gales with a short sea. The vessel pitching badly. Double-reefed the topsails and furled the jib. Bent the main spencer. Close reefed the topsails and furled mainsail and spanker. At end heavy gale. W.S.

" 25, 1848. Strong gales. Vessel labouring hard, wore ship. W.S.

" 26, 1848. Strong gales. Wore ship. End of day easy light winds.

" 27, 1848. Made the Danish coast.

" 28, 1848. Heavy gales in latter part. Wore ship. Saw the Danish Coast. Stood in to 10 fathoms.

" 29, 1848. Very heavy gales and head sea. The vessel labouring hard. Thick rainy weather.

" 30, 1848. The wind hauled to the S W. Out all reefs, set royals, flying jibs and gaff-topsails. Thick foggy and wet. Kept the lead going every hour. Lay too till daylight. Kept sounding at short intervals. At end clears off a little. Got an obs. the first for a week.

October 1, 1848. Made the Scaw Light. Thick and rainy. Found that we had a strong Northwest current. Latter part out all reefs and made all sail.

" 2, 1848. Saw a Danish Frigate. Later a great many vessels in sight.

" 3, 1848. Midnight calm. 20 or 30 vessels in sight.

" 4, 1848. Heavy gales. (Frequent references to Scaw Light through these days.) Daylight found ourselves on the Swedish coast and very near shore.

October 5, 1848. Thick and rainy. Made Timdenem (?) Lightship. Got the anchor clear and hauled up 50 fathoms of chain. Very thick and dark. Kept the lead going in from 20 to 25 fathoms. Daylight moderate. Got the big gun up and fired at intervals for a Pilot.

" 6, 1848. Thick wet weather. Took a Pilot. Came too in the sound below Gothenbergh. Was boarded by the health boat and was put in quarantine. Let the best bower go. Set the watch. End sea acct.

(Page-heading: "In the port of Gothenberg".)

" 8, 1848. Smoked the vessel with some preparation that the health boat brought off. The Barque Aquila came up today.

" 9, 1848. Got under way and went up to the other side of the city and moored by the side of the Aquila. Opened a Bbl. of Beef.

" 10, 1848. Commenced discharging ballast.

" 11, 1848. Discharged one lighter of ballast. No more on acount of strong gales.

" 12, 1848. Strong gales. No lighter.

" 13, 1848. Strong gales and no lighter for ballast or for Iron.

" 14, 1848. Discharged all the ballast and took on 1725 bars of Iron by my acct. By the delivery acct. there should have been 1745—I gave a receipt for 1725 bars.

" 16, 1848. Another lighter of Iron today, but did not get it all in.

" 17, 1848. Finished discharging the 2nd lighter containing 827 bars or 34 tons and then hauled the vessel down to where there was more water. James (sic) Stanley unfit for duty by drinking too much. Sent him below.

" 18, 1848. Lighter of Iron alongside.

" 19, 1848. Finished 3rd lighter containing 1116 bars or 58 tons and the 4th containing 659 bars or 37 tons.

October 20, 1848. Lighter of Iron came today. The Second Mate deserted or left the ship today without Liberty, having previously taken his clothes on shore unbeknown to the Capt. or myself (the Mate). William Paine absent. Hired a man in his place.

" 21, 1848. Finished discharging the fifth lighter, she had on board by the lighter-man's acct. 2673 bars but I gave a receipt for 2647 that being what I counted. There appears to be a mistake somewhere.

" 23, 1848. Finished taking Iron in the lower hold. People at work securing it. Steward absent.

" 24, 1848. Taking in cargo Joseph Stanley and Steward absent.

" 25, 1848. Took on board the remains of our cargo. Through the night had a tremendous hurricane. The vessel dragged both of her anchors and her bow grounded but did no damage. In the morning carried out a stream anchor and hove her off and moored afresh. Every other vessel in port (and there was a great many) were damaged, most of them seriously. There has not known such a gale here for twenty years.

" 26, 1848. Getting off and mooring. Took on board some small stores etc. John Watson, Richard ? and Joseph Stanley absent. Hired men in their place.

" 27, 1848. Loosed sails to dry and made preparations to go to sea. Took aboard 8 casks of water from the water-boat.

" 28, 1848. Hired six men from shore to work, the ship's crew being absent.
" 29, 1848. Had some company on board.
" 31, 1848. Hauled out into the stream with the intention of sailing, but the wind dying away we moored again.
November 1, 1848. Pilot on board. Hauled out of our moorings and went down to the castle and came too, with the small bower and 30 fathoms of chain in 5 fathoms of water. Pilot went on shore.
" 2, 1848. Let a Swedish boy leave for home.
" 3, 1848. Sent a boat up to town. The boat came from town and brought a boy in the place of the one that we left.
November 4, 1848. No chance to get to sea. The Barometer continues very low, and still falls.
" 5, 1848. The wind continues from the N, have had another snowstorm last night. Barometer 29.3.
" 6, 1848. The Barometer stands now at 29.1, very low indeed, lower than it has been from the voyage. Opened a Bbl. of Beef.
" 8, 1848. Got underway with a good breeze. Made sea sail. Discharged the Pilot. The Barque Aquila of Kennebunk sailed in Co. and a number of Swedish vessels that had been laying windbound. Winga (?) Beacon. Scaw (?) Light. Fresh gales. Oxore (?) Light.
" 9, 1848. Nore Light. Lister (?) Light.
" 10, 1848. Saw the Barque Aquila. 3 miles ahead.
" 13, 1848 The Barque makes more water than usual.
" 14, 1848. Heavy gales. Very heavy gales. Saw the land. Wore ship. It was Nooin (?) Island Lighthouse.
" 15, 1848. Heavy gales and very heavy sea. The Barque labouring very hard and shipping a good deal of water. Leak has increased more today. Made Calais Light. Strong easterly current. Saw a number of vessels S. Foreland light. Weather becomes very hazy so cannot see the lights.
" 16, 1848. Beachy Head. Isle of Wight. St. Catherine' lighthouse.
" 17, 1848. Made the Needle light. Darlstone Head. Ends with very heavy gales.
" 18, 1848. Continued heavy gales. Close-reefed topsail furled mainsail, reefed the foresail and furled it. Took in the foretopsail. Midnight very heavy gales. Made St. Catherines Point. Bembridge Pt. dist. 10 miles.
" 19, 1848. Continued heavy gales. The Needles Lighthouse.

Very heavy gales. Later more moderate. Shook reefs out of sundry sails. Saw the French coast. End moderate.

November 20, 1848. Made all sail. The Needles again. Latter part heavy gales again.

" 21, 1848. Continued heavy gales. The Barque labouring hard and making water badly. Made the Bell of Portland light. Midnight very squally. The Barque leaks like the devil. Latter part made all sail.

" 22, 1848. Bell of Portland light. Start (?) light. Reefed sails again. Heavy gales & squally. The vessel leaks a couple of good spells every two hours. Ends very heavy gales.

" 23, 1848. Begins with very heavy gales. The Barque has started a fresh leak and makes a good deal of water so we have to pump every hour. Start (?) Pt. Ends strong breezes.

" 24, 1848. Fresh gales. Opened a Bbl. of Beef and Pork. The Barque leaks so that we have to keep the pump going all the time. Tremendous heavy squalls from the N.N.W. The Barque labouring hard and leaking badly. Later weather more moderate, but with heavy sea. Shook out all reefs.

" 25, 1848. Light airs and variable. Latter part fresh gales. Reefed sundry sails again.

" 26, 1848. Continued fresh gales and thick. Set mainsail. The old barque still gives us two or three good spells every hour. Moderate. Sounded in 65 fathoms of water. Bottom sand and slimy specks. Latter part of the night moderate and thick. Saw a number of vessels standing into the channel.

" 27, 1848. Continues thick cloudy weather. We are pretty well clear of the channel and it is well we are for I don't think the old Barque would have stood another ten days of banging here. The weather has been nothing but a succession of Westerly gales ever since we came in and the sea is so short that the vessel labours very hard. The leak still continues as bad as ever. That is two hundred and fifty strokes per hour. Rainy and thick. Latter part fresh breezes and rough head sea.

" 28, 1848. Moderate with a heavy head sea. Shook out all reefs.

" 29, 1848. Rough head sea. The vessel pitching badly. Wet and foggy. Fresh breezes. Our leak continues about the same.

November 30, 1848. More moderate. Light airs with a heavy swell. Latter part got the anchors on deck.

December 1, 1848. Light breezes. Caught two porpoises. Squally with showers of rain. Our leak continues the same.

" 2, 1848. Squally with rain. Made all sail. Saw three vessels.

" 3, 1848. Begins pleasant. All drawing sails set. Very heavy sea from the W. Flawy. Ends strong gales.

" 4, 1848. First part fresh gales. Heavy gales, the vessel labouring very hard and leaking badly. Heavy irregular sea, the vessel rolling badly. We are now leaking about 300 strokes per hour, and our pumps are none of the best. Latter part tremendous squalls and heavy sea. Carried away the M. Tp. G. backstays and stove the (?)

" 5, 1848. Commences with very heavy gales and a heavy sea, the Barque labouring very hard and leaking badly. Kept off S W but she rolled so heavy that we were obliged to bring her to the wind again in a half an hour. Latter part squally from the W. Shook out reefs and set mainsail.

" 6, 1848. Squally with rain. Fresh breezes. Strong Easterly current through the day.

" 7, 1848. Through the night fresh gales & squally. Carried away the Jib & flying Jibboom—but saved the sails. Cut away a part of the gear and got the wreck in, and made preparation for jibing (?) another one. Ends tremendous squalls from the S W.

" 8, 1848. Commences very heavy gales with tremendous squalls, the Barque rolling and making very bad weather of it. All hands at work getting a jibboom pointed (?) outside the cap. We still leak very bad. Set mainsail & shook out sundry reefs. We are obliged to keep a spread of sail on her for she rolls tremendous heavy under short sail. I expect to see the topmast roll over the side. Pumps well attended to. Ends heavy gales and squally.

December 9, 1848. Continues heavy gales. Later, sea more moderate. Watch getting the Jib boom ready for sending out. Ends heavy gales.

" 10, 1848. Continues heavy gales. Got the Jib boom secured as well as we could. Very heavy gales and tremendous sea. Through the night very rainy. Later more moderate and indications of pleasant weather. Our leak seems to increase in heavy weather. Ends pleasant.

" 11, 1848. Begins with fine weather. Shook out reefs. Open-

ed a Bbl. of Beef. Flawy with a heavy sea on. Strong gales. Reefs. The old Barque labours very heavy and rolls tremendously. Ends heavy gales and heavy sea on. Pumps still going.

" 12, 1848. Commenced with very heavy gales and tremendous sea. The Barque labouring very heavy and shipping a good deal of water. Heavy squalls from the S.W. Set some sails. The Barque has started a fresh leak and keeps two pumps going about half the time. More moderate. Set mainsail reefed to keep her steady. Shook the reef out of the Foresail and out of the M. Topsail. Sea continues very heavy and irregular, so the Barque keeps rolling with it. Daylight fresh gales and clear. While the second mate and myself were in the hold this morning securing the stanchions, we discovered two serious leaks about the stern just above the keelson and another in the bow, and found the Iron had surged over to the starboard side as she has been on that tack most of the time, especially about the stern posts. Sounded the pumps after she had been pumped as dry as we could, and let her stand again for an hour, and then when we sounded we found that she had made twelve inches during the time. Wore ship. While wearing she lurched to port, and surged her cargo over again. She works like an old basket.

" 13, 1848. Commenced strong gales. Barque has increased her leak so much during the past two gales, and has in other respects been rendered unfit to encounter the gales that may be expected on this passage (And there is no reason why she should not increase her damages), it was thought advisable to run for some port. And owing to the prevailing winds that we have had, and what we may expect, Lisbon appeared the most accessible so at 8 P.M. we kept her away. Shook the close reef out of the main topsail and set the whole Foresail. She has increased her leak within two days over one hundred strokes. We let her stand at different times an hour at a time and sounded, and the mean of all the sounds appears to be about fifteen inches per hour. Morning heavy gales. Sundry reefs. Thick rainy weather, the barque labouring very heavy and rolling very heavy. She works unaccountably, or so as to be very perceptible in any part of her. Cargo works badly too.

December 14, 1848. Heavy gales and hard squalls with rain. The sea running very heavy. Wind hauled to the N.W. in a heavy squall. Our cargo has worked so much that the stanchions

do but little good in the hold. When she rolls she surges it tremendously, and the cargo was considered very well stowed when we left port. Sea more regular and not so heavy. Set sundry sails. Sent the F. tp. gal. mast on deck to make her easier. Leak seems to increase more every day. She works and leaks so bad forward that the men have left the forecastle Bag and Baggage and live in the steerage.

" 15, 1848. Gales. Reefs. More moderate, set sundry sails. She rolls so bad that she surges her cargo both in the hold and between decks, that we had to call hands to go below to secure it. Drove Planks, Boards and Firewood down between it and the ceiling as much as we could. Thick rainy weather. Our leak increases more and more every day. Rigged bele (?) ropes to the double break and work both pumps. Every sea shakes her and works her very badly. People at work getting the anchors on the bow.

" 16, 1848. Thick rainy. All hands at work below driving wood between the skin and cargo to keep it from working from side to side. More moderate. Set sundry sails. Vessel rolls more moderate. Leak still continues. Bent the chains. Latter part fresh gales & squally. Sundry reefs.

December 17, 1848. Fresh breezes. Set sails. People in the hold securing the cargo. Saw a Brig. Vessel rolling badly and surging from side to side very heavy. Latter part moderate and pleasant.

" 18, 1848. Fresh breezes. Made the land. Backed the tp. sail and let her lay till daylight. Thick and rainy. Cape Rocca bore N.

" 19, 1848. Fresh breezes. Lay off Cape Rocca waiting for a Pilot 3 or 4 hours but not seeing any Boats, we kept away and run in and did not get a Pilot until we got over the Bar and inside of the Castle, and then one came on board, and after finding that we were from Gothenburgh, he left us and told us to come to anchor, as we would be quarantined, so we came too at 7 in the evening. Through the night pleasant. Daylight under way and came up as far as the Custom House where we were boarded by the health boat, and ordered to remain till we could get a pratique (permit A.B.) which would be in five days. Sent down the main top gallant yard, mast and Mizzen Topmast. The leak still continues. End of sea acct.

" 20, 1848. Pleasant. The Captain went on shore to the Quarantine office. The Barque Elliot came in today.

" 21, 1848. Fine and pleasant. Took aboard a Quarantine Officer and a Custom House officer. She makes 4 inches of water per hour laying at anchor.

" 22, 1848. (Page-heading, "In Lisbon".) Pleasant. Captain went to the health office but could not obtain a pratique.

" 23, 1848. Received a pratique and a Pilot and got under way for the "Quadro" but it dying away and the tide being against us, we had to come too again. Got the chains up and got ready for mooring.

" 24, 1848. Got under way and came up to the Quadro, but the wind and the tide was so strong that she passed the Quadro before her anchor brought her up so we were obliged to lay until the tide turned, at 3 we hove up and dropped into the Quadro, payed out our chain and when 75 fathoms were run out a swivel drawed out and away went anchor and chain, so we had to drop out again, for vessels cannot lay inside without being moored.

December 25, 1848. Procured another anchor and 30 fathoms of chain and moored ship with 60 fathoms on one and 45 on the other.

(From Dec. 25, 1848 until Apr. 5, 1849 the Undine lay in Lisbon harbor. I made only scattering notes during this period —A.B.)

The surveyors found her making 4 inches of water per hour, laying in the River and ordered the Cargo to be discharged.—Commenced discharging. Discharged two Lighters. We cannot discharge but 6 hours per day on acct of the Custom House hours.—Fine weather.—Dec. 29 no discharging today it being a holiday. Dec. 30 Holiday as well as yesterday and no discharging. Took on board 4 casks of water from the water-boat. Sundry members of the crew on Liberty.—Jan. 1, 1849. Another holiday and no discharging—fine weather.—Jan. 6 another holiday and no discharging.—Jan. 10 finished discharging the cargo.—Getting everything ready for the survey, clearing the hold.—Surveyors ordered her to be repaired.—Came down to the shipyard to be repaired. The moorings being occupied by another vessel, came to with the small bower. Later, hauled up—carpenters and caulkers aboard. The Crew unbent the sails and sent them on shore to be repaired. A part of the Crew have deserted us—moved the long boat and Galley, and got the Bowsprit ready for taking out—unshipped the bowsprit, found the seams entirely open.—Crew at work tuning up the Lower Rigging.—Fine weather—Work goes on but very slow. Plenty of men but it takes half their time to talk.—Fresh

gales from the N W. Setting up the Main Rigging. Five of the crew and the Second Mate on Liberty.—Found the seams very open about the Stern Post. Weather fine. Carpenters had to take out one plank on each side as it was very bad and worm-eaten.—Gang at work slowly, but caulk very well.—A steward came on board on trial—carpenters putting bolts into one side to heave down by—Got some spars up to shore the masts and a pair of shears to unhang the Rudder. Making preparations for heaving down.—All through this period constant mention of carpenters, caulkers etc.—Today discharged all the ballast we had, viz: 27 tons.—The Pontoon came alongside. Got our moveables into her. Unhung the Rudder.—Hove down and had a survey on her and the surveyors ordered her copper to be taken off.—Finished coppering the starb. side. Hauled the Pontoon to the other side. People at work shifting the blocks.—Hove down the starboard side.—Finished coppering. People at work getting things on board the barque. Received on board an anchor and 75 fathoms of chain.—Let go the moorings, dropped up the River and moored with 45 fathoms on each chain.—Set up the Fore and Main Rigging. Cleared out the hold for Cargo. Stowed water casks.—Received on board a lot of Cork for dunnage and 7 casks of water—People scrubbing the outside of the vessel and painting,—Carpenters at work on the Roundhouse.—Took on board a new Jib boom.—Scraping and scrubbing inside. Received on board a lot of rope for Jib Guys, stays and Top Gallant Sheets.—Received on board a Fore Topsail yard and boom. Opened a barrel of Beef,—Sent up the main topsail yard. Received a lot of running rigging.—For several days fresh gales from the North. No work doing on board.—Pleasant. Opened a barrel of Flour.—Received a half barrel of varnish.—Mar. 15 the U. S. Frigate Sacramento in last night. Antonio come on board as cook. Received 15 fathoms of chain.—Took on board a lot of stores.—Lighter of Iron came, took 538 bars.—Hove up our new anchor and found the stock broken. Sent on shore and got another and came up the River in charge of a Pilot. Moored ship with fifty fathoms on each chain. A good deal of setting up sails, masts and rigging these days; also taking on iron and ballast.—Fresh gales and heavy gales several days. Got a spare anchor and chain ready for letting go in case of necessity.—Pleasant. Steward and Cook came on board.—Carpenters at work from the Frigate fitting up for the passengers. Took on board 7 barrels of salt provisions, a quarter of beef and vegetables.

April 5, 1849. Pilot came on board. At meridian he went on shore again, the wind being so that it was impossible to go out. Strong gales.

" 6, 1849. Very heavy gales from the W S W and squally. No possible chance of getting out.

" 7, 8, 9 10, 11, 1849 The same.

" 12, 1849 Light airs. Pilot came on board. Took as Passengers to Savannah (named at beginning of log) with their dunnage. Rec'd our visit from the Custom House and was permitted to go. Hoved aback off Belem Castle and was boarded by the Guard Ship Boat and received our powder. Discharged the Pilot. Got the anchors on the bows and secured them. Ends with fresh gales. This day contains but 12 hours, in order to commence the sea day at noon. Bugis Lighthouse.

April 13, 1849. Cape Rocca.

" 16, 1849. Calm. Later fresh breezes.

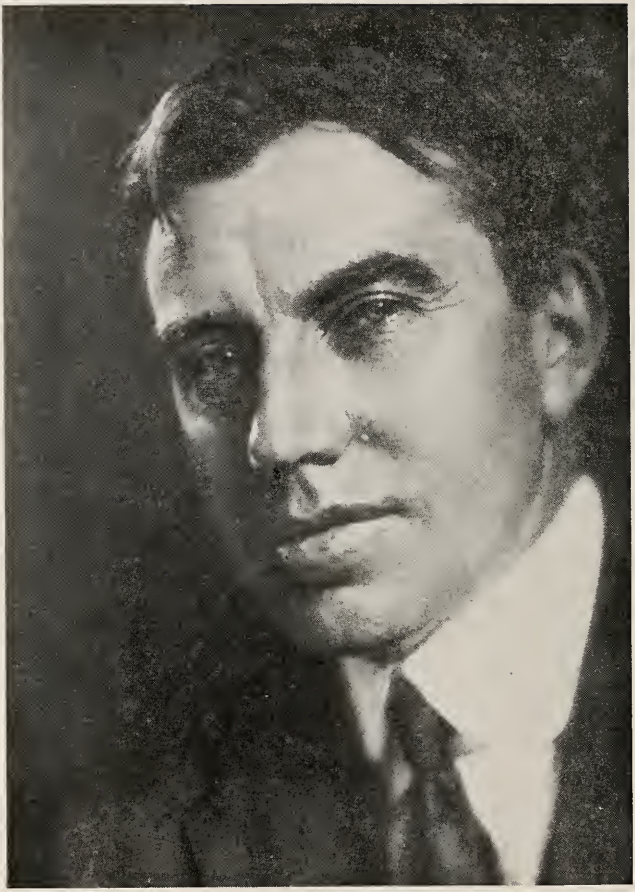
" 19, 1849. At 1 made Porto Santo. At 6 Madeira. Passed a ship. Latter part pleasant trades.

" 20, 1849 Passed an English ship and spoke her. She was from Bristol bound for Valparaiso.

" 21, 1849 Caught a porpoise.

" 22, 1849 Killed a sheep. Gave the People a watch below.

(Log ends with entries for April 30, with two pages at the end of the book left blank. Probably began a new book which has not been preserved. The voyage from Lisbon was made in fair weather and without incident up to the date when this log-book ends. A.B.)



JOHN H. FINLEY

JOHN H. FINLEY

by

JAMES A. FARRELL

Re-printed from the "City College Alumnus".

(John, a Finley Scion, was grafted onto our Family Tree when he married Martha, daughter of my Uncle Albert Boyden.)

Everybody knows that whenever a public dinner is planned in New York the first thing the chairman of the dinner committee says to the rest of the boys is, "What other speakers shall we have besides John Finley?" He and the Irishman's bird are the only two living things that can be in more than one place at the same time. Three after dinner speeches a night are as easy for Finley as rolling off an editorial for the *Times*. He could talk, if he wanted to, for a couple of hours anyway just listing the jobs he has held and the ground he has covered, but would he? As the recruit said when he aimed at the bull's eye and hit the second lieutenant, "Far from it."

A year or so ago he went to the University of Edinburgh and occupied the Sir George Watson Chair of American History, Literature and Institutions. His predecessors in that honor had borne such little known names as Lord Bryce, Hadley of Yale, Butler of Columbia, and Sir Robert Falconer.

The first few years of Finley's education were the hardest. Latin he learned from a book that was tied to the plow. Then he plowed his way through Knox College. He was all of twenty-four when he finished that because his farm labors delayed his start. Knox later gave him a Master's degree, and he has so many LL.D.'s he doesn't know what to do. After getting himself educated right up to the hilt and working as a printer and at other odd jobs, he came to New York and worked three years for the State Charities Aid Association editing its *Review* for most of that time. Then he thought it was about time to start if he was going to be the youngest college president in the country, and he coached the faculty at Knox for about eight years that began in 1892. From there he came back to New York as the editor of *Harper's Weekly,* and stepped gracefully from that post into the professorship of politics at Princeton where he occupied a chair at one time filled by Woodrow Wilson, and Finley did not rattle around in the seat vacated by that man of might either. At Princeton he was the

most popular man on the faculty and his course in politics the best attended. He used to run a mock Chamber of Deputies, as his predecessors had before him. In France, when the Chamber gets too Gallic and boisterous the President puts on his hat and walks out on the Gauls. The same procedure was followed at Princeton, and before the days of Finley the politics "prof." often had to put on his hat (if he could find it), but the tradition was that Finley held the interest so well that he never had to use his hat as a means of terminating the delibrations of a noisy assembly.

Those were the days when Grover Cleveland was enjoying *otium cum dignitate* in the academic shades at Princeton, and there the keen young faculty man formed a close friendship with the old Democratic war horse that lasted all the remaining days of Cleveland's innocuous but public spirited desuetude. Cleveland's admiration of Finley, and Cleveland's political association and friendship with Edward M. Shepard, who was President of the Board of Trustees of the College of the City of New York, may have had something to do with the election of John Huston Finley, editor, educator and author, as President of that institution in the year 1903, and the next decade saw him in that post.

After he had built a majestic new group of buildings on Washington Heights and reorganized the city's college, planted on what he used to call tenderly "one of her most delectable hills", he resigned in his restlessness, to become Commissioner of Education of the State of New York and President of the University of the State of New York. Eight years were spent in that field, when Ochs and McAneny succeeded finally with their siren song and persuaded the State Commissioner of Education to leave Albany to be Associate Editor of the *New York Times*. There he is and there he stays, and it looks as if he had stopped being the rolling stone (of boulder dimensions) that he was in mid-career.

He is wholly catholic and versatile in his tastes and interests. His family tree must have a Cicero, Maecenas, John Knox, Mark Hopkins, Matthew Arnold and a Henry Watterson sitting in its branches. His range has covered assignments from Harvard University exchange lecturer on the Hyde Foundation at the Sorbonne, through lay representative from the United States to the First Joint Assembly of the Church of Scotland, and to membership on the board of arbitration in the Eastern railway controversy of 1913. He has been president of more learned and public welfare societies than any other person living or *nunc ad astra*. He has been Chairman of the New York State Commission for the Blind, who are his special protegées. He was a member of the New York

State Constitutional Convention Commission in 1914 with Elihu Root, Charles E. Hughes, Alfred E. Smith and all the other notables. For several years he was a director of the New York Life Insurance Company, and was later one of the trustees of the majority stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

His work in literature and in journalism brought him election to the National Academy of Arts and Letters, our American academy of immortals. He is now its Vice-President.

It is hard to figure where our peripatetic philosopher gets time for walking, but he has done it for years. He was probably the first man to circumambulate Manhattan Island, following its shore front from start to finish. He has been president of the League of Walkers. Any night in the season he may be seen footing it sturdily from his midnight to dawn shelter in the Gramercy Park section up to the dinner belt, wearing no overcoat in any weather, for he is a hardy Scot.

He has always been able to "toil terribly", the praise originally given to Sir Walter Raleigh and long, long later applied to Finley by one of his admirers. Like the strenuous Roosevelt, he can dictate in a taxi-cab flying on two wheels. Never was his multifariousness more conspicuous than during the World War. He filled a hundred peaceful niches in this country (but helpfully as well as decoratively), such as Trustee of the Sage Foundation, Trustee of Knox, and Trustee of Berea, while he went to France in 1917 as special representative of the Regents of the State of New York on an educational mission. Then he was a member of the American Army Educational Commission in France, and head of the American Red Cross in Palestine and the Near East in 1918. In the Orient his stature was readily divined, and he became the intimate of the leaders among the natives and among the English governors and soldiery. He and Lord Allenby were the closest of friends, and when that World War leader came to this country, Finley made the grand tour of the States with him, and with faultless instinct and tact he appeared day and night on the same dais with Allenby and minimized his own tremendous Eastern contribution and played up the exploits of the visitor from another shore.

As for decorations, he probably has three or four bushel baskets full in his safe deposit vaults. If he wore them all, there would be no chance for his nitid and immaculate white front—the uniform of his nocturnal profession—to shine through, and what would New York's night life be without it? Somebody once listed the four greatest after dinner speakers of all time as Joseph H.

Choate, Chauncey Depew, Horace Porter and John H. Finley, and many, especially those that know their Latin, place him *facile princeps* in grace, charm and certainly of touch as well as easily first in the number and range of his postprandial adventures. At a speakers' table he is no welkin ringer but an urbane genius at saying the precisely right thing at the precisely right time. At breakfast the morning after you will read in your *Times,* which cannot do any better by him, that Dr. John H. Finley also spoke. The chances are he was the only one worth hearing that spoke, but the *Times* only mentions him or gives his remarks a "stick" and you can't expect to find the other papers blowing the *Times* horn, so Finley's virtue must be its own reward and the reward of his after dinner listeners.

When he presides over the deliberations of the American Geographical Society, does he wear his Order of the Rising Sun, his riband of the Legion of Honor, his Order of the Crown of Italy, his button, or whatever it is, of the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre, the chest protector of the Order of St. Sava and the Polish insignia of Commander of Polonia Restituta? He does not, for it is his modesty, and not his Scotch ancestry and inherent thrift, that keeps him from economizing on his bill for white shirtage, now the largest in the land.

Never try to stop him on the street as he passes from one dinner to another, but if you encounter him about midnight, or later, when his labors of the night are done or almost done, when his shirt of Cicero is about to come off (and he never wears it as a Shirt of Nessus), and if you pull him out of his abstraction, he may tell you that he has been doing, on his homeward way, a poem to his youngest grandchild, or, in his great and gracious way, with pride almost obscured by modesty, he will tell you of his one son's work at the bar, and his other's just published masque.

Can a man walk many miles a day, write "leaders" for the *Times* that make his identity glow through the anonymity of the editorial page; preside at meetings from one end of Greater New York to the other during the day and speak here and there all over town at night; heed innumerable summonses farther afield like a speech at the American Bar Association meeting in Seattle, reached by airplane flight all the way from this seaboard; can he (asking it again because of the length of the list) do all these things and still be President of the American Social Science Association, the National Dante Commission, the New York Child Labor Association, the National Child Welfare Association, and the National Recreation and Playground Association? The answer is yes, and

besides, he can write a book on the French in America that was crowned by the Academie Française and awarded the medal of the Geographic Society of Paris. In odd moments he can be and has been Chairman of the Committee on International Justice and Good Will of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, of the National Council of Boy Scouts, of the Immigrant Education Council, and the Grover Cleveland Birthplace Association. Can he have had time to write several books, several sheaves of poems, and be editor of Nelson's Encyclopedia? No, he cannot, but he has, and he is only sixty-seven, with the face, form and figure of forty, so on his address, looks and good experience he may have, say, another hundred jobs and achievements to his credit before he lays down his pen and printing press and, like the weary postman on his day off, sets out on a nice long walk.

ROLAND W. BOYDEN

Reprinted from The Fiftieth Anniversary Report
of the Harvard Class of '85
1935

Roland Boyden was born in Beverly, Massachusetts, October 18, 1863, and his home was always in his native town. In 1895 he married Miss Kate F. Whitney of Beverly, and they shared life happily together until her death in 1924.

His ancestry through many generations was of stout, plain, English stock, largely Quakers on his mother's side, high-minded folk, restrained in manner, simple in life. His Boyden grandfather was a physician who practiced in Beverly many years, a Phi Beta Kappa scholar at Dartmouth College and graduate of Dartmouth Medical School. Roland's father was of scholarly inclination, but early ill health kept him from college.

Roland passed through the Beverly public schools and the Beverly High School, spent a year at the Salem High School, then two years at Exeter. He was an apt student, did his work well, having time enough for almost every form of out-door sport, besides taking a boy's full share in the social life around him. In fact, his youthful zeal for the unproductive caused a misguided cousin to assert confidently that he would never be able to earn a living.

As this sketch is addressed to his Harvard classmates, the College and Law School years may perhaps be dealt with more freely than would otherwise be appropriate.

Scholastically, he was so well prepared that the college work was rather easy for him, particularly at first, and he stood in the leading quarter of his class throughout the four years. It is interesting now to note that his marks in mathematics, political economy, history, and French ranged almost uniformly in the nineties. He was given 99 in mathematics one year, and the same in French another year. Mathematics being an exact science, that 99 is perhaps pardonable, but how a Professor of French could be so lost to human feeling as to allow the 99, and balk at 100, is hard to understand.

He was an interested member of the Pi Eta Society, and figured as a chorus girl in several of their plays. He is recorded as a member of the Everett Athenaeum and the Historical Society. Since Beverly was at hand, he spent his week-ends there, frequently taking college friends with him—sometimes few, often

ROLAND WILLIAM BOYDEN

many—who became thoroughly at home in Beverly circles, joining the round of dances, theatricals, picnics, and other juvenile diversions. He was always inclined toward music, from Grand Opera down to "The Party at Odd Fellows Hall," and his office mantel displayed his own photograph in the role of "Hamlet" doing a song-and-dance in black velvet suit and cape, ringlets flowing over his shoulders, a plug-hat on his head at an acute angle. His nerve gave him a good deal of fun that most of us miss: once, when he was presiding at a meeting of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Vice-President Dawes the principal guest and some five hundred present, the proceedings broadcasted to the world, Roland surprised everybody by singing without accompaniment "That Little Old Dudeen" in honor of Mr. Dawes' famous pipe—and made a great hit. In the course of his life he must have recited "Casey at the Bat" almost as many times as DeWolf Hopper himself, and he took great pleasure in obtaining a Court decision which established his classmate Ernest Thayer as the man who wrote that epic of horse-hide, willow, and faltering humanity.

A game of any sort always had an unfailing attraction for him. While in Cambridge, he played a lot of whist, continuing later with bridge and contract, playing a superior game, but no slave to rules. He became dexterous in sleight-of-hand card tricks, and with a flick of the wrist scaled cards hither and yon at will. He practiced sitting in a chair balanced on its hind legs, and learned to hang there so long that he had to quit for sheer lack of time.

His athletic life at Harvard was, in a way, remarkable. He had the natural athlete's muscle and eye, exceptional strength and endurance, but was not gifted in point of speed and agility. He used to say that unless he could *run* over a bar, he couldn't *jump* over it. He was "canny" in athletics, as elsewhere, and made a special point of adapting his powers to the particular work in hand, as was illustrated by the remark of F. P. A. the New York humorist who said he never saw anyone who could play as good a game of tennis, standing still, as Roland Boyden. Without reaching stellar heights in any one direction, his athletic career maintained a high level and great variety of achievement. He was substitute third-baseman on '85's Freshman nine, and pitcher on that team in his Junior year. In his Senior year he rowed on the '85 Class crew, but found rowing to be about the only sport which failed to interest him; he never undertook it again. As the rules of the day permitted Graduate-School representatives, he continued his Harvard athletics in the Law School; was pitcher and center-fielder on the varsity-nine, half-back on the varsity

eleven, and a member of the Varsity Tug-of-War team. Under Dr. Sargent's famous system of strength tests Sam Foster '85 established the college record and Roland was second. Their records stood for nine years, and Roland was looked upon with awe by many as "The Second Strongest Man in Harvard College!"

After graduating from the Law School, he kept up his athletics for several seasons, playing baseball as a member of "The Beacons," a team made up largely of ex-collegians, and playing football on the Boston Athletic Association eleven. Through these years, when not otherwise engaged, he played tennis; also, at odd times and in vacations, he played baseball, pitching for the Beverly "Stars" with such local prestige that when he withdrew for the inglorious practice of law, local fans reckoned that he had wantonly thrown away a professional baseball career of brilliant promise. Thirty or forty years afterwards, chance discovered a Beverly man who knew Roland well as a ball-player, but had never heard of him in any other connection.

For several years he took boxing lessons, liking the game and acquiring some little skill in it. He loved tramping and climbing in the New Hampshire mountains, and in his younger days spent much time in beguiling brook-trout from their shadowed pools and sparkling rapids. If nothing more thrilling offered, he would play checkers or pitch horseshoes. He was always fond of bowling, and for twenty-five years was a mainstay of the "Deficit Bowling Club" in Beverly, materially assisting the club to avoid the implications of its name; he was a regular member of the Ropes, Gray team in the "Lawyer's Bowling League"; and in March, 1929, at the Boston City Club alleys, he hung up a record of 205 at "Boston" pins which the club has not since equalled.

After he became engaged in legal work, his athletic exercises were, of course, more restricted, but he kept on with tennis until well into middle age, and ultimately became a golf devotee, playing regularly, for fun and for exercise, wherever he was, whatever the press or importance of business.

It is interesting to note that from 1887 to 1897 he was Superintendent of the Unitarian Sunday School in Beverly.

Harvard and '85 had a warm place in his heart. He was always at class functions if possible, and, as his classmates remember, was ready with remarks, jocular or serious, as suited the occasion. He followed the fortunes of Pi Eta, was a member of the Varsity Club, was on the Graduate Athletic Committee, a life member of the Harvard Union, and a member of the Committee for a Harvard War Memorial. When the Harvard-Yenching Institute was organ-

ized to administer a fund which had been provided for Oriental study, he was made Chairman of its Board of Directors, and during the rest of his life gave it much time and thought. From 1924 to 1930 he was a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers, and on the Visiting Committee to the Department of Romance Languages. He was made an Honorary Member of Harvard Phi Beta Kappa, and in 1924 the University conferred upon him the Honorary LL.D Degree, President Lowell describing him as "an American whose patriotism is not bounded by the shore of his native land, who strove to bring order into the financial chaos of a weary world."

The main part of Roland's mature life was given to the practice of law. He had a year or two of association with Henry P. Moulton of Salem, the leader of the Essex Bar, a similar period with Heman W. Chaplin of Boston, a lawyer of distinction, and then joined an intimate friend, Charles I. Giddings of Beverly, Harvard '87, under the firm name of "Boyden and Giddings." When this companionship was suddenly terminated by Giddings' death in 1894, the firm of Ropes, Gray and Loring, in which Rob Gorham was already a member, asked him to become a partner, and he accepted. He thus entered upon an association which lasted during the remainder of his life, one that could hardly have been more stimulating, agreeable, and full of opportunity. The membership of the firm, throughout the changes which inevitably occur, maintained a high standard of professional capacity and personal character; the firm's reputation was of the best, and the volume of work grew constantly more extensive until the office staff was one of the largest in the country. The practice was miscellaneous, with corporation affairs and settlement of estates predominating. Roland's continuous and successful engagement among business men of Boston, New York, and other cities of the East, his study and experience in the complexities of modern production, finance, and law, his dealing with human nature in almost every variety of manifestation, especially the clash of personalities under pressure—trained and developed his mental powers and made sound and prompt decision a habit.

During the middle and latter period of Roland's life, besides the regular work of his profession, he took active part in many public and philanthropic enterprises. For twenty-six years he was a director and prominent factor in the management and growth of the Beverly Hospital, twenty-five years a director of the Beverly National Bank, fifteen years President of the Beverly Savings Bank, eleven years Chairman of the Beverly School Committee,

and for twenty-eight years was a Director of The First National Bank of Boston. He was President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Director of the American Unitarian Association, and Trustee of the Christian Register, Treasurer of the Girls' City Club of Boston, member of Governor Coolidge's Commission to study the Street Railroad situation, arbitrator between the Boston Elevated and its employees, besides being director of sundry business corporations. It will be obvious that he had few hours for drifting idleness, that state of yawning vacancy in which most of us indulge so freely. Some occupation, mental or physical, work or play, was his natural disposition and his choice.

It seems hardly possible to sketch this period of Roland's life without giving a wrong impression. The extent of his interests and accomplishment was such as to suggest a monotony of labor and preoccupation, a demnition grind. Nothing could be farther from the fact; few men of affairs are so easy in mind, and partake so generously of life's varied resources. He rarely gave an impression of being "busy" or pressed. A friend dropping in at the office, seemed to find him free as air; he played golf pretty much whenever he wanted to; thrived on the opera and theatre; read rather widely in English, French, and German, acquiring also some facility in Italian and Spanish; was available socially; had house parties for his friends at his Tamworth summer home; went camping in Maine and in the National Parks of the West; canoed in the Canada wilds; visited Mexico; toured the South American countries; and travelled in Europe so frequently as to be the envy of his friends.

So much professional accomplishment, combined with so much else by way of work and play, was possible only by reason of mental capacity and sound mental habits. He was of a conspicuously equable disposition, and almost nothing, as we say, "jarred" him, even inwardly—a saving characteristic which was perhaps a beneficent inheritance from generations of "Quaker Discipline." When he put on his grandmother's Quaker cap and tied her ribands under his chin, the likeness between them was striking. His imperturbability, together with the laconic tenor of his conversation, induced frequent reference to "sphinx" and "poker face," but these characteristics certainly saved him a lot of wear and tear. His persistent disregard of insignificant trifles was a large element in his mental economy, and enabled him to exercise his gift of patience without losing weight. His courage was equal to his responsibilities, and he wasted no energy in worry—once a thing was done or decided, for better or worse, he moved on without re-

views or regrets. His mind was orderly, his ideas were reasoned and fundamental, his thought was clear, the grasp and tenacity of his memory was exceptional, so his mental resources were always, as a business man might say, in "ready cash." There was no lost motion in his performance; whatever his surroundings—in the office, on the train, or in the domestic circle—he was able to sever himself from outside distractions, and give his entire mind to the undertaking before him. Moreover, he used to say, and it was quite true, that he never did any work himself which he could persuade or hire anyone else to do for him, and he certainly had a gift for inspiring devoted service. It was amusing to see him lay out a plan of action, and then toss all details into the lap of a young and ambitious assistant, the result being good for both. One of his junior partners recalls the time in his early days at the law, when Roland left him alone in Kansas City to represent the firm in a railroad reorganization fracas. As Roland was departing for the East, the neophyte asked for instructions. Roland said, "Use your judgment," swung onto the train, and disappeared.

In 1917 the United States entered the Great War. Roland took a normal part in the early stages, was a member of the Committee of Public Safety, directed Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. campaigns, was one of the "Four Minute" speakers, etc., etc., but in November, 1917, he was asked by Mr. Hoover to become head of the United States Food Administration's "Legal Enforcement Division" in Washington.

Questions as to food were then vital for military success. The Food Administration regulations were far-reaching and drastic, a governmental intereference with private business, and a strange hand in the pantry of every home. The idea was startling to Americans naturally impatient of restraint, enforcement must be instant, so that recourse to the rectangular precepts of law could seldom be tolerated. Yet without public co-operation, the Administration's effort must fail. It was a situation requiring discretion and nerve—here persuasion, there severity, everywhere explanation, always short cuts to immediate results. Among members of the Food Administration, Roland was lightly referred to as "Hoover's Hangman," and he used to say that he supposed the Enforcement Division would some day be investigated and shown to be a national scandal. On occasion, he and the defendant tossed up a cent for the decision; often, the defendant, instead of being required to pay a fine, found himself making an unexpectedly generous contribution to the Red Cross, and went home happy instead of sore and humiliated; at times the delinquent himself was called

upon to name the verdict and the penalty. Now and then, of course, it was necessary to come down like the traditional thousand of brick, and when such a crisis arose Roland was there.

Presumably it was his success in this work that led in March, 1920, to his appointment by President Wilson as Representative of the United States on the Reparations Commission established by the Treaty of Versailles. This Commission was to determine the amount due from Germany to the Allies, together with details as to payment, whether by credits, property in kind, services, or money. The fact that our country did not sign the Treaty caused the United States' Representative to be designated an "Unofficial Delegate," but in practice the distinction between official and unofficial was made largely a formality by the other nations represented on the Commission. The Official Delegates in regular attendance were from Great Britain, France, and Italy. When the interests of Belgium or Japan were involved, Delegates from those countries took seats on the Commission, and at times an additional Delegate sat to represent certain Central-European States. The work of the Commission was mostly in Paris, and Roland made that city his home, though there was necessarily a good deal of travel among the other European States.

At this time fire still glowed in the embers of the great war conflagration; the rooted prejudices of ancient peoples, temporarily forgotten in the presence of a common peril, sprang again to life; conflicting interests, often in vital matters, inevitably begat strifes and jealousies, furtive or open; European social, industrial, and financial life, which was to furnish the materials for a general settlement, had been left in a parlous state by the war—yet, for tolerable results, cool heads, necessary concessions, and a long look ahead, were required. A difficult situation! Roland was not a professional economist, but he was by no means a green hand in the world of industry and finance; he was not an historian, but observation, reading, and reflection had provided him with an adequate political background; he found human nature to be about the same in Europe as he had known it in the United States; every courtesy was extended to the American Delegate; the members of the Commission became his friends, several of them notably so, and he soon established cordial relations among the people with whom he came in contact through work and social life. As time went on, his associates gave him a growing confidence and support, his reputation became favorably known in widening circles; acquaintance with his character and abilities carried him to the fore as a helpful factor in the problems upon which the Commission

was engaged. He was aided by the fact that he had a considerable fluency in the French tongue, at times acting as informal interpreter, though he used to say, that he never met an American who couldn't understand his French. He had an advantage in the fact that in most instances the United States had no self-interest—but the distinction which came to him and the esteem in which he was held, were essentially a recognition of character, intelligence, and balanced judgment. That he was selected on sundry occasions as arbitrator of disagreements on public or international matters suggests that the value of his judgment was recognized. In regard to one of these arbitrations he wrote lightly:

> "The papers made something of my decision as Arbitrator in the matter of the Belgian debt, and some Frenchmen evidently feel it to be largely an expression of my love for France, whereas I merely told them what I thought the treaty meant. Bradbury (the British Delegate) said the decision illustrated the great value of arbitration, when three possible solutions were argued before the Commission, and the Arbitrator adopted a solution which no one had even mentioned, but was quite satisfactory to all concerned. You must admit that the British have a sense of humor. The French journalists asserted that I had sustained the French contention in full, and intimated that a Daniel-Come-to-Judgment had at last turned down Perfidious Albion. The decision affects the total of the German obligation; that total, being already beyond capacity for payment, makes the question seem to me academic."

At one time, in connection with a comprehensive "rehabilitation" loan, Roland was asked to become Commissioner General for Austria, an office of wide financial powers and responsibilities, but circumstances made it impossible for him to accept.

When the administration of President Wilson ended, Roland was reappointed by President Harding, serving until August, 1923, when he decided that he must return to America after an absence of three years and a half. He had received official Decorations from the Governments of France, Belgium, Denmark, and Roumania.

Though foreign journalists, and students of foreign affairs in this country, followed the work of the Reparations Commission with care, American newspapers paid comparatively little attention to it. Now and then, however, it happened that Roland was given wide publicity both here and abroad. On one occasion, in September, 1921, he addressed an International Conference at

Brussels where a topic under consideration was the possibility of financial refreshment, public or private, from the United States. His language was rather to the point, as, for instance, when he said:

> "It is my personal view that Americans will find it difficult to convince themselves in large numbers and to great amounts that Europe, under present conditions, is a good business risk."

He got plenty of publicity for that address, some in the form of criticism and sarcasm, but more praising his good sense and plain speaking. Another time, a mare's-nest was discovered by an intrepid reporter, who announced that there had been presented to the Reparations Commission "The Boyden Plan" for settling the whole matter of Reparations. Senators and Congressmen, not to speak of newspapers all over the country, flared up and showered sparks indiscriminately—"Who is this Boyden?" "Who authorized Boyden to take Europe in hand?" "Is Boyden the Colonel House of this Administration?" etc., etc. The "Plan" was, in fact, a mere suggestion that an impartial and competent Board of Inquiry should ascertain what amount of indemnity Germany *could* pay, and that an effort should then be made, by plebiscite or otherwise, to ascertain whether Germany would not make a wholehearted effort to pay that amount—the Allies having theretofore contented themselves with a blind demand that Germany pay an impossible sum. On this subject Roland wrote to a friend:

> "Germany has not done all she could have done, but she has never had any incentive to do her best, and has grown more and more despairing in her attitude toward the matter, and has accelerated the flight from the mark, which anyone could foresee as the natural result of the situation. I always liken her position to that of a man who is told that his life depends on his jumping over a forty-foot wall; he sees no use in jumping even as high as he can, and has no courage to do it. The last two German Governments have tried, on the whole, to carry out a policy of fulfillment, but they have no confidence in it themselves, and could not rally to their support the reasonable public opinion which they might have commanded if conditions had been better.
>
> "All this is what I have in mind in saying that the Allies have lost a great deal because of the nature of their demands upon Germany, and they will continue to lose more until they change their policy.
>
> "Almost everything that has happened has been predictable, and

has been predicted by practically all sound economists and financiers. If you have causes which naturally produce results, it is quite absurd, when the results happen, to ignore those causes and attribute the results to an improbable, foolish, and impossible chimaera like the supposed conspiracy of the Germans to debase the mark for the purpose of escaping from reparations. On the question of paying reparations, they are just like you and me; we would not do our best until we knew that strenuous efforts had a chance of success."

Roland's classmates may be interested in his views on the subject of the League of Nations, as set forth in familiar correspondence:

"I have always been for The League and have never had any interest in the details of our acceptance. I would be willing to toss up a cent as to whether we accept with or without reservations. I think I had a little the impression of a League which would dominate the individual nations. My impression at present is that there is no possible form of League or Court which would really dominate. The advantage of the League will be in affording a means for formulating a consensus of opinion. It would be useful from the start, and its prestige ought to increase, but nevertheless its possible powers and effect have been over-advertised. It is no panacea. Its success will depend upon the quality of its personnel.

"I feel quite sure now that the European nations took the League seriously from the beginning, and that they continue to do so. It is a mistake to regard it as a Wilson conception. It embodied in the beginning greatly exaggerated hopes which were, as I say, serious. It embodies saner expectations now, but they are still serious. It was thought of in the beginning as a supernational body compelling peace; it is thought of now as a means for forming and formulating world opinion. The thought with which I have least sympathy is that the League can do anybody any harm, and that has been the main basis of the attack in the United States. There has been a queer combination of argument, first for the utter impotency of the League, second for the tremendous harm it would do the United States."

Some humorous remarks about Roland in "L'Europe Nouvelle," accompanied by a portrait in similar vein, afford a diversion.

"The American Observer, M. Boyden, so pink under his hair so white, maintains under all circumstances an absolute impassivity. In his upraised right hand an enormous cigar smoulders

eternally; never the least gesture; his eyes are fixed. Sometimes if the discussion reaches a stage that is really crucial, his eyes move slightly in their orbit; that is all . . . M. Boyden has two passions; justice and golf, but it should be added that he succeeds better in the first than in the second.

"M. Boyden's aspect is designed by nature for the role of an arbitrator: justice seems to have fixed her dwelling in his venerable person, which nevertheless one day demanded in an even tone of voice, and in the name of America, a thousand million gold francs."

At home again, Roland resumed his professional work and his varied interests in other directions, but he had become something of a public character, and was in demand for public service. Moreover, he felt that his experiences—under conditions largely unfamiliar to Americans, but now of importance to them—laid him under obligation to publish the information and ideas which were the result of those experiences; consequently, he accepted most of the invitations which he received, and did a vast amount of speaking, formal and informal, an infinite labor of travel and talk. In this thought he took an active part in the "Williamstown Conferences."

In 1929 he went as an American Delegate to the Institute of Pacific Relations, going by way of Sweden and Finland, across Russia and Siberia, visiting Korea and China, finally attending the Conferences of the Institute in Japan, and returning by the Pacific. The nations interested in the Far East were ably represented. Every possible courtesy and opportunity was offered the American party on its journey and at the Institute meetings, so the trip offered an exceptional opportunity for observation of international and domestic conditions in the East.

In 1929 Roland was appointed by President Hoover to the German-American Commission established to adjudicate claims on the part of the German Government, the United States Government, and their respective citizens. The claims, naturally, involved sums that ran into "governmental" figures. One Judge represented Germany, another the United States, the third, Roland, was "Umpire," and his work on this Commission was performed with distinguished success.

In 1930, when Mr. Charles Evans Hughes resigned office as a Judge of the Hague Tribunal of International Arbitration to become Chief Justice of our Supreme Court, President Hoover appointed Roland as his successor at the Hague, but death intervened before occasion arose for action by the Tribunal.

Roland's professional and public career has many interesting aspects, but two of them are worthy of mention in days when we see prominence in public life so often gained by shallow oratory, brilliant but unstable intellectual powers, or conscienceless concessions to self-service. First, Roland was modesty itself. He not only had no gift for self-advertisement, he had no interest in it. He was indifferent even to simple recognition. Whatever the result, there it was and it would speak for itself. He expected to make some mistakes and hoped only for a good batting average. Many times he said, "I have been very lucky." Second, there were no high-lights or brilliant specialties among Roland's abilities. He was merely an example of consistently fine qualities, rounded and complete; to an unusual degree, there was no weak link. Something of that which was once said of Mr. Owen Young may be said of Roland;

> "The difficulty . . . is in the unwillingness of men who have worked with Mr. Young to credit him with any mysterious quality which would at once enable the outsider to feel that he had caught the secret of the man. To close associates of Mr. Young there is, in fact, no secret. These associates say of him simply that he possesses an exceedingly effective combination of qualities which are in themselves ordinary."

In private life, Roland was the simplest and most friendly of souls, with a loyalty to friends of boyhood and youth that was almost childlike, and a helpfulness toward any such that was all-inclusive. He loved nothing so much as to have his friends about him, preferably in numbers, and if he could get a dozen or fifteen of them with him at Tamworth, he was happy. He carried the same spirit into all his social relations, having a warmth, a tenderness, of sentiment and affection, that was unsuspected by people who saw only his undemonstrative ways. His friendship and acquaintance were wide, including, with equal regard, all ranks of distinction and obscurity; it was said that "he looked up to no man, and looked down on no man."

His personal life was ordered on a basis of simplicity. His means, for a lawyer, were large; he had no children; and, due probably both to natural disposition and circumstances, he seemed almost to regard his time, his houses, his automobiles, and his money, as a trust for friends, relatives, and the public. "As for his bounty, there was no winter in it," and, more often than not, it went unasked and unexpected. Moreover, it was given always with thought and understanding, avoiding thanks, and detesting

effusive gratitude. He was sparing of words as a rule, and had a way—disconcerting at times—of saying nothing at all if he felt that he had nothing to say. While he had little use for the "small-change" of conversation, he was otherwise a ready talker; he wrote easily, clearly, and strongly; and had an omnipresent sense of humor which added point and flavor to conversation and writing, sometimes saving the day in desperate circumstances.

Such is a picture, inadequate though it be, of Roland Boyden.

He died October 25, 1931. In the best of apparent health and spirits, while attending Sunday morning services in the church of his fathers, without an instant's warning, in the twinkling of an eye, he left our ken, in the days of his strength, in the maturity of his powers, while the tide of life was running full and free.

* * *

"Whosoever leads such a life needs not care upon how shorte warninge it be taken from him."

Albert Boyden '94.

THE OLD HOME

(From a painting by Walter H. Kilham)

THE STEVENSON HOUSE

TAMWORTH
NEW HAMPSHIRE

TRADITION, HISTORY
and
RANDOM REMINISCENCE

(Reprinted, with a few minor changes)

ALBERT BOYDEN

Note

My sister, Mrs. Walter L. Boyden, now the owner and occupant of the Stevenson House, has frequently asked me to tell something of its story, so here is my tale.

Of my eight great-grand-parents six, of my four grand-parents three, of my two parents, one, my mother, lived at least a substantial portion of their lives in its immediate vicinity, and in almost every year of my own life the greater part of my summer days have been passed, until comparatively recent years, in the Stevenson House, and since then in the nearby Fry House. In consequence, it is hardly strange that historical and personal associations have at times led me afield from the Stevenson House proper, and may extenuate my meanderings.

As I read the completed sketch, I observe sundry chronological divagations, also the presence of sundry incidents only remotely related to their context, thrust upon the reader by main strength as it were. So be it. The cover warns the reader of random reminiscence.

ALBERT BOYDEN

May 1, 1946

THE STEVENSON HOUSE

The township of Tamworth was chartered in 1776 by Governor Benning Wentworth who, bold in his graft even for those days, reserved 500 acres thereof for himself in the Southwest area.

Cogswell's Memoir of "Parson Hidden" states that Mark Jewell was the first white "settler" in the town, coming in 1772 from his father's home in Sandwich to Stevenson Hill, but removing thence about six years afterward to "Birch Intervale", now "Wonalancet", and as this book was published in 1842 while Mark was still living it must be considered authentic. The nature of his "settlement" on the Hill is not described. I find elsewhere, however, a statement that as early as 1768 Mark's brother, Bradbury Jewell, was in Tamworth to explore, establish boundary lines and furnish general information to the Proprietors; also, that in 1771 Bradbury bought from them a large tract of land on Stevenson Hill, setting up a log-cabin there and starting upon the work of clearing. This is said to be the beginning of the first "farm" in Tamworth, and it is related that four years later he planted twenty acres of corn. He was a Selectman for Tamworth from 1778 to 1783, and in 1779 was one of numerous petitioners for the laying out of roads for "waggons" in that general New Hampshire region. As of the census of 1786 Tamworth had 287 inhabitants, 1 slave. About 1780 Bradbury abandoned his log-cabin and built what is referred to as "the first frame-house" or "the first two-story house" in Tamworth, which remained standing until recently, located on the North side of the road leading from the Stevenson House to the "Kilham Corner" at the turn where the "Pine Ground Road" comes up the hill from the South Tamworth region. It is a matter of tradition that it took 14,000 bricks to make the chimney, and that they cost $14,000 in Continental money; the site was about 900 feet above sea-level, like the Stevenson House and Fry House today. In my young days this Bradbury Jewell dwelling was known as the "Harris House", and often later for some reason as the "John Boyden House". Obviously, there is a trifle of argument between the Jewell brothers as to priority, but it is certain that Bradbury built the Harris House, and that Mark lived out his latter days at Birch Intervale. Incidentally, I might mention my regret that the Post Office authorities thought it necessary for the name "Birch Intervale" to be given up, reckoning that it

tended toward confusion among the sundry "Intervale" post-offices, but why the summer-folks thought of clapping the name "Mt. Wonalancet" onto the nearby small, round, hump theretofore known as "Toad"* or "Sugar-Loaf" is more than I can understand. The name "Birch Intervale" was gracefully suggestive and in its origin was correctly descriptive, due to its impressive exhibit of colossal white-birch trees. As to the mountain, I consider that the naming of a small hump after a great Chief almost lessens the dignity of his memory; "Toad," as we knew it, always seemed to me absolutely pat to the occasion. But there you are! The deed is done, and I suppose we must say that Mark Jewell built him a house at Wonalancet under the mountain of that name, a house still standing next above the present "Ferncroft," a house which, as I early saw it, was unique in sylvan charm—a building on square, old-fashioned lines, gracefully proportioned, darkly weathered, with perhaps a hundred feet of grassy glade between it and the song of the rushing brook, the brookside cleared and open except for an antique and mighty willow with steps leading from the ground to a platform and seats in the triangular crotch of the limbs hanging over the brook; in addition, a little stream had been diverted above to flow down over a tiny fall into, and through, the shed attached to the house where a dark pool furnished water for family use, and made a home for a little school of shadowy troutlets. So much for "Jewell" settlements. Questions of so long ago regarding a year or two of priority are hardly vital to-day. The Harris House was so-called by us because its last occupant was the family of a Mr. Harris who was master of a smithy at South Tamworth. I remember spending a day with him there, —horses coming and going, oxen trussed up in the air to be shod, the forge-fire red and white from the bellows, sparks showering everywhere as the smith's hammer rang on the anvil. As Mr. Harris and I left his house that morning, I was startled by seeing him put a foot carelessly on the dash-board, give the horse a swift cut, and let the beast plunge down the steep, rough hill, lickety-split, regardless. No one else of my acquaintances ever took Tamworth's hills so lightly. In his latter years John Boyden, son of my father's oldest brother, for some reason planned to occupy the Harris House himself, and went so far as to buy a lot of shingles and store them there, but never carried the project farther.

* Edgar Rich, himself something of an authority in this region, told me that I was not correct in giving "Toad" as the former name for the now "Wonalancet," but from my earliest days it has been "Toad" for my folks, and now re-printing I am not inclined to make any change.

At some date prior to 1785 Thomas Stevenson came to Tamworth from Durham, N. H., with his sons John and James. The History of Carroll County states that he was forty-five years of age when he turned up here, and as he was born in 1726 his arrival at forty-five would have brought him hither in 1771. Aside from that suggestion as to the time of his appearance, I find for the Tamworth record only that in 1785 he exchanged his lands in Durham for Bradbury Jewell's Stevenson Hill property and moved into our Harris House. In the deeds he was named "Thomas Stevenson, Gentleman", indicating something superior in the way of social status.

I learn from Durham records that he was an army Captain in the French and Indian Wars, but the only particulars I have about his service refer to his work as a "scout". Still, there is some personal significance in that, for it is quite my impression that a fellow who went out to scout the Indian enemies had to be as wise in woodcraft, as light of foot, as sharp of eye, and as subtle in device, as the Indians themselves if he hoped to come home with his hair on his head. He seems always afterward to have been known as "Captain Thomas", and is thus designated in full on his grave-stone in the family burying-ground under the hill on the Pine Ground Road, where he lies, accompanied by his wife "Agness". Her maiden name was "Glass", of Scotch descent. John, born in 1765, was known all his later life as "Deacon John", and his grave-stone, too, declares his official status. James, born in 1766, tho' a Captain in the Militia, became widely known as "Uncle Jimmy," an appellation which is full of friendly suggestion but—more's the pity—it was decorously reduced to an uninspiring "James" when need came to mark the place of his long rest.

I find no record that any of these Stevensons took part in the Revolutionary War. John and James were hardly of an age for that, but it is not an unreasonable surmise that in 1776, without anything resembling formal enlistment, Captain Thomas, then a hardy woodsman and experienced soldier fifty years of age, may have taken down his musket and joined John Stark's hasty assemblage of fighting men to meet Burgoyne's invaders at Bennington and Saratoga, afterward, with equal lack of ceremony, footing it back across-country to his home—precisely as did the Tamworth hero of Le Grand Cannon's enlivening and enlightening historical novel "Look to the Mountain."

The Tamworth of those days doubtless looked formidable, but promising, to those first settlers—a region of virgin forest, ledge,

boulders, lakes, ponds, rivers and brooks, with here and there a savannah of grass meadow. In it all was hardly a trace of the wandering hunters, Indian and white, who alone had preceded them. Le Grand Cannon's tale above-mentioned tells admirably of such "settlement" undertakings in their most primitive form. Fish and game were plenty, however, and the hardships which the settlers met were no more than they expected, so, stout and resolute, not reckoning that their enterprise had anything heroic in it, they began their labors in good heart, making forest into farm, with oxen, axes, and strong hands, chopping and burning trees, laying stone-walls in every direction, partly for service as walls but probably more for clearing their fields, building their houses, and doing all the necessary incidental work of every variety. One suggestion of primitive conditions is found in the fact that even years later, in 1830, occurred the "Siege of Wolves" when these undesirable neighbors had become so numerous and dangerous that six-hundred men from Tamworth and neighboring towns organized a drive against them, planning to throw a cordon around the infested area and destroy all the critters within the ring. A good many were, in fact, killed, but it is reckoned that the greater number broke through and found haven back in their mountains, perhaps more discreet as a result of their experience. There is no record as to the number of casualties that the confusion wrought among the hunters.

It was in the early "settlement" days that the "Old Part", as it has always been known, of our Stevenson House was built. I find no record as to the precise date of its construction, but John M. Stevenson was born in it, and he first saw the light in 1801. The main part of this house was added in 1826, as declared by a tile in its chimney inscribed, "J. S. 1826", an unmistakable reference to Uncle Jimmy who lived there until his death in 1842. A well preserved tradition has it that the ornamental wood-work of the west room on the ground floor (this room now extended by addition of a small room adjacent on the north) came at the hand of an artistically-inclined Italian workman who strayed into the Tamworth region and found a winter's lodging under the Stevenson roof. Other houses in the neighborhood were built at about the same time as the Old Part, and on very much the same pattern; the Otis Meader house, as evidenced by a chimney-tile bearing the date 1794; the house built by Silas Fry in 1799, his date similarly evidenced; the house now owned by William Hoag, long known as "The Charles Dodge Place," built either by Jacob Weed or by John Bean who married Jacob's daughter; the house now occupied

THE HOUSE AND THE LONG BARN

by John Finley Jr., formerly by Nathan Hoag, who, afflicted with "consumption" and given six months to live by his doctor, moved to this Tamworth eyrie where he defied the doctor's horoscope for many a long year—and probably outlived him! John Boyden states that this house was built by Mark Jewell, but, if so, it was at a later date than his "settlement" above mentioned. Folks of these days certainly did like elevated sites for their houses, and it would be reckoned that they sought a fine "view" if they had not so often set the barn right where the view was at its best. My own guess is that they chose elevated sites because there they were less likely to be stricken by the late frosts of Spring and the early frosts of Fall that visit the valley lands. The building of a modest home was then a relatively simple undertaking. The best of lumber was right at hand ready for the cutting, and saw-mills were everywhere along the water-courses. With no occasion for economy, beams were prodigally stout and boards were magnificently wide. In the Fry House is a kitchen-cupboard which was salvaged from the abandoned Meader House, and its door is a single pine board 2 feet 2½ inches in width—and that for a kitchen cupboard! The owner of the house probably contributed in person a considerable part of the labor, and other labor was cheap as evidenced by the fact that in early times labor on the roads was paid six cents an hour.

Returning to the Stevensons. John and James married Remick sisters, John taking Abigail, James taking Polly, the latter pair being the objects of our special interest as parents of "Uncle John" and grand-parents of "Cousin Augusta". There is still extant a written agreement by John and James, dated Nov. 3, 1797, for division of their father's real estate, made during his lifetime and doubtless with his consent, this agreement giving the homestead to John, but in the end Uncle Jimmy bought all Deacon John's interest, and the latter moved to the Henry Remick farm situated on the road which leads by the Tamworth Village cemetery toward West Ossipee. I imagine that Henry Remick was John's father-in-law.

James and Polly had four children:

David,
Dorothy,
Lucinda,
John Milton.

"Uncle David," (1) always so called, seems to have been a merry, witty fellow, a bit of a "blade". He married "Aunt Sophia" Durgin, a thrifty housekeeper, able and high-minded. The tradi-

tion is that she found her husband something of a trial at times, he being strong for entertainment and sociability, often inviting to his home large numbers of his friends who were not as "high-minded"—to put it mildly—as she would have wished. He had a grove of 400 fine sugar-maples on his land, but I notice that he was content to let a neighbor undertake, "on the halves," the mighty toil of making the sugar, David's half averaging about 500 pounds a year. A genial character, David was much admired for his wit and repartee, was clever and persuasive as a public speaker, and it is said that in town-meeting he could always carry the vote, whichever side he took. I regret that only one example of his facility with the spoken and written word has come to my knowledge, but that one is worth quoting here as suggestive of the man's light, graceful touch of humor and his ingratiating nature. We have his letter to my grandfather, Moses Hoag, a "Friend" —or "Quaker" as you may prefer to call him:

"Tamworth, Feb. 1, 1863,

Friend Moses;

I have a clock which was born & bro't up unto manhood with a man who strictly belonged to the peace-loving Society of Friends; and upon the death of its good master, & upon strong recommendations, I contracted for & took the same into my family as a servant, friend, & minister to preach the hours of the day as they passed. My friend has generally been faithful as to time but has lately returned to its younger habits, and prefers holding silent meetings instead of preaching according to my belief, which is, if a minister has a call to preach, is well paid and cared for, it is his duty to break the bread of life as often as the people convene themselves together & are desirous to hear him improve upon his gift.

Now friend Moses, having heard that you have an oil which when properly administered will cause silent ministers to hold forth, I pray you to send me a drop of that same medicine that therewith I may anoint its (the clock's) inner man, & so lubricate its lungs that at stated times it will again preach the watches of the night to your wakeful and very humble servant.

David"

One old-timer relates that the first copy of Shakespeare he ever owned came to him in his early teens from Uncle David Stevenson.

Dorothy (2) married Brewster Smythe, and at the time of their marriage Uncle Jimmy presented them with the (now) William Hoag house.

Lucinda (3) married Dr. Norris of Sandwich, whose daughter, Mary Agnes, married Charles Donovan and lived at the Lower Corner, fine folks and great friends of the Stevenson Hill relatives.

John Milton (4) married Martha Boyden, sister of my grandfather Wyatt C. He was therefore "Uncle John" to my father, and was so called by all the rest of us. Upon their marriage in 1824 Uncle Jimmy gave them the present Stevenson House, and that was presumably the occasion for enlargement of the Old Part, and the "1826" chimney-tile. Uncle Jimmy continued to live there, either with his son's family or occupying the Old Part separately.

John M. and Martha Stevenson had three children. *Elizabeth,* their first, married David Miller, and Uncle Jimmy settled them on the (now) John Finley Jr. Place where their children were born,—John, Martha, and Helen. This John married, but died in Maine without issue. Martha married William Moore of Manchester, N. H., both of them delightful characters, much given to Stevenson House return, lively, friendly, charming folks, ever a welcome addition. Helen married Charles Baker, also of Manchester. She was a lovely woman, but came only rarely to Tamworth; her husband and son John came even more rarely, but the daughter Esther, "Queenie," was on the Hill a good deal, a favorite with all, until her early death. Their son Maurice, however, a fine lad of about my age, was much given to spending his summers at the Stevenson House, and was very much one of us, good company and up to anything. *Julia,* second child of John M. and Martha, married Benjamin Colby. Their only child died in infancy, and Julia herself died at about the same time. *Augusta,* the third, never married, was "Cousin Augusta" to my father, and so to us. Of her, more hereafter.

The History of Carroll County, in its "Tamworth" story, has quite a bit about the Stevenson family, including a biographical sketch of John M. Stevenson—accompanied by a fine steel-engraving portrait—which runs, in part, as follows:

> "For more than a century (The History was published in 1889 A. B.) the Stevenson family has been resident in Tamworth; industrious, careful agriculturalists, not mere consumers but bread-producers, adding to the material wealth, prosperity and progress of the town. Its members have been characterized by good judgment, active temperament, broad and liberal views; have performed their share of the public matters of the town, and generously contributed to the needs

of its social, political, and religious life . . . . John Stevenson was a man of shrewd, keen practicality, and a Deacon of the Congregational Church . . . . James Stevenson was a great worker and active business-man; traded in land and stock all over the state; he held the commission of Justice of the Peace for many years. (In those days the Justice of the Peace was the local "Judge," held his Court, and conducted trial of almost all minor cases, civil and criminal . . . A. B.)

John Milton Stevenson was born March 11, 1801, at Stevenson Hill in the room where he died December 3, 1880, aged seventy-nine years. He was educated at the town schools, but this education was supplemented by instruction from 'Parson Hidden' who was well versed in scholastic lore. He married in June 1824 Martha, daughter of Dr. Joseph Boyden (my great-grandfather, A. B.), a cultured Christian lady of superior qualities . . . . Mr. Stevenson succeeded his father in the homestead farm which he conducted and occupied during his life; he was also largely engaged in raising and dealing in live-stock; his business required much travelling and his jovial, companionable ways, combined with his unusual intelligence and literary taste, made many friends and he formed an extensive acquaintance with prominent men throughout the state. He was a Whig and Republican in politics, strong in the counsels of his party. Though never seeking office, he represented Tamworth in the Legislature of 1875 and 1876. His religious faith was Congregational, and both he and his wife became members of the Church more than fifty years ago. He was a fine tenor singer and rendered good service in the choir; he was a constant attendant upon Church worship. His kindness of heart, unbounded hospitality and liberality were proverbial. The friendless, homeless and unfortunate received aid and encouragement from him. From time to time, as many as thirty young persons found a home under his roof where they received instruction, and were taught to know the dignity of labor and how to become useful citizens.

Mr. Stevenson was a man of fine presence, vigorous in mind and body; full of the lore and poetry of his native state, public-spirited and generous . . . . His death was a great loss to the Community, and, in the language of a fellow-townsman, "No man in the town since the death of Rev. Samuel Hidden left so large a circle to say, 'I too have lost a friend.' "

A volume entitled "The Merrimack River; its Sources and its Tributaries" (1869) by J. W. Meader, makes mention of Tam-

worth, referring by name to only three individuals, John M. Stevenson, Parson Hidden and Parker Felch, the last named being apparently the pioneer of the Quakers. The author says:

> "On an elevated and fertile ridge called 'Stevenson Hill' in the Western part of the town, and some six hundred feet above the level of the Bearcamp River, stands the residence of John M. Stevenson, Esq., which is visible at a great distance. Mr. Stevenson is one of those men who contribute most liberally to the character and prosperity of a town,—public spirited, liberal and intelligent, carefully surveying and securing its present wants, as well as its prospective interests. His parents were the first couple married by the Rev. Mr. Hidden; consequently his years, his sympathy, and his interests are intimately connected with its welfare.
>
> He is a living encyclopaedia of local and general historic events; and being possessed of ample means, leisure and refined tastes, his house is thronged by the educated, and, indeed, by all who are favored with his acquaintance, and nothing gives him more pleasure than to furnish conveyances and accompany his friends to all points of interests in this section."

A word with reference to above mention of education at the hands of Rev. Samuel Hidden. "Parson Hidden," as he was invariably called, was a man of unusual ability, energy and achievement, and his printed biography, a copy of which Miss Julia Hidden, one of his descendants, presented to Dartmouth College, is worth anyone's reading. He was a graduate of Dartmouth, and during the Revolutionary War served in both the Continental Army and Navy. He came to Tamworth in January of 1792, and was ordained on a giant boulder known as "Ordination Rock" whose white marble monument of dedication is a landmark today. The History of Carroll County says:

> "In the earliest days, school-books were rare, and the catechism and Bible were used to teach the children to read, and also to commit portions to memory for lessons. After Mr. Hidden's advent a new impetus was given to education. Fresh from college, young, ardent and enthusiastic, no task seemed too great for him to undertake, and he early engaged in teaching, qualifying the young for teachers, and the schools and scholars increased in numbers. He induced the town to devise more liberal measures for the support of the common schools; accordingly they raised more money annually for

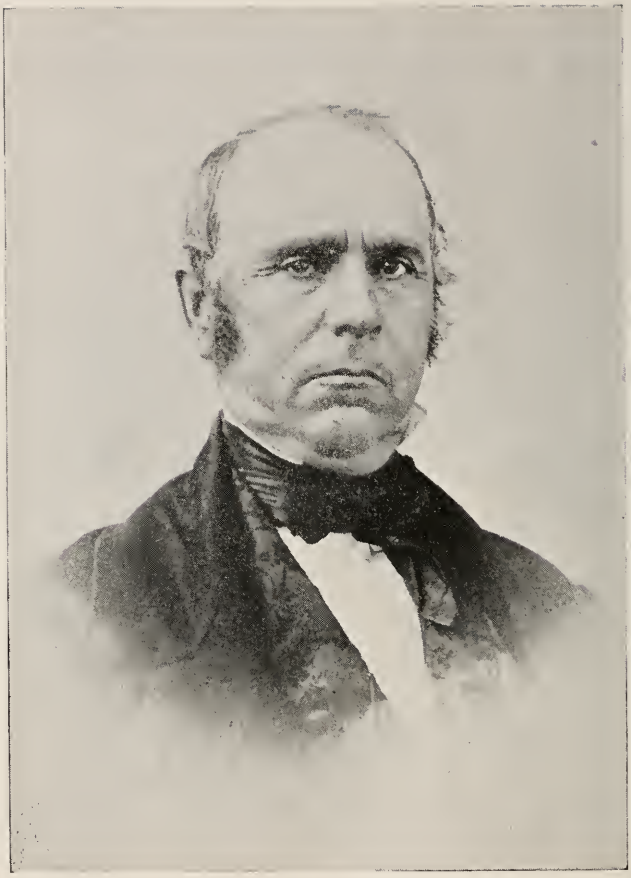
their schools than the law required. He had the entire care of the schools, and when the common schools were not in operation, he opened his own house and instructed classes in the higher branches. Latin and Greek were his favorites, and he read Greek with great fluency. Not only did the young people of Tamworth have the benefit of his teaching but many from neighboring towns shared in their pursuit of knowledge, some coming from fifty or sixty miles distant. He prepared many for the study of law or medicine, and fitted several for college. He was also a teacher of vocal music."

In this connection, it is worth while to note the list of ancient books which were on the shelves of the Stevenson House at the time of Cousin Augusta's death, some coming from John Boyden's "Dickinson" ancestry of Amherst, Mass., but most of them from a past Stevenson era, publications dating from the early eighteen-hundreds up to about the middle of the century, the greater part of them handsomely bound in leather of such sound, old-fashioned quality that it is in excellent condition today. The list of family books and the number of volumes by each author was as follows:

Shakespeare (6), Don Quixote (2), Plutarch's Lives (1, others missing), Scott, poems (1), Cowper, poems (3), Life of Cowper (1), Byron (1), Mrs. Hemans (1), Tom Moore (1), Burns (1), John G. Saxe (1), Whittier (1), Pope (1), John Newton's "Ecclesiastical History and Hymns" (9), Upham's "Mental Philosophy" (1), Life of Henry Clay (1), "Theoginis, a Lamp in the Cavern of Evil" (1), Dictionary of Poetical Quotations (1), L.Maria Childs' "Letters from New York" (1), "Publications of the American Tract Society" (1), Watt's Hymns (1), Watt's "Improvement of the Mind" (1), Paley's "Evidences of Christianity" (1), Mitford's "Greece" (1), Hume's "History of England" (4), Smollet's "History of England" (4), History of George III's Reign (3), Rollin's "Ancient History" (4), Russell's "History of Modern Europe" (3).

Cousin Augusta read her Bible through, complete, eight times, but she was not a wide reader—indeed, considering this biblical feat how much time or inclination could she spare for general reading? That she was fully up to the family line of literature, however, is apparent when we note in a letter of hers that she had just finished reading with great pleasure John Morley's two-volume Life of Gladstone, a solid piece of writing if ever there was one.

It appears in correspondence that back in the eighteen-forties Uncle John was a regular subscriber to two Boston newspapers,



"UNCLE JOHN" STEVENSON

the "Journal" and the "Atlas"; also to two New York papers, the "Evening Post" and Horace Greeley's famous "Tribune".

In further support of my idea that "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" were not so rude as they are often considered, I cite Rev. Omar Folsom who was born and brought up on the "Cape" road, just below the Silas Fry House. I believe it was in the house now occupied by the Lewis Curriers. He became a Congregationalist Minister and in 1931, being then ninety-odd years old, he wrote me sundry personal reminiscences, among others the fact that almost his earliest recollection was that of his grandfather reading "Paradise Lost" aloud to his grandmother by the evening fireside, the book in one hand, a candle held aloft in the other.

The portrait of "Uncle John" Stevenson which accompanies my text, strong and handsome though it be, does rather less than justice to its subject, as it substitutes something a bit grim for the familiar smile and the ready twinkle of the eye, this probably due to self-consciousness in getting "set" for a formal photograph.

It is somewhat suggestive of his vivid and happy personality that, though I was only nine years old when he died, I remember him perfectly—big, hearty and genial, the best of companions, even for a little boy. He used to offer to give me a colt if I would stay in Tamworth with him during the winter, and every year I innocently accepted the offer, but when the time came for family departure the colt faded from the picture and I went off home without a regret. Uncle John was a dominating and leading character everywhere. It seems that he had no liking for the manual labor of farm life, but gave his time to superintendence, trading, and sociability as Lord of the Manor. He used to "winter a hundred head of cattle" in the Long Barn which stood west of the house. The Horse Barn was on the south side of the road, just opposite, standing next to the well-known row of Lombardy Poplars. He did a vast amount of driving around the country-side, usually behind a smart pair of nags, buying, selling, talking with everybody, and much enjoying himself. He had several pastures near home, another on the Hackett Hill, another over Whiteface way, and doubtless others scattered here and there. He must have been an able and shrewd man to manage a large farm, raise hay for all his cattle and horses, trade back and forth continually with his Yankee neighbors, and make a comfortable living out of it all. He was widely known, and had friends everywhere. "Aunt Martha" Stevenson was, it seems, more domestically inclined than her husband and my record concerning her is scanty, but the affectionate regard in which she was held at the family hearth is well

evidenced by the fact that two of her brothers named their daughters "Martha Stevenson Boyden" and her own child Elizabeth named her first daughter "Martha Stevenson Miller". It is sad to report of one held in such esteem that in her latter days she was mentally afflicted, was twice in an institution for such, and in the end took her own life while in the home of her Beverly brother Dr. Wyatt C. Boyden.

Not only in Uncle John's time, but long afterward, particularly in the summer seasons, the house was a center of old-fashioned hospitality, overflowing with relatives, summer-boarders, farm-hands and what-not, almost bursting at the seams. There is a saying across the water that "when the old-fashioned hospitality dies in England, its last groan will be heard in the County of Kent," and I may add that when such a groan is heard in our own country its echo will be wafted to the ear from the walls of the ancient Stevenson House. It was always said that its great front-door had not been locked for a hundred years, and this was doubtless literally true. Martha Finley recalls as many as thirty people housed there on occasion, and her mention of that figure does not at all surprise me. Naturally, every nook and cranny was occupied, my brother Gus and I, for instance, sleeping together in a window-less passageway. Walter Kilham tells of his first visit to Tamworth. One cold November night he was consigned to an ancient bed in the Old Part: the mattress was of corn-husks, with an occasional bony cob for luck; the bed-slats were a bit too short for the frame which was held together by a cord made, partly or wholly, of horsehair. This cord was inclined to stretch under pressure, leaving the joints rather limber. Between the short slats and the infirm joints, the whole bed careened sideways to the floor when Walter blew out the lamp and jumped into it. Renewing the light, he pulled things together, stood the bed up on its feet, doused the glim, and clambered aboard—but down it went again with him in the middle! Once more relighting the scene, he repeated his operations with such degree of care and caution that this time the outfit stayed put, and he passed the remainder of the night in such slumber as might come to a man sleeping on the verge of a precipice. In the morning he gave Cousin Augusta a slightly expurgated account of his nocturnal adventures, but all he got from her was a cheery "Oh yes. I know, people *do* have trouble with that bed." I myself had experiences with "that bed," its rustling husks, and its cobs in the small of my back.

An interesting item growing out of the Stevenson universal hospitality was the case of Leopold Morse, afterward the head of the

"Leopold Morse Co." which he once told my father was "as good as a gold mine." I am not sure whether it was Leopold or his brother Moses who first came through this region, afoot, as a peddler with his pack on his back and was regularly furnished with a night's lodging by Uncle John, but in any event Leopold became a great friend of the family and an habitué of the Stevenson home. He was lively company and was evidently an unusually promising young fellow in a business way. Uncle John loaned him money with which to bring others of the Morse family from Germany, and my grandfather Boyden loaned Moses $1000 to help start the Morse business on a more ambitious scale. The note was endorsed by Leopold who, when Moses died shortly thereafter, took over the business and made himself a millionaire—all in all, a typical American romance. It would be ungracious not to add that Leopold and his family were ever grateful to the Stevenson household for encouragement and assistance given at a time when it meant much. They returned to the Stevenson House from time to time, usually loaded with presents. I myself remember happy days there with Tyler and Isidor, sons of Leopold. Afterward my father, David Miller earlier mentioned, and John Boyden served brief terms of service in the Morse store.

Another item of Stevenson universal hospitality comes to mind, this from a cousin of mine, Amy (Hall) Veiller, daughter of Anna Hoag, a Stevenson neighbor who had married and made her home in Maine. Amy, at the tender age of fifteen, became a school teacher in Tamworth, and, in accordance with the custom of those days, was "boarded out" by the town to the lowest bidder, finding herself unhappily situated, blue with homesickness, in a Bear Camp Valley household full of strangers. She says, "One Saturday morning Uncle John Stevenson, whom I had never seen before, appeared at the door of my boarding-place, made me a courtly bow and said he had been sent by his daughter, Augusta, to take me to Stevenson Hill. No knight in shining armor could have been more gracious, or more welcome to maiden in distress. Off to Stevenson Hill we went, weaving in and out of a dozen door-yards, commending here, advising there, handing out some seeds here, discoursing upon cattle there, and, between calls, joking me, among other things, on the fact that I, born a Quaker, did not use their 'thee' and 'thou,' asking what my grandfather Benjamin Fry would think of my pretty hat, etc.—happy, easy, warm-hearted talk all the way. At the old Stevenson house Cousin Augusta greeted me gaily, adopted me at once as her own, sunshine was bright over all. For the remainder of my Tamworth stay homesickness was gone and

forgotten, I was at home among cheerful friends and in rare good company."

The above mention of a girl fifteen years old leaving home to teach school reminds us that life began early in those days. My Uncle James, while yet fifteen years of age, was teaching school in Virginia. At fifteen my Uncle Joseph was in a fishing-schooner off the Grand Banks. One of the family wrote of my Uncle Albert that "Albert is now fifteen years old, and feels that he should be earning his living. He has asked father to find a place where he can do it." How many of my fifteen year old friends of today are oppressed by that thought? Indeed, how urgent was any such feeling of my own at fifteen?

During the summer season when the Stevenson House was full, fishing jaunts in neighboring brooks or back in the Albany and Waterville Intervales, berrying-parties, climbing among the peaks of Chocorua, Whiteface and Sandwich Dome with occasional overnight campings there, picnics at White Pond, Chocorua Lake etc., etc., were the order of the day, the horses taking the long hills with dumb resignation, helped out somewhat by the fact that at the foot of any substantial hill all the young folks had to jump out and walk, solacing themselves with many a roadside berry on the way. During the later years Cousin Augusta's only horse was a little bay mare fancifully, but appropriately, named "The Lady Prim." The Lady's "bay" was somewhat faded; she was too light weight for her work, and she was tired of always seeing a hill ahead of her, but she was patient and uncomplaining, great-hearted and prettily mannered—well deserving a grateful mention here. Many a time did we boys have to go to the pasture with a pan of oats to beguile her from refreshment to labor. Guests of the house usually hired a horse from some neighbor at a dollar a day. Uncle Stephen Webb once hired a horse, fed the beast and cared for him during two weeks of rain. At the end of that time, and at the first sign of clearing, the owner turned up, saying he needed his horse, and carried him off. I remember asking "Uncle Steve" if one horse he had hired was afraid of anything, and his reply was, "That horse is afraid of only one thing. He is afraid I'll say 'Whoa' and he won't hear it." Another time, I was riding with Uncle Steve and he remarked as we passed a field or pasture that seemed to be made up almost entirely of rocks, "They discovered a dirt-mine there, but it proved a disappointment as the dirt gave out almost immediately." Trout were plenty, especially back in the mountains. I remember my brother Roland telling me that his party caught a hundred trout from one big pool and stopped

pulling them out only because it became monotonous. In my own day, the fishing was still good—but not like that. My father often took us children to Birch Intervale. Each of us had a bass-wood pole, cut in the nearby woods, well dried, and we knew where fat worms could be dug most plentifully. As we drove along with the poles rattling at the rear of the democrat-wagon, the farmers would call, "I reckon the traouts is goin t' ketch it naow!" Sometimes we carried a luncheon to be eaten at the brookside, other times we asked at the Lowell Brown farmhouse (now the Wonalancet Inn) for a snack of bread and milk—and always got it. We had great fishing rivalry, Gus and I, with sister Mary as ardent as either of us. Once when returning homeward, with Gus and me on exactly even terms for the day, it was decided that we would throw our hooks into a small, hitherto untried, brook that lay in our way. No luck for anybody—except myself. I took a fish, said nothing, and put it in my pocket. Not until all the fishing paraphernalia and ourselves were stowed away in the wagon, and we were jogging onward again, did I produce my "winner" for the day. If I had shown that fish to Gus while we were still on the brook, he would have evened up the score if he had to fish until the next morning but, as it was, there was nothing he could do about it. When we were very little and first began fishing, father, who was as keen for it as we were, would drop a line into a likely pool, hook a trout, then thrust the pole into the hands of one of us, crying "Pull, Pull!" and the lucky kid would "catch" his or her fish. As I said above, trout fishing was a major feature of Tamworth life for many years. In more modern times, with the aid of the automobile, sundry of us made a good many trips to Kezar Lake, over in Maine, for land-locked salmon.

In quite a number of summer seasons Gus, Maurice Baker and I were joined at the Stevenson House by John Boutwell from Manchester, N. H. and by Karl Andrén and Arthur Marsters from Beverly. We saw more or less, too, of my cousins Will and Clarence Hoag who stayed at a "Varney" house in the Village. We all had many a good time together—not to mention many a quarrel, but these, though lively for the moment, were soon forgotten and as if they had never been.

Twice, parties of us small boys made journeys to Mt. Washington, forty miles for a guess, the first time afoot, the second time with equine assistance. Though I don't remember our ages, it seems to me now that we were young for such an expedition. The first trip was always afterward called by us our "Drip to the Mountains," for we were under a beating rain almost from beginning to

end. The night before our ascent of the mountain we slept in a barn appurtenant (I think) to "The Darby Field Cottage." In the morning, with the weather apparently clearing, we went into the Cottage for breakfast, but even we almost omniverous youngsters were pretty nearly stopped by the wretched quality of the victuals offered us. When we mentioned "coffee," the old lady in charge said sadly, "They haint none of us here what drinks coffee," and that was that! Just after we were fairly started on our way, the rain of the day before began all over again, continuing as we passed through Tuckerman's Ravine snow-balling each other, and drumming on us as we reached the Tip Top House, late and ravenously hungry. We ate until all the waitresses were laughing and the chef peered through the opening by which the dishes passed back and forth between the kitchen and the dining-room to see what was going on. The dinner cost $1.50, a price which we considered absolutely extortionate, but while walking down the mountain we made calculations at usual restaurant prices and figured that the one of us who ate the *least* got away with $2.40 worth, so, really, we had fully squared ourselves with the House. When we got part way on the road toward home, the rain still persisting, we came to a railroad station and hopped aboard a train.

An adventure, of interest at least to me, was the time when I fell perhaps twelve or fifteen feet from a high haymow. I was lucky enough to land in a lower mow which had enough hay in it to break the fall, and I was unhurt, but in the course of the fall I had the sort of mental experience that we often read about. I won't say that I reviewed the whole of my past life, but I can tell you that during the second or two of falling I did have a lightening-like panoramic vision of the past to such extent and in such flashing detail that when I came to and realized what had happened I could only marvel at it. Would that my mind might sometimes work that way when such speed would be more useful.

Another stray item. Though it seems incredible, it is true beyond peradventure that Gus and I learned to swim in the waters of the Mill Brook just below the bridge at the foot of Stevenson Hill. To the best of my observation the brook, its curves, its eddies, its depths, its shallows, are precisely the same now as then, and viewing the depths now, it doesn't seem as if a good-sized bullfrog would find water enough to learn his trade there. However that may be, we did it. We certainly were safe! Where was the Mill located from which this brook got its name? I never knew.

Food in the Stevenson home was always simple but good—and appetite for it was never lacking. The "Johnny-Cake" was fam-

ous, but perhaps nothing ever tasted so good to the boys as Cousin Augusta's griddle-cakes, each as large as a dinner-plate, laced with prime maple-syrup made on the place. At almost any time of day there were available for the young folks sour-milk biscuits, each as big as a man's fist, spread with maple-sugar or molasses, and each Saturday night the old brick-oven was filled with baked beans and brown bread for the morrow, together with a week's reserve, more or less, of white loaves. Children, of course, ate at the "second table", and farm-hands in the kitchen. Cream for such numbers was at a premium, and if a jug of it was on the table, its progress never escaped Cousin Augusta's eagle eye, such that if any one showed a disposition to be too long pouring, the jug was instantly rescued. She once said to my mother, with a laugh, that she didn't dare to cook as well as she could. Ice-cream was a great rarity, and the time it was found that salt had leaked into it from the freezer, there was dark sorrow among us. Was it therefore thrown away? Not at all. It went into the next morning's johnny-cake, which was extra good. It is a mystery how Cousin Augusta ever managed, with her limited equipment, to feed everybody, but her silent speed and dexterity were more than equal to it. You might chance to pass through the kitchen, seeing it cool, silent, and deserted. Happening there only a few minutes later—as it seemed—you would find the stove covered and filled with boiling, baking or what-not, and Annie Martin, hot-foot, transporting food in every variety and quantity to the dining-room. This dining-room, by the way, had windows only on the North, and even the light from these was more or less shut off by other parts of the house, with the result that it sometimes made me think of Coleridge's "down to a sunless sea". One chilly Fall morning Bill Moore summoned the others to breakfast by saying, "Will you please walk into the refrigerator!" All drinking and cooking water had to be brought up in pails from the pump which stood at the roadside before the house, and, believe me, the path from that pump to the kitchen porch was worn smooth and hard as iron. One year I had broken my arm shortly before going to Tamworth, and as a latter feature of the cure Dr. Torrey recommended that I carry weights from time to time in order to get the arm straight and the elbow-joint free. Everybody agreed that carrying pails of water was just the thing for my arm, and I guess I was a sucker for it, as it seemed to me that I did nothing else that year. There was, and I believe still is, another well up in a rear hillside whence the water was piped by gravity-flow down to the house, but this water was not so highly regarded and was used only for menial purposes,

which seems strange to me now, for an ancient trout lived in this well whose presence would seem to guarantee purity. There was something romantic about leaning over to peer into the darkling depths of the well, drop a grass-hopper, see him kick about on the face of the waters for a second or two, then a soundless ripple as the Master of the Pool rose majestically to the surface and nonchanlantly took the little hopper to his bosom. Just outside the kitchen, and in the rear of it, was a small wash-room with a wooden sink. Its uses were various, among them it was reckoned a good place for the childrens' morning wash-up, a swift and unpretentious operation, work on the hands being aided by a dip into the bucket of home-made "soft soap", a loathsome yellow slime—but it did have power!

A feature of every day was the trip to the Village for the mail. This was considered a great chore, plodding up and down the hills in the hot sun behind The Lady Prim. Though only four miles, it was an hour's journey and there was much quarreling over it among the young folks before it was decided "who had to go to the Village today". It amounted to rural free delivery to our part of the Hill, for the carriers made deliveries, first to the Philbrooks by the little brook of that name at the foot of the Hill near the Mill Brook, then at old John Remick's home (now the Cleveland-Preston Place) where my pal, Jim Remick, lived, next at the Huckins Place (near where Martha Finley's house is now), then at the Clark's where Ed, another pal of mine, lived, then Nathan Hoag's (now John Finley Jr.'s) and finally something for everybody at the Stevenson House—and an afternoon gone to waste as it seemed to us.

An early memory is of the time when the Stevenson establishment was a bustling, going concern as a real farm. One suggestive item is the ride I took, borne aloft on a great load of oats bound to Durgin's mill for thrashing. When the water-power was turned on, the whole mill quivered, rattled, and shook until it seemed as if the mill, the machinery, the oats and ourselves were all about to plunge into the river together. Walter Taylor says there were sometimes ten or a dozen such loads as ours at Durgin's, awaiting their turn. Where would a load of oats go today for thrashing?

The haying season was the peak of the farm year, blazing hot, crowding all else into insignificance. Extra men, perhaps half a dozen of them, were summoned to the fray, and the housing, feeding etc.—together with the relatives, boarders etc. that were usually on hand—was a mighty feat, and everything went with a rush and a roar. Uncle John used to say that he wouldn't hire a man

who couldn't eat all he wanted in fifteen minutes. All the mowing was done by scythe, and it was a pretty sight to see the crew, all swinging in time and tune down the field, each mowing his swath beside his neighbor, but just a bit behind him, all pausing at the end of the row for a breather and pull at the jug of hard cider or ginger-beer which had been laid by in the shade, then ringing the whetstones on the scythes, then bending again to the work and heat. Once, when some of the men were laughing at one mower who was not too deft with his scythe, Uncle John said sarcastically, "Let him go on. What he don't cut, he'll bruise so it'll die." All hauling was done by slow, majestic, powerful, oxen, in great two-wheeled hay-carts, and when the towering load came up from the highway to the barn, turned and took the stiff pitch at the entrance, oxen straining every last ounce of strength, their heads almost touching the ground in their desperate effort, the driver bawling at them in a voice heard nearly to Center Harbor, it was a moment of thrills, and when oxen, men and cart finally flowed over the threshold and onto the floor of the great, dark barn, it was victory indeed, a Song of Triumph! Then came the work of pitching the hay off the cart onto the mow and of stowing it away under the eaves. It was generally reckoned that the man who did the stowing had about the hottest, most stifling, and prickliest, job on earth.

I recall Henry Wallace as the working-head of farm-operations, a tall, lean, tough, intense character who never seemed to tire. He and his family lived in the Old Part of the Stevenson House, the family including a little, brown, pretty, barefooted "Agnes", now Mrs. Walter Taylor, the Taylors being our valued neighbors and good friends of today. As far as barefootedness is concerned, that was true of all the children about the place, and was reckoned by us to be one of Tamworth's delightful privileges, though it meant an occasional stone-bruise or sore toe and a good deal of scratchy walking in the stubble of new-cut hay fields. I remember once when Cousin Augusta told "Hen," as he was always called, that she was going "down country for a visit," he replied, in language that came from his live-stock, "That's right, Gusty. Go along. Have a good kick-up!" Incidentally, it may be well to add that the dignified appellative "Cousin Augusta" was known only to the young fry. To all of the household above that status—and across the wide countryside—she was universally known in friendly, but always respectful, fashion as "Gusty". After Hen Wallace's day, John Boyden was manager of the farm, but by that time western farm-products had superseded much that previously had been raised

advantageously in New England, and our Stevenson place had become almost a nonentity as a farm. Cousin Augusta was under no illusion as to the state of things. Her cattle found scanty feed among the rocks, and were far from "prize stock" in appearance. One late afternoon, as they were trailing homeward from pasture, I asked her, "What has become of that red cow?", to which she replied, "John sold that cow, and I don't know why either. She was the best cow we had", adding, *"I mean she looked the most like a cow of anything on the place!"*

In my young days, when the retrogression of Tamworth's full-farming had begun but was not complete, I imagine that the region still looked much as it did in times of early farm prosperity. Standing in the great front-door of the Stevenson House, the Pike Perkins Intervale lay spread fair to view down in the valley before us, a wide expanse of open meadow dotted with wine-glass elms; Bear Camp Pond shone in the southwest; the Church-spire and roofs of South Tamworth in the southeast; the great pasture on Ossipee mountain was a broad, clear area; while, in reverse, looking northward from the Perkins Intervale, the Stevenson House and its sky-ward poplars, clear to the eye in all detail, "like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest" of its rock-bound hill. Much of this vision, in either direction, is now gone, due to decay of that farming life which first subdued the forest, and long afterward held it at bay. In modern days the forest, with the patience and relentlessness of time itself, year by year regains its own, for few of the summer-folks or year-round inhabitants can furnish the money and labor necessary to defeat its gradual, almost irresistible, encroachments. It is a stand-up fight with the forest, and almost invariably a losing battle. In the field the hay becomes thinner and poorer with a constantly increasing mixture of daisies and golden-rod; wild-cherry, scrub-birch, iron-weed, hard-hack etc. spread out around the rock-piles and along the walls; at length the process reaches a condition where perhaps it is better after all to let the cattle in and call it a "pasture"; the cattle take kindly to the grassed areas for a while, but the former bushes grow into trees and new bushes crowd into the open spaces until little is left for the creatures but "browse," and the former hay-field ceases to be even a pasture; the fence-posts rot away, the stone-walls tumble down, and finally all is buried in the green wilderness as of yore. I remember someone pointing out to me an area covered with great pines, sixty feet or more tall, saying that it was formerly "Aunt Hitty's rye-field." It is a common remark in a jocular way that "the country is going back to the bears," and, indeed, the remark

is not entirely lacking in truth, for the bears often roam freely and destructively through it in the fall of the year, and Roy Parris, our half-Indian neighbor and mighty hunter, looks forward to the bear season among our homes as others look forward to trout-fishing in the spring.

While referring to this era of changes in the face of nature, it may be noted that there were accompanying changes among the humans. I think it is safe to say that in the time of my small-boyhood there were no "summer-homes" at all on Stevenson Hill or thereabouts, though the Bowditches and a few others may even then have begun their possession of the "Tamworth Iron Works" (now named "Chocorua") region. Scattered farm houses here and there "took summer-boarders," and I think it was reckoned that any chance wayfarer could find a night's lodging at Sarah Jane Gilman's white house in the village, but, as far as my recollection goes, no homes in the Stevenson region had been abandoned or sold to city-folks with the exception of the "Byron Place" which was then tumbling down and long continued to do so until Walter Kilham, years afterward, put a roof and side-walls onto the empty frame and, with his talented family, made it again a home. Today the Hill region is, you may say, almost covered with summer homes of our relatives and friends, and in the season any one who plans to keep up with the teas, calls, parties and meetings has to work fast. At the beginning of the era the whole idea of summer-life in the country had nothing resembling its vogue of today, and the folks who found themselves together in the Stevenson House lived in a world of their own, seeing hardly any life around them but that of hard working, early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise, folks busy at their rural tasks. Aside from the ripple brought by the daily mail and a sober newspaper which knew not today's screaming head-line, the city's noise and turmoil was unheard and forgotten. The telephone was undreamed of, and nothing less than sudden death was justification for a telegram. It seems now as if the only sounds that came to the Stevenson House from outside its doors were such bucolic suggestions as the hum of the bee, the shrilling of a locust in the tree-tops, the distant cries of a driver bawling at his oxen in the field, the faint staccato echoes from the axe of a chopper in the woods under the hill, the rare "trot, trot" of a traveler in the road, the occasional triumphant outcry when a hen had laid an egg, and "drowsy tinklings" from the barnyard in the stilly night.

Even the journey from home to the Stevenson House was then something to be considered seriously. The train droned along without the slightest thought of haste; stopping comfortably at every

picayune station for unloading and loading baggage and express-matter; "Fifteen Minutes For Refreshments!" at Sanbornville where the whole train-load piled out and made a frenzied race for the lunch-counter, the last arrivals taking chicken-pies, doughnuts and coffee over the heads and shoulders of the speedier ones, and then a great rush back to the train as the engineer's bell clanged threateningly; a dreamy half hour at Rochester, waiting for some train on the other Division; finally coming into sight of the mountains and reaching West Ossipee on a time schedule of five and three-quarters hours from Boston, and usually late at that, while today the "Mountaineer," slips over the rails in two hours and twenty-five minutes. Even at West Ossipee, you were only partly advanced, for it took "Clint" Cook half or three-quarters of an hour to pile and cram his baggage onto, and his passengers into, the stage, and start his plodding horses, through four of the longest and hottest miles of sand and an ever-enveloping cloud of dust, toward "The Village" where everything and everybody was unloaded for distribution; after a period of dreary waiting, a smaller rig was procured, we and our stuff were installed and hit the trail again, winding up our day's journey with the last long mile of Stevenson Hill, arriving late in the afternoon, weary but joyful.

Even this labored pilgrimage was a distinct advance on the Beverly-to-Tamworth jaunt undertaken before the Eastern Railroad extended its lines to the mountains in 1872. Up to that time my father, for instance, took the train to Boston, thence a train to the foot of Lake Winnepesaukee where he entered upon a twenty mile ride on the lake-steamer to Center Harbor, there transferring to the "stage" for about twenty more miles, finally dropping off at the foot of Stevenson Hill to be picked up by some friend or relative and borne in democrat-wagon or sleigh up the Pine-Ground Road to the Stevenson home.

Nowadays, improvement in train-service, the speed and convenience of door-to-door transfer by automobile, the telephone, with Boston, New York, Chicago available for conversation at (literally) a turn of the wrist, and the popular acceptance of the summer-outing idea have brought the city folks, and so much of the city atmosphere, into Tamworth door-yards that we have pretty much lost the old-time feeling of a little world apart.

For a number of years after Uncle John Stevenson's day there was, as far as my memory is concerned, something of an interregnum; doubtless that was when Hen Wallace was at the helm. Then John Boyden appeared on the scene, retiring from commercial life to pass the remainder of his days among the mountains, brooks

JOHN

and woods which, with the farm life and his dog, he had found meant more to him than anything else the world could offer him. He was born in 1851 and passed the year 1870-71 at Bowdoin College, but did not continue there. This is all I know about his college career beyond the fact that there was on a mantel in the Stevenson House a silver cup which he won in the College Regatta held on the Androscoggin River October 13, 1870, taking second prize in the one mile "wherry" race. His brief stay there and his rowing prize were both characteristic, for, though he was physically strong, hardy and enduring, capable of great effort, his disposition was inconstant, "subject to change without notice," and it is likely that he left Bowdoin in some trifling mood of dissatisfaction. Afterward he worked in Boston, Chicago, Sheffield, Illinois, and North Platte, Nebraska, but I think it was not until he "daffed the world aside" and betook himself to the Stevenson hillside, living there pretty much without concern, that he found content. He rarely left his house after that, though he was once Tamworth's Representative to the State Legislature at Concord, and when his talk ran excitedly upon the Boston and Maine Railroad's control of that Legislature, he was worth going miles to hear. Occasionally he came down to Beverly and Boston to buy clothes and once in his latter years he visited New York, but by that time the haste and din of the metropolis were too much for him—I got an impression that it really terrified him—and he was relieved when he found himself once more on the porch of the Stevenson House with his Happy Valley and his Mountains before his eyes.

He had a superior mind, quick and sharp in action but full of odd and picturesque vagaries, was widely read in good literature, possessed an exceptional memory, and a happy knack in respect to both the spoken, and written word. These qualities, with a great liking for friends and talk, made him a conspicuous feature of our Tamworth life during his era. An ungovernable temper, however, occasionally flashed forth—often almost irrationally—marring his career and being, perhaps, the cause of his rovings, but these outbreaks were rare, and most of us knew them only by hearsay. For myself, I asked no better friend and company than John.

My long friendship with him had its best roots in the year when it was thought that my health would be bettered by a term in the open air, so I, willing enough, went off to Tamworth in the early spring and was the sole visitor there until others flocked in for the summer. John and I were constant companions during this period, working, reading, talking, and fishing, the latter enterprise taking us most frequently to the upper waters of the Durrell Brook

on Chocorua Mountain. I remember being disconcerted once in this fashion: I had of course picked up from John some trifles of wisdom about country life, among them the adage that "Cows lying down in the forenoon are a sign of rain," so once when our region was praying for water, I said, "John, I guess we are going to get rain now, for the cows are all lying down in the forenoon," but John thought not, confronting me with another adage, altogether contradictory and equally valid, to the effect that "All signs fail in a dry time." There came no rain, and I said to myself, "What's the use of learning anything?" Once, in a day of blazing, fiery heat, there came a sudden and wild thunder-storm, accompanied by a ripping and tearing blast of wind, full of hailstones, some of them coming down in chunks of ice as big as marbles, which took seventy-four panes of glass out of the west end of the Stevenson and thirty-seven out of the Harris House, precipitating us abruptly from almost unbearable heat to overcoats and snow-shovels. John told me of a similar experience of his on the North Platte when the thermometer fell fifty-four degrees in nine minutes—and after what I had just seen, I hadn't the slightest difficulty in believing him.

He delighted in argument, and I reckon he often took the wrong side just to make sure there would be an argument. Many of the alleged facts and reasons he introduced were comical enough, for he didn't care what he said when he got well under way. He said once that no Boyden was ever known to undertake manual labor, adding sententiously, "That's the reason all Boydens have such short arms!" It is very likely a fact that the Boydens haven't hankered much for manual labor, but none of us had ever heard of their short arms before—nor had John.

Grandfather Wyatt Boyden married twice and had children by each wife, one a Woodbury, the other a Lincoln. John declared that "the Lincoln Boydens had always looked down on the Woodbury Boydens," a preposterous statement, as there was hardly a consciousness in the family that there ever were two branches. I imagine John was merely trying to "start something."

He and I were once passing the night up on Passaconaway Mountain. It was late in the year and we were sopping wet to the knees from tramping in the snow. After we had built our fire for the night and had eaten our snack, John rolled up in his blanket, pointed his feet to the fire and apparently was ready for slumber. I exclaimed in amazement, "John, don't you propose to dry out your shoes and socks?" He replied from his blanket, "No, that would be the surest way to catch cold." In the morning our left-over

coffee was frozen solid in the dippers but John gave no sign of inconvenience. That noon we had a lunch which I remember as one of the most delicious I ever ate. It consisted of two hard-boiled eggs apiece, devoured as we walked over Whiteface peak in a snow storm driven by fierce mountain winds, the air so cold that each egg had ice in the void space at its end.

I rejoice in recalling a few of his entertaining remarks which chance has retained in memory, though time casts something of its chill upon them and they now lack the light of the moment. He should have had a "Boswell."

A friend of John's, call him "Squire Lee," was thought to overvalue himself and his accomplishments, and was quite ingenuous in making public his own estimate of himself. When Cousin Augusta received a birthday letter in which praise and congratulation were laid on thick, she, mightily pleased, passed it on to John who, after reading, handed it back, saying tartly, "Sounds like a letter from Squire Lee to himself."

He often declared that we small boys would go to any amount of effort in play, half kill ourselves indeed, but if we discovered that our struggles were of use or help to anybody all the "fun" went out of it and it became "work"—and really, there was a degree of truth in it.

In climatic contrast with our snow adventure above mentioned, was a climb up the "North Slide" of Passaconaway Mountain which took place on—literally—the hottest day of the summer, the bare rock almost burning to the touch. I think it was John's last venture into the mountains, and before we reached the top of the Slide I began to be fearful that he might never get there, but he finally did win the height. Nearby was shade and an ice-cold mountain spring, and John plunged his head into the water clear to his shoulders four or five times, then sank back in the shade, murmuring feebly, "Bert, when I reached the top of that Slide I was absolutely bankrupt, in mind, body and estate." On a previous fishing jaunt, he and I were traveling rapidly down Chocorua Mountain when John who was in high spirits and had been singing the "Marseillaise" at the top of his voice, tripped over a root and fell headlong down the path. Not at all hurt, but a good deal chagrined, he brushed off the sticks and leaves with the observation, *"pronus Magister volvitur in caput,"* straight from Virgil, John being about the only person of my acquaintance whose reaction to such a tumble might take the form of such a quotation. I think it was on this same trip, Mrs. Shackford having provided a lunch for us, we were sitting by the brookside eating it when John re-

marked indignantly, "Bert, these doughnuts are so dry a man couldn't eat one with his head under water," and he hurled the offending doughnut off into the woods for mice and squirrels.

He was accustomed to say that there seemed to be two classes of people in the world; those out of Tamworth who wanted to get in, and those in Tamworth who wanted to get out.

Once, when luck went against him, he quoted with mock bitterness from Byron, "The worm, the canker and the grief are mine."

While driving by the Parson Hidden "Ordination Rock," earlier mentioned, with someone new to the neighborhood, the latter asked the significance of the marble shaft, and John, without raising an eyebrow, said "the monument commemorates the scene of a great battle with the Indians, and is always known as "Massacre Rock." On this same ride the newcomer made inquiry about a long scar on Paugus Mountain caused by a rock-slide, and John benignantly informed him that "it is a piece of the old stage-road over Paugus —very little used nowadays."

He and some neighbors were planning a fishing trip into the mountains, and one of them innocently asked, "Where would we better start from?" John's suggestion was, "I guess we had better walk over to Birch Intervale and start from there. That will save us about four miles." I am told that the inquirer wouldn't speak to him during the whole trip.

Again, he and Mary were watching a litter of tiny pigs running around in the open, squeaking shrilly, full of life and joy. She said, "Aren't they cute?" and John replied, "They certainly are. The only trouble with them is that they *will* make hogs of themselves."

Some of us—I think it was on her eightieth birthday—gave Cousin Augusta a handsome fur-lined coat. She, by no means devoid of feminine vanity, took great pride in the splendor of her new raiment, so much so that John said, "Gusty would take that coat off and lay it down fur-side-out if she was at a funeral!"

He and I were once at a "Pop Concert" in Boston, music of that order being one of his great delights. After a long interval of listening, he turned to me and asked earnestly, "What is it about playing the bass-viol that takes all the expression out of a man's face?" If you take occasion to watch the countenance of a bass-viol player, you will perceive the pertinence of John's query.

He had a dog, Joe, who was dearer to him than life, his companion by day and by night. Joe had been teased and plagued a good deal, and got into the way of biting people upon the slightest provocation—and sometimes, as it seemed, upon no provocation at

JOHN IN A FAVORITE POSE; ALSO, PRECARIOUSLY, JOE

all. After one of his biting forays, Stuart Webb asked, "John why don't you kill that dog?" John, at white heat, turned on him and said fiercely, "Why doesn't your mother kill *you?*"

There was a pale and thin little girl about the place, a waif who was for the time being a member of the family. She had so far outgrown her clothes that one cold, bitter day John said indignantly, "Gusty, why don't you get that child some dresses that are long enough for her? Her legs look like icicles!"

When Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland came to Tamworth for the first time, they made a call at the Stevenson House. Cousin Augusta was on hand and received them with regal dignity, but John was in the barn at work, perhaps milking. He had long been a proud and uncompromising "Cleveland Democrat," Grover Cleveland being his idol in public life. Being summoned from the barn, he came in, unknowing that he was to meet the great Ex-President and the wife who had so long been, officially and otherwise, the "First Lady." He was equal to the occasion, however, carrying on with ease and dignity. Afterward, he said, "The greatest thing I ever did in my life was to rise above those barn-clothes of mine to meet Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland!"

As time went on, he and Mr. Cleveland became good friends, and had many a bout over a little cribbage board—handmade, I think, by John himself. We of the Fry House still have that board, as also the John M. Stevenson writing-desk and eight dining-room chairs which were a wedding present to Martha Boyden in 1824 when she married John M. Stevenson. These—the cribbage board, the desk and each chair—bear brass plates telling their historic associations. I mention the desk in connection with "John" Stevenson, though, for all I know, it may go back to James or even Captain Thomas, so I commend myself upon the restraint I exercised when I had its plate inscribe merely

"John M. Stevenson
Augusta A. Stevenson
John D. Boyden
Albert Boyden."

The Stevenson house fell to John upon Cousin Augusta's death, and upon his death to his sister, Mrs. Eaton, of Calais, Maine. Roland and I bought it from her with most of its contents, feeling that we did not want to see the old home in the hands of strangers. There was a year or two of vacancy before my brother Walter took over, and it was during this interval that the souvenirs above mentioned came to the Fry House. Perhaps they ought to go back to

the Stevenson House now, but possessors of such antiques are notoriously lacking in magnanimity, so the board, the desk and the chairs are likely to remain incongruously at the Fry House.

It was during the period of vacancy just mentioned that a man drove into the door-yard of the Fry House and said he had been referred to me as one of the owners of the Stevenson House, and he continued, "This lady with me is my wife. She and I have spent a number of summers in this region, and have done a good deal of riding around, looking for a place which would be just what we wanted as a summer-home for ourselves and our boys, but we have not seen anything that exactly suited us until just now when, as we were passing your Stevenson House, my wife said, 'STOP! THIS IS IT!' Now we would like to buy that house if it is for sale." They were much disappointed when I had to tell them that the place was not available for them, as we were keeping it for special "family" etc. purposes.

Cousin Augusta! Born in 1829—a year before the "siege of wolves"—, on a rocky farm amid the New Hampshire forests, four miles even from Tamworth Village, it might seem that she would live, out of the world, overladen with homely household toil, dulled by lack of the social privileges considered so needful for stimulation of spirit and flowering of character. Pause, however, for a moment's consideration. Her father was a man of cultivated taste, marked social gifts and wide acquaintance; her mother was a school-teacher, as also her sister Julia; her grandfather Stevenson was the local Justice, a man of substantial and varied business enterprises, also one of the original Trustees of the Sandwich "Quimby Academy" in 1824; her Uncle David was the acknowledged wit of the community; her Grandfather Boyden was a physician; her Uncle Wyatt C., also a physician, was a Phi Beta Kappa scholar at Dartmouth College; a neighbor, Benjamin Fry, was making his own astronomical calculations for his almanacs; Benjamin's grand-daughters, Anna and Amy Hoag were making names for themselves as school teachers; another neighbor was reading "Paradise Lost" by candle-light; other neighbors here and there were, doubtless, of much the same calibre. These were some of the people among whom she was born and grew to womanhood. She herself had the social talent of the Stevensons; her home was a center of hospitality in her young days, and equally so at her own hands as time passed and she took her place at the head of the household. It needs no great acumen to perceive that life under these conditions offered every opportunity for self-education and self-cultivation to any whose capacity and inclination were such as

"COUSIN AUGUSTA"

would enable them and urge them to take advantage of their associations. Cousin Augusta was one such. It is all simple enough.

I knew her over a period of more than forty years, and my picture of her as she dominated our Tamworth life is unfading. I often think there was something of the "eagle" about her, best illustrated by Tyler Morse's photograph, showing her standing in the barn-doorway, straight and strong, with a piercing gaze that was almost a defiance of the world and all its works. My mother has said she was handsomer as a woman than she was pretty as a girl. Be that as it may. As I saw her, she was a figure that would challenge attention anywhere. Her fine features, the flash of her dark eyes, her voice clear as a silver bell, and her whole countenance, alight with interest in everybody and everything, telling her joys and enthusiasms—were irresistible. Devoid of self-consciousness, confident in simplicity of heart, she had all dignity of carriage and every grace of manner; had she been a duchess, her presence would have been the envy of her peers. To show that these words of mine are not the hyperbole of affectionate memory, I cite Will Boyden's story. He tells that one day at the University Club of Chicago he held two separate conversations with men who never met each other, and each of them chanced to tell him that he regarded Augusta Stevenson of Tamworth as the most remarkable woman he knew. One of these was William J. Locke the English novelist, the other, Mr. Sumner Runnels, one time President of the Pullman Car Company. I wouldn't insist that the enthusiasms of these two be taken too literally, but taken at any discount you please they are enough! I happened to be present when Mr. Locke was introduced to her, and I shall never forget the deep, sweeping, almost reverential, curtesy which graced her exclamation, "Ah! The Author!"

Such a social gift as hers and anything so near "the grand manner" rarely accompany the fundamentally "Yankee" character that was hers by inheritance, disciplined upon her forbears and herself by the pressure of stern necessities. She was tough of fibre with a touch, on occasion, of something suggesting hardness. She was thrifty down to the penny's last gasp and she had need to be for cash was a scarce article in her household; at the same time she was never mean. To her, the relentless routine of work was merely a part of life, was accepted as such without a thought of complaint—and perhaps without even a wish that it were otherwise. In the old-fashioned way she felt that children should be seen and not heard, and, though always kind, was more inclined to make them useful than to pet them. No spoiled darlings for her! But

these qualities of the old-time Yankee, which often exhibit themselves in an unfortunate light, were so moderated in her character that they were amply guarded by her graces and her goodness of heart.

Her friends were scattered country-wide, but almost all of them got back to "The Hill" at one time or another, most of them pretty regularly. She knew little distinction among them; a friend was a friend, whether great in the world or a farm-neighbor, and her heart warmed toward them all. She drove throughout her township finding a friend at every door, and a tour with her was made up of stops at one door-yard after another, enthusiastic greetings, and all the news of the day.

In the lone winters of latter days, her sitting-room so covered with photographs that it looked about like a photographer's waiting room, she used to beguile the time and solace the heart by strolling around the room, pausing before one and another likeness "to have a good talk" with him or her. In the winter time, too, she carried on a very considerable correspondence, writing most engaging letters under circumstances which would make many people feel that nothing had happened and that there was nothing on earth to write about. From her snowbound household, she might begin a letter with the remark that she "had not been into the road for a month," and then proceed to turn off six or eight pages that would be read by the recipient with fresh and lively interest, and afterward be passed from hand to hand among others of her acquaintance. Making something out of nothing? Hardly that. Perhaps it may be said that her keen zest for life warmed both her words and her correspondents. She liked everybody, and would neither utter, nor hear, disparagement of a friend. A woman in the Village was such a talker as to be a notorious bore, but Cousin Augusta would go no farther than to admit that "she *is* chatty"! She wrote to my mother one winter about a farm-hand who passed most of his life as a rather humble member of the Stevenson household, saying, "Ed is doing very well this year. He goes to bed at six o'clock, and gets up when he is called"—this in all seriousness! Ed's merit was, perhaps, in going to bed at six, for, having accomplished that feat, it would seem to require no heroic resolution on his part to rise when he was called, whatever the hour. Ed was taken, I imagine, from an orphanage or something of a sort while a small boy; the Stevenson place and family became "home" to him, and his status there was such that I never read Robert Frost's poem about "The Hired Man" without a picture of Ed coming to my mind. Annie Martin was another

"FIT SYMBOL OF THE STOCK THAT REDUCED
THE WILDERNESS TO SUBJECTION"

such. She spent a life-time there; she and Cousin Augusta were devoted to each other, and Annie lies today in the Stevenson burying-ground as one of the family. Cousin Augusta's own hours, and even those of her guests, were appropriate to farm life. With a houseful of City Folks, she would turn up at about nine o'clock in the evening with a lamp or candle for each room, and there was no question what she meant! Rarely did any one stick it out after that broad hint.

I may say that Cousin Augusta was instant of decision, quick and light of motion; in general a dynamo of happy life. These qualities, and the simplicity of conditions for us all, made it possible for her to take a gay and leading part in the social life around her and, at the same time, keep the domestic life of the establishment moving at top speed. She was, as they say, "fore-handed and ahead of her work". Her idea of being "on time" is illustrated by a passage between herself and me when she was planning to take a journey down-country. "What time does the train leave West Ossipee", she asked? "Four o'clock", said I, *"Well then"*, she declared, *"we must be there at three"!*

In closing, perhaps I may repeat a few words of the appreciation which I wrote for the "Boston Transcript" at the time of her death.

> "With her death, something of the sunlight of life is gone. A woman of illuminating personality and overflowing vitality, endowed with rare social gifts, she had for many years made her distant hill-top a beacon of friendship. Every acquaintance was a friend, and every meeting a rejoicing. Where friendship was concerned, she was a happy prodigal . . . Here she lived her ninety years and more—a notable figure throughout the countryside, a joy to her friends everywhere. Never forgetting, and never forgotten. Truly, her light shone out to the world from this granite hill like the 'little candle' of the great poet."

As a final picture, I give you that drawn by Professor Weygandt when telling of the Normandy Poplars in his volume, "The White Hills".

> "A memory of my own is not from these under-mountain trees, but from their older fellows on Stevenson Hill. As I passed there by car one blustering evening of mid-September, of lowery skies and the suggestion of winter, I met the old lady from whose ancestors the ridge had its name. The eyes of four score and ten did not recognize me until I was close

upon her, standing back from the road against a great poplar. But with the recognition came that bracing of the figure and that flash of eyes and that wave of the hand which spoke the pride and friendliness of the Puritans from whom she sprung. That was the last time any of us saw her. Now that she is gone the picture of her on that wintry nightfall haunts the spot, fit symbol of the stock that reduced the wilderness to subjection, and planted Lombardy Poplars to show that the countryside was won from the wild".

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